



# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

DECEMBER, 1853.

From the Quarterly Review.

## LOUIS XVII.\*

THE deep obscurity that covered the last eighteen months of the life of the son of Louis XVI., and the mystery in which his death and burial were so strangely, and, as it seemed, so studiously involved, gave to the general sympathy that his fate naturally excited an additional and somewhat of a more romantic interest. Of the extent of this feeling, we have evidence more conclusive than respectable in the numerous pretenders that have successively appeared to claim identity with him. We really forget how many there have been of these "*Faux-Dauphins*," but four—of the names of Hervagault, Bruneau, Naundorf, and Richemont—played their parts with a degree of success that confirms the observation that, however great the number of *knaves* in the world may be, they are always sure to find an ample proportion of *fools* and *dupes*. Not one of those cases appeared to us to have reached even the lowest degree of probability, nor would they be worth mentioning, but that they seem to have stimulated the zeal

of M. A. de Beauchesne to collect all the evidence that the fury of the revolution and the lapse of time might have spared, as to the authentic circumstances of his life and death in the Tower of the Temple.

M. de Beauchesne states that a great part of his own life has been dedicated to this object. He has—he tells us—made himself familiar with all the details of that mediæval prison-house; he has consulted all the extant records of the public offices which had any connexion with the service of the Temple—he has traced out and personally communicated with every surviving individual who had been employed there, and he has even sought secondhand and hearsay information from the octogenarian neighbors and acquaintances of those who were no more. This statement would lead us to expect more of novelty and originality than we have found—for, in truth, M. de Beauchesne has added little—we may almost say nothing essential—to what had been already so copiously detailed in the respective memoirs of MM. Hue, Cléry, and Turgu, and the Duchess d'Angoulême, who were inmates of the Temple, and in the *Memoirs Historiques* of M. Eckard, which is a judicious and interest-

\* *Louis XVII., Sa Vie, son Agonie, sa Mort; Captivité de la Famille Royale au Temple, ouvrage enrichi d'Autographes, de Portraits, et de Plans.* Par M. A. de Beauchesne. 2 vols. Paris. 1852.

ing summary of all the fore-named authorities. From these well-known works, M. de Beauchesne borrows full three-fourths of his volumes; though he occasionally cites them, he does not acknowledge the extent of his obligations—particularly to M. Eckard—as largely as we think he should have done. An ordinary reader is too frequently at a loss to distinguish what rests on M. de Beauchesne's assertions from what he copies from others. This uncertainty—very inconvenient in a historical work—is seriously increased by his style of writing, which is so *ampoule* and rhetorical as sometimes leaves us in doubt whether he is speaking literally or metaphorically; for instance, in detailing the pains he has taken, and his diligent examination of persons and places from which he could hope any information, he exclaims:—

*"For twenty years I shut myself up in that Tower—I lived in it—traversed all its stairs and apartments, nay, pried into every hole and corner about it."*—p. 4.

Who would suppose that M. de Beauchesne never was in the Tower at all—perhaps never saw it!—for it was demolished by Bonaparte, and the site built over, near fifty years ago. He only means that his *fancy* has inhabited the Tower, &c., in the same sense that he afterwards says,—

*"I have repeopled it—I have listened to the sighs and sobs of the victims—I have read from the writings on the walls the complaints, the pardons, the farewells!—I have heard the echoes repeating these wailings."*—*Ib.*

Such a style may not be, we admit, inconsistent with the truth of his narrative, but it renders it vague and suspicious, and contrasts very disagreeably with the more interesting simplicity of the original works to which we have referred.

M. de Beauchesne flatters himself that he is neither credulous nor partial. We think he is somewhat of both, but we entertain no doubt of his sincerity. We distrust his judgment, but not his good faith. Indeed, the most valuable of his elucidations are the documents which he has copied from the revolutionary archives, and which speak for themselves; and, on the whole, the chief merit that we can allow to his work is, that it collects and brings together—with some additional explanation and confirmation—all that is known—all perhaps that can be known—of that melancholy, and, to France,

disgraceful episode in her history—the captivity of the Temple, and especially of the life and death of Louis XVII.

Louis Charles, the second son and fourth child of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, was born at Versailles on the 27th of March, 1785, and received the title of *Duke of Normandy*. On the death of his elder brother, (who was born in 1781, and died in 1789, at the outset of the Revolution) he became heir-apparent to the Throne, but, in fact, heir to nothing but persecution, misfortune and martyrdom. Less partial pens than M. de Beauchesne's, describe the child as extremely handsome, large blue eyes, delicate features, light hair curling naturally, limbs well formed, rather tall for his years, with a sweet expression of countenance not wanting in either intelligence or vivacity—to his family, he seemed a little angel—to the Court a wonder—to all the world a very fine and promising boy. We not only forgive, but can assent to M. de Beauchesne's metaphorical lament over him as a lily broken by a storm and withered in its earliest bloom.\*

Within two hours after the death of the first Dauphin, (on the 4th of July, 1789) the Revolution began to exhibit its atrocious disregard of not merely the Royal authority but of the ordinary dictates of humanity and the first feelings of nature. The Chamber of the *Tiers Etat* (it had not yet usurped the title of *National Assembly*) sent a deputation on business to the King, who had shut himself up in his private apartment to indulge his sorrows. When the deputation was announced, the King answered that his recent misfortune would prevent his receiving it *that day*. They rudely insisted on their right of audience as representatives of the people: the King still requested to be spared: the demagogues were obstinate—and to a third and more peremptory requisition, the unhappy father and insulted monarch was forced to yield, with, however, the touching reproof of asking—"Are there, then, no fathers among them?"

A month later the Bastille was taken, and on the 6th of October, another insurrection stormed the Palace of Versailles, massacred the Guards, and led the Royal family in captivity to Paris. We pass over the three years of persecution which they had to endure in the palace prison of the Tuileries till

\* This image had been before produced on a medal struck in 1816, by M. Tirolier, under the auspices of M. de Chateaubriand, which represented a lily broken by the storm, with the legend *Cecidit ut flos*.—*Turgy*, 314.

the more tremendous insurrection and massacre of the 10th of August swept away even the mockery of monarchy, and sent them prisoners to the Temple—an ancient fortress of the Knights Templars, built in 1812, into the dungeons of which, uninhabited for ages, and less fit for their decent reception than any common prison, they were promiscuously hurried.

Of this edifice, and its internal divisions and distributions for its new destiny, M. de Beauchêne has given us half-a-dozen plans, somewhat larger, but hardly so satisfactory as we already possessed in Cléry's work. It was a huge and massive tower, not unlike "the tower of Julius, London's lasting shame," and stood like it in a large inclosure of inferior and more modern constructions. One of these, though called the *Palace*, was in truth only the "Hotel" of the *Prior of the Order*, in right of which nominal office it had been for several years the abode of the penultimate Prince de Conti, and is frequently mentioned in the letters of Walpole and Madame du Deffand, and all the memoirs of the time. It was latterly the town residence of the Comte d'Artois. Here the Royal family arrived at seven in the evening of Monday, the 13th of August, and supposed they were to be lodged—the King even examined the apartments with a view to their future distribution; but this would have been too great an indulgence, and when bedtime came they were painfully surprised at being transferred to the more inconvenient, rigorous, and above all, *insulting* incarceration of the *Tower*.

The Tower was so surrounded by its own appurtenances and by the neighboring houses that it was not easily visible from the adjoining streets, and it may be doubted whether any of its new inhabitants (unless perhaps the King) had ever set eyes upon it. M. Hue tells us that when he was conducted to it that night to prepare a bed for the King, he had no idea what it was, and was lost in wonder at the dark and gigantic object, so different from anything he had seen before.

Though appearing to be one, and generally called the Tower, it was composed of two distinct parts. The greater of the two was a massive square, divided into five or six stories, and above 150 feet high, exclusive of a lofty pyramidal roof, and it had at each of its four angles, large circular turrets with conical roofs, so sharp that M. Hue at first mistook them for steeples. This tower had been of old the *keep*—the treasury and arsenal of the knights, and was accessible only

by a single small door in one of the turrets, opening on a winding stone staircase. The door was so low that when the Queen, after the King's death, was torn from her children, and dragged through it to her last prison in the Conciergerie, she struck her forehead violently against it. On being asked if she was hurt, she only said, "*Nothing can hurt me now.*" This portion of the tower had in latter times merely served as a depository for lumber. The second division of the edifice, called, when any distinction was made, the *Little Tower*, was attached, but without any internal communication, to the north side of its greater neighbor; it was a narrow oblong, with smaller turrets at its salient angles. Both the towers had in a marked degree the dungeon character of their age, but the lesser had been subdivided into apartments for the residence of the Keeper of the archives of the Order. It was into this side of the building, scantily supplied by the modest furniture of the archivist, that the Royal family were offensively crowded during two or three months, while internal alterations—wholly inadequate for comfort or even decency, and ridiculously superfluous as to security—were in progress in the large tower, destined for their ultimate reception. The Gothic dungeon was not, however, thought sufficiently secure; bars, bolts, and blinds additionally obscured the embrasure windows—doors of ancient oak were made thicker or reinforced with iron, and new ones were put up on the corkscrew stairs already difficult enough to mount. The Abbé Edgeworth, who attended the King in his last moments, thus describes the access to his apartment:—

"I was led across the court to the door of the tower, which, though very narrow and very low, was so overcharged with iron bolts and bars that it opened with a horrible noise. I was conducted up a winding stairs so narrow that two persons would have difficulty in getting past each other. At short distances these stairs were cut across by barriers, at each of which was a sentinel—these sentinels were all true *sans culottes*, generally drunk—and their atrocious acclamations, re-echoed by the vast vaults which covered every story of the tower, were really terrifying."

Considerable works were also undertaken for external security. The Towers were isolated by the destruction of all the lesser buildings immediately near them, and the walls round the whole inclosure were strengthened and raised. The execution of the plans was intrusted, as a boon for his revolutionary zeal, to a mason who had acquired the distinctive appellation of the *Patriot Pailloy* by

the noisy activity which he displayed in the removal of the ruins of the Bastille, for which he had obtained a contract. On the subject of these works, a remark of the young Prince is related by M. de Beauchesne, which may be taken as one example out of many of the caution with which his anecdotes must be received. When told that Pallay was the person employed to raise the walls, the Prince is reported to have observed that "*it was odd that he who had become so famous for levelling one prison should be employed to build another.*"\* The observation, though obvious enough, seems to us above a child of that age, and, moreover, we find it made by M. Hue as his own in a note in his memoirs, and he certainly cannot be suspected of pilfering a *bon mot* from the Dauphin.

The selection of this dungeon for the Royal family, and the wanton and almost incredible brutality with which from first to last they were all treated by their various jailers, constitute altogether a systematic series of outrages which we have never seen satisfactorily, nor even probably, accounted for. The heads of the King, Queen, and Madame Elizabeth fell, we know, in the desperate struggle of Brissot, Roland, Danton, and Robespierre to take each other's and to save their own. But why these royal victims, and after them the two children, should have been deprived of the common decencies and necessities of life—why they should have been exposed to the most sordid wants, to the lowest personal indignities, to the vulgar despotism of people taken (as it were for the purpose) from the lowest orders of society—that is the enigma; and this is our conjectural explanation.

The National Assembly which had sent the King to prison, and its successor, the Convention, which deposed him, seemed to the eyes of the world sufficiently audacious, tyrannical, and brutal, but there was a power which exceeded them in all such qualities, and under which those terrible Assemblies themselves quailed and trembled—the com-

mune or Common Council of the City of Paris. To this corporation, which arose out of the 10th of August, and directed the massacres of September, the Convention as a body owed its existence, and its most prominent Members their individual elections. Inflated with these successes, it arrogated to itself, under its *municipal* title, a power insultingly independent even of the Assembly and the Government. It was composed, with rare exceptions, of tradesmen of a secondary order—men only known even in their own low circles by the blind and noisy violence of their patriotism—by a rancorous enmity to all that they called aristocracy, and by the most intense and ignorant prejudices against the persons and characters of the royal family. To the tender mercies of these vulgar, illiterate, and furious demagogues, that family was implicitly delivered over—they it was, that, contrary to the original intention of the ministers and the Convention, assigned the Tower of the Temple as the royal prison—they it was that named *from amongst themselves* all the official authorities, who selected them for their brutality, and changed them with the most capricious jealousy so as to ensure not merely the safe custody of the prisoners, but the wanton infliction of every kind of personal indignity. And to such a degree of insolent independence had they arrived, that even Committees of the Convention which visited the Temple on special occasions were controlled, contradicted, rebuked, and set at defiance by the shoemakers, carpenters, and chandlers who happened to be for the moment the delegates of the *commune*. The parties in the Convention were so perilously struggling for the destruction of each other, that they had neither leisure nor courage to grapple with the Commune, and they all,—and especially the more moderate, already trembling for their own heads,—were not sorry to leave to those obscure agents the responsibility and odium of such a persecution.

\* It is worth observing that at the taking the Bastille on the 14th July, 1789, there were found but six or seven prisoners, three of them *insane*, who were afterwards sent to madhouses; the rest for forgery and scandalous offences unfit for public trial. There was no State prisoner. On the 27th of the same month of July, in 1794, the fifth year of liberty, the prisons of Paris contained 8913 prisoners; to this number must be added 2637, who had passed in the preceding year from the prisons to the scaffold. When Bonaparte demolished the Temple, which he had previously used as a State prison, there were seventeen prisoners removed to Vincennes.

"Assensere omnes; et quæ sibi quisque timebat,  
Unius in miseri exitum conversa tulere.  
Jamque dies infanda aderat!"

But the *infanda dies*—the 21st January—in which they all thus concurred, did not save the Girondins from the 31st October—nor the Dantonists from the 16th Germinal—nor Robespierre from the Neuf Thermidor!

To the usurped but conceded supremacy of the Commune, and the vulgar habits and rancorous feeling of the majority of its mem-



bers, may, we suspect, be more immediately attributed the otherwise inexplicable brutalities of the Temple.

Every page of the works of Hue, Cléry, Madame Royale, and M. de Beauchesne exhibit proofs of the wanton outrages of the Commune and their tools. The last gives us, from the archives of that body, an early instance, which we quote the rather because it was not a mere individual caprice but an official deliberation. In reading it, we must keep in remembrance the peculiar character of the prison.

"Commune de Paris, 29th Sep. 1792, the fourth year of Liberty and first of Equality and the Republic.

"Considering that the custody of the prisoners of the Temple becomes every day more difficult by the concert and designs which they may form amongst themselves, the Council General of the Commune feel it their imperative duty to prevent the abuses which might facilitate the evasion of those traitors: they therefore decree—

- "1. That Louis and Antoinette shall be separated.
- "2. That each prisoner shall have a separate dungeon (*cachot*.)
- "3. That the valet de chambre shall be placed in confinement.
- "4. That the citizen Hébert [the infamous Hébert, of whose crimes even Robespierre and Danton grew tired or afraid] shall be added to the five existing Commissaries.
- "5. That the decrees shall be carried into effect this evening—immediately—even to taking from them the plate and other table utensils (*argenterie et les accessoires de las buche*.) In a word, the Council General gives the Commissaries full power to do whatever their prudence may suggest for the safe custody of these hostages."

Soup-spoons and silver forks a means of escape! In virtue of this decree the King was removed that night to the second story (the third, reckoning the ground floor) of the great tower (his family remaining in the smaller one,) where no furniture had been prepared for his use but a temporary bed, while his *valet-de-chambre* sat up in a chair. The dispersion of the rest was postponed; and they were for some time permitted, not without difficulty, to dine with the King. A month later the ladies and children were also transferred to an apartment in the great tower, immediately over the King's. On the

26th October a fresh decree directed that the prince should be removed from his mother's to his father's apartment, under the pretext that the boy was too old (seven years and six months,) to be left in the hands of women; but the real object was to afflict and insult the Queen.

For a short time after the whole family had been located in the great tower, though separated at night and for a great portion of the day, they were less unhappy—they had their meals together and were allowed to meet in the garden, though always strictly watched and habitually insulted. They bore all such outrages with admirable patience, and found consolation in the exercise of whatever was still possible of their respective duties. The King pursued a regular course of instruction for his son—in writing, arithmetic, geography, Latin, and the history of France—the ladies carried on the education of the young princess, and were reduced to the necessity of mending not only their own clothes, but even those of the King and prince; which, as they had each but one suit, Madame Elizabeth used to do after they were in bed.

This mode of life lasted only to the first week in December, with a view no doubt to the *infanda dies*, a new set of Commissaries was installed, who watched the prisoners day and night with increased insolence and rigor. At last, on the 11th of December, the young prince was taken back to the apartment of his mother—the King was summoned to the bar of the Convention, and, on his return in the evening, was met by an order for his total separation from the whole of his family. The absurdity of such an order surprised, and its cruelty revolted, even his patience. He addressed a strong remonstrance to the Convention on the barbarous interdiction: that Assembly, on the 1st of December, came to a resolution allowing him to communicate with his family; but it was hardly passed when it was objected to by Tallien, who audaciously announced that, even if they adhered to the vote, the commune would not obey it. This was conclusive, and the debate terminated in a declaration "that the King might, till the definitive judgment on his case, see his children, on condition, however, that they should have no communication with either their mother or their aunt." The condition rendered the permission derisory as to his daughter, and the King was so convinced of the grief that a renewed separation from her son would cause to the Queen, that he sacrificed his own feelings, and the decree

became, as it was meant to be, wholly inoperative. He never saw any of his family again till the eve of his death.

To what we already knew of that scene, M. de Beauchesne has added an anecdote new to us, for which he quotes in his text the direct authority of the Duchess of Angoulême:—

"My father, at the moment of parting from us forever, made us promise never to think of avenging his death. He was well satisfied that we should hold sacred these his last instructions; but the extreme youth of my brother made him desirous of producing a still stronger impression on him. He took him on his knee and said to him, 'My son, you have heard what I have said, but as an oath has something more sacred than words, hold up your hand, and swear that you will accomplish the last wish of your father.' My brother obeyed, bursting out into tears, and this touching goodness redoubled ours."—p. 448.

There can be no doubt that this anecdote represents truly the sentiments of the King—as he had already expressed them in that portion of his will which was specially addressed to his son—but we own that the somewhat dramatic scene here described seems hardly reconcilable with the age of the child or the sober simplicity of his father's character. Nor are we satisfied with M. de Beauchesne's statement of his authority; for, after giving it in the text as directly from the lips or pen of the Duchess d'Angoulême herself, he adds in a foot-note a reference to "*Fragments of unpublished Memoirs of the Duchess of Tourzel*." But as Cléry, who was an anxious eye-witness, and describes minutely the position and attitudes of all the parties, does not mention any such demonstration or gesture, we suspect that this ceremony of an oath is an embroidery on the plain fact as stated by Madame Royale.—*Royal Mem.*, p. 200.\*

The next day Louis XVI. ceased to live. He died under the eyes of an hundred thousand enemies and of but one solitary friend—his confessor; yet there was no second opinion in this hostile crowd as to the courage and dignity of his deportment from first to last, and it is only within these few years that we have heard insinuations, and even assertions (contradictory in themselves,) that he exhibited both fear and fury—struggled

with his executioner, and endeavored to prolong the scene in the expectation of a rescue. We have against such injurious imputations the sacred evidence of that single friend—the official testimony of the Jacobin Commissioners, who were appointed to superintend the execution, and the acquiescence of the vast assemblage that encircled the scaffold. But M. de Beauchesne has discovered at once the source of this calumny and its complete refutation, in two contemporaneous documents, so curious in every way, that we think them worth producing in *extenso*, though the fact is already superabundantly established without them.

In a newspaper, called *Le Thermomètre du Jour*, of the 13th February, 1793 (three weeks only after the execution), there appeared this anecdote:—

"When the *condamné* ascended the scaffold' (it is Sanson the executioner himself who has related the fact, and who has employed the term *condamné*), 'I was surprised at his assurance and courage; but at the roll of the drums which drowned his voice, at the movement of my assistants to lay hold of him, his countenance suddenly changed, and he exclaimed hastily three times, '*I am lost*' (*je suis perdu*).'" This circumstance, corroborated by another which Sanson equally narrated—namely, that 'the *condamné* had supped heartily the preceding evening and breakfasted with equal appetite that morning'—shows that to the very moment of his death he had reckoned on being saved. Those who kept him in this delusion had no doubt the design of giving him an appearance of courage that might deceive the spectators and posterity—but the roll of the drums dissipated this false courage, and contemporaries and posterity may now appreciate the real feelings of the guilty tyrant."—i. 479.

We—who now know from the evidence of the Abbé Edgeworth and Cléry how the king passed that evening, night, and morning, and that the only *break of his fast* was by the reception of the Holy Communion—are dissatisfied from exposing the falsehood and absurdity of this statement; but it met an earlier and even more striking refutation.

Our readers may recollect (Q. R., Dec. 1843, v. 73, p. 250), that Sanson (Charles Henry) was a man more civilized both in manners and mind than might be expected from his terrible occupation. On reading this article in the paper, Sanson addressed the following letter to the editor, which appeared in the *Thermomètre* of the 21st:—

"Paris, 20th Feb. 1793,  
1st year of the French Republic.

"CITIZEN—A short absence has prevented my sooner replying to your article concerning Louis Capet. But here is the exact truth as to what

\* See the volume published by Murray in 1823, under the title of '*Royal Memoirs*,' in which there is a translation of the Duchess d'Angoulême's most interesting '*Account of what passed in the Temple from the Imprisonment of the Royal Family to the Death of the Dauphin*.'

passed. On alighting from the carriage for execution, he was told that he must take off his coat. He made some difficulty, saying that they might as well execute him as he was. On [our] representation that that was impossible, he himself assisted in taking off his coat. He again made the same difficulty when his hands were to be tied, but he offered them himself when the person who accompanied him [his confessor] had told him that it was his last sacrifice [the Abbé Edgeworth had suggested to him that the Saviour had submitted to the same indignity]. Then he inquired whether the drums would go on beating as they were doing. We answered that we could not tell, and it was the truth. He ascended the scaffold, and advanced to the front as if he intended to speak; but we again represented to him that the thing was impossible. He then allowed himself to be conducted to the spot, when he was attached to the instrument, and from which he exclaimed in a loud voice, '*People, I die innocent.*' Then turning round to us, he said, '*Sir, I die innocent of all that has been imputed to me. I wish that my blood may cement the happiness of the French people.*'

"These, Citizen, were his last and exact words. The kind of little debate which occurred at the foot of the scaffold turned altogether on his not thinking it necessary that his coat should be taken off, and his hands tied. He would also have wished to cut off his own hair. [He had wished to have it done early in the morning by Cléry, but the municipality would not allow him a pair of scissors.]

"And, as an homage to truth, I must add that he bore all this with a *sang froid* and firmness which astonished us all. I am convinced that he had derived this strength of mind from the principles of religion, of which no one could appear more persuaded and penetrated.

"You may be assured, Citizen, that there is the truth in its fullest light. I have the honor to be your fellow Citizen,—SANSON."

This remarkable letter is made additionally interesting by some minute errors of orthography and grammar, which show that it was the unaided production of the writer. M. de Beauchesne adds that Sanson never assisted at another execution, and that he died within six months, of remorse at his involuntary share in the royal murder. The last particular is contrary to all other authorities, and is a strong confirmation of the suspicion forced upon us that M. de Beauchesne is inclined to exaggerate, and, as he thinks, embellish the incidents of his story. Sanson did not die soon after the King's death, nor even retire from the exercise of his office till 1795, when he obtained the reversion for his son and a pension for himself (*Dubois, Mém. sur Sanson*). Mercier saw and describes him in the streets and theatres of Paris in 1799 (*Nouv. Tab.*, c. 102), and Dubois states him to have died on the 4th of July, 1806.

"M. de Beauchesne follows up this certainly erroneous statement by another, which we fear is of the same class. He says that Sanson left by his will a sum for an expiatory mass for the soul of Louis XVI., to be celebrated on the 21st of January in every year; that his son and successor, Henry Sanson, who survived till the 22nd August, 1840, religiously provided for its performance in his parish Church of St. Laurent; and when the Revolution of 1830 had repealed the public commemoration of the martyrdom, the private piety of the executioner continued to record his horror of the crime. M. de Beauchesne gives no authority for his statement, which, whatever probability it might have had if Sanson had made his will and died within a few months of the King's death, surely requires some confirmation when we find the supposed testator living a dozen years later.

We are now arrived at the reign of Louis XVII. His uncle, the Comte de Provence, assumed the regency of his kingdom; the armies of Condé and of La Vendée proclaimed him by his title; and from all the principal courts of Europe, with which France was not already at war, the republican envoys were at once dismissed. In short he was King of France everywhere but in France. There he was the miserable victim of a series of personal privation and ill-usage, such as never, we suppose, were before inflicted on a child of his age, even in the humblest condition of life.

After the death of the King, the family remained together in the Queen's apartment, but under equal if not increased supervision and jealousy. M. de Beauchesne has found in the records of the Commune a slight but striking instance of the spirit which still presided over the Temple.

"Commune of Paris,  
Sitting of the 25th of Jan., 1793.

"The female citizen Laurent, calling herself the nurse of Madame Première [to distinguish the young Princess from Madame Elizabeth], has solicited the Council to be allowed to see her child, now confined in the Temple, and offers to stay with her until it shall be otherwise ordered. The Council General passes to the order of the day, because it knows nobody of the name of 'Madame Première.'"—il. p. 12.

The only indulgence the prisoners received was, that they might put on mourning. When the Queen first saw her children in it, she said, "My poor children, you will wear it long, but I for ever;" and she never after left

her own prison-room, even to take the air for the short interval allowed them, in the garden, because she could not bear to pass the door of the apartment which had been the King's.

The royal prisoners had now no other attendants but a low man of the name of Tison, and his wife, who had been originally sent to the Temple to do the menial and rougher household work. Their conduct at first had been decent; but at length their tempers became soured by their own long confinement (for they were strictly kept close also), and especially by being suddenly interdicted from receiving the visits of their daughter, to whom they were much attached. These vexations they vented on their prisoners. Tison was moreover, as might be expected from the selection of him for the service of the Temple, a zealous Republican. He was therefore much offended at the sympathy which two of the municipals, Toulan and Lepitre, showed for the captives, and denounced these persons and another converted municipal of the name of Michonis as having undue intelligence with the ladies; and though these men escaped death for the moment, they were all subsequently guillotined on these suspicions. A more rigorous set of Commissaries were now installed by Hébert, by whom the royal family were subjected to new interrogations, searches, privations, and indignities. Their condition became so miserable that even the Tisons were shocked at the mischief their denunciations had done, and both soon showed signs of repentance, especially the woman, who actually went mad from anxiety and remorse. She began by falling into a deep and restless melancholy, accusing herself of the crimes she had witnessed, and of the murders which she foresaw of the Queen, Madame Elizabeth, and the three Municipals. The derangement gradually amounted to fury, and she was after some delay removed to a madhouse. One of the strangest vicissitudes of this long tragedy was, that, while the unhappy woman remained in the temple, the Queen and Madame Elizabeth watched over, and endeavored by their charitable care and consolations to soothe the malady of their former persecutor.

The spirit of the new Commissaries will be sufficiently exhibited by one anecdote. The little Prince (not yet eight years old) had been accustomed to sit at table on a higher chair. One of these men, an apostate priest, Bernard\* by name, who had

been selected to conduct the King to the scaffold, saw in this incident a recognition of the royalty of the child, and took the first opportunity, when the prisoners were going to dinner, of seating himself on that very chair. Even Tison was revolted and had the courage to remonstrate with Bernard, representing that the child could not eat comfortably on a lower chair; but the fellow persisted, exclaiming aloud, "I never before saw prisoners indulged with chairs and tables. Straw is good enough for them." (p. 49.) And, strangest of all, after what we have seen of the state of the Temple, new walls and works were made externally, and what more affected the prisoners, wooden-blinds (*abat-jours*) were fixed to all the windows that had them not already.

About this time (7th or 8th May), the boy fell sick, and the Queen solicited that M. Brunier, his ordinary physician, should be allowed to attend him. The Commissaries for several days not only disregarded, but laughed at her request. At last the case looked more serious, and was brought before the Council of the Commune, where, after two days' debate, they came to this resolution:

"Having considered the representation of the Commissaries on duty in the Temple, stating that the little Capet is sick, Resolved, that the doctor ordinarily employed in the prisons shall attend the little Capet, seeing that it would be contrary to the principle of equality to allow him to have any other."—ii. p. 61.

The date prefixed to this resolution is worthy of its contents. "10 Mai, 1793; 2<sup>e</sup> de la République, 1<sup>er</sup> de la Mort du Tyran." It is, our readers will observe, bad French, and, moreover, nonsense, but its import on such an occasion is but too intelligible. The prison doctor, M. Thierry, acted like a man of humanity and honor. He secretly consulted M. Brunier, who was acquainted with the child's constitution, and, for the three weeks that his attendance lasted, the Queen and Madame Elizabeth, who had never quitted the child's pillow, had every reason to be satisfied with M. Thierry.

This illness, though so serious that Madame Royale thought her brother had never recovered from it, made no noise; for all other interests were at the moment stifled in the great struggle between the Jacobins and the Girondins, which ended, on the celebrated 31st of May, in the overthrow of the latter. Hitherto the general government—that is, the Convention—busy with its internal conflicts—had, as far as we are informed, left the

\* He was guillotined with Robespierre.



Temple to the discretion of the Commune—but it now (9th July) intervened directly, and a decree of the Committee of Public Safety directed the separation of "the son of Capet" from his mother and his transfer to the hands of a tutor (*instituteur*), to be chosen still by the municipals (ii. p. 67). It was 10 o'clock at night—the sick child was asleep in a bed without curtains, to which he had hitherto been accustomed—but his mother had hung a shawl over it, to keep from his eyes the light by which she and Madame Elizabeth were sitting up later than usual, mending their clothes. The doors suddenly opened with a loud crash of the locks and bolts, and six Commissaries entered—one of them abruptly and brutally announcing the decree of separation. Of the long scene that ensued we can only give a summary. The Queen was thrown into an agony of surprise, terror, and grief. She urged all that maternal tenderness could suggest, and even descended to the humblest prayers and supplications against the execution of such an unnatural decree. The child awoke in the utmost alarm, and when they attempted to take him, clung to his mother—the mother clung with him to the posts of the bed—violence was attempted, but she held on—

"At last one of the Commissaries said, 'It does not become us to fight with women—call up the guard.' Madame Elizabeth exclaimed—'No, for God's sake, no; we submit—we cannot resist—but at least give us time to breathe—let the child sleep here the rest of the night. He will be delivered to you to-morrow.' No answer. The Queen then prayed that he might at least remain in the Tower where she might still see him. One of the Commissaries answered in the most brutal manner and *tutoyant* the Queen—'We have no account to give you, and it is not for you to question the intentions of the nation. What? you make such a to-do, because, forsooth, you are separated from your child, while our children are sent to the frontiers to have their brains knocked out by the bullets which you bring upon us.' The ladies now began to dress the boy—but never was a child so long a dressing—every article was successively passed from one hand to another—put on and taken off, replaced, and drenched with tears. They thus delayed the separation by a few minutes. The Commissaries began to lose patience. At last the Queen, gathering up all her strength, placed herself in a chair with the child standing before her—put her hands on his little shoulders, and, without a tear or a sigh, said, with a grave and solemn voice—'My child, we are about to part. Bear in mind all I have said to you of your duties when I shall be no longer near you to repeat it. Never forget God who thus tries you, nor your mother who loves you. Be good, patient, kind, and your father will look down from heaven and bless you.' Having said this she

kissed him and handed him to the Commissaries: one of whom said—'Come, I hope you have done with your sermonizing—you have abused our patience finely.' 'You might have spared your lesson,' said another, who dragged the boy out of the room. A third added—'Don't be uneasy—the nation, always great and generous, will take care of his education:'—and the door closed!"—ii. 71.

That same night the young King was handed over to the tutelage and guardianship of the notorious Simon and his wife, of whose obscure history M. de Beauchesne has not disdained to unravel the details. He has traced out some octogenarians of their own—that is, the lowest—class, who knew them, and from these and other sources he has collected a series of circumstances ignoble in themselves, but curious in their moral and political import. The traditionary details related at an interval of fifty years by the gossips of Madame Simon would not obtain much credit, but the substance of the sad story is confirmed by abundant evidence. Anthony Simon, of the age (in 1794) of 58, was above the middle size—stout built—of a very forbidding countenance, dark complexion, and a profusion of hair and whiskers—by trade a shoemaker, working in his own lodgings, which were accidentally next door to Marat in the *Rue des Cordeliers*, afterwards *de l'Ecole de Médecine*, and close to the Club of the Cordeliers—of which he was an assiduous attendant. This neighborhood impregnated him with an outrageous degree of *civism*, and procured his election into the *Commune*, whence he was delegated to be Commissary in the Temple. There the patronage of Marat, his own zeal in harassing the prisoners, and especially his activity in seconding the denunciations of the Tisons, procured him the office of Tutor to the young King. His wife, Mary-Jane Aladame, was about the same age—very short, very thick, and very ill favored. She had been but a few years married, and too late in life to have children, which exasperated her natural ill temper. Both were illiterate, and in manners what might be expected in such people. Their pay for the guardianship of the young Capet was, says the decree of the Commune, to be the same as that of the Tisons for their attendance on Capet senior, 500 francs (20*l.*) a month. This was significant—the *tutor* of the young King was to have the same wages as the household drudges of the whole family. They were moreover subjected to the hard conditions—Simon, of never losing sight of his prisoner—and both, of never quitting the Tower for a moment on any pretext whatso-

ever without special permission, which was only and rarely granted to the wife. It was in such occasional visits to her own lodgings that she had those communications with her neighbors as to what passed in the interior of the Temple, to which M. de Beauchesne attaches more importance than we think they deserve. We applaud his zeal for tracing out and producing *valet quantum* every gleam of evidence on so dark a subject; but we should have little confidence in this class of details. We know, however, from Madame Royale's short notes, enough of the characters of the Simons and of the system of mental and bodily torture to which the poor child was exposed, to believe that his common appellations were "*animal*," "*viper*," "*toad*," "*wolf-cub*," garnished with still more brutal epithets, and sometimes accompanied by corporal punishment.

At half-past 10 on the night we have just described, the young King and his astonishing tutor were installed in the apartment on the third story of the tower, which had been his father's, but which was now, strange to say, additionally strengthened and rendered still more gloomy and incommodious for the custody of the son. For the two first days he wept incessantly, would eat nothing but some dry bread—refused to go to bed, and never spoke but to call for his "mother." He could not comprehend his position, nor why he was so treated, but on the third day hunger and the threats of Simon reduced him to a kind of silent submission, which however did not mitigate the vexations with which the tutor soon began to discipline him into what he called *equality*, and which the poor child found to mean nothing but the most degrading servitude to his task-master. Even things that might look like indulgences were poisoned by the malice with which they were accompanied: for instance, Simon gave him one of those vulgar musical toys that the little Savoyards and boys in the street were used to play, called *Jew's-harps*, with the gracious speech, "Your wolf of a mother and your b—— of an aunt play on the harpsichord—you must learn to accompany them on this, and it will be a fine racket." The child resented the indignity and threw away the Jew's-harp. This was rebellion against a constituted authority, and he was punished even with blows—blows, although it is proved by the apothecary's bills in the archives of the Commune, that during the whole of June and July he was so ill as to be under medical treatment. But even this did not yet subdue him, and he continued,

with a courage and intelligence above his age—which only produced new violence—to insist on being restored to his "mother." A few days after there was a commotion in Paris, on the pretence of one of those conspiracies which were so constantly invented when the dominant party had some purpose to answer. The present object was to throw more odium on the unfortunate Girondins; but the prisoners of the Temple as usual came in for their share. Four members of the Committee of *Sûreté Générale* visited the Temple, of whom Drouet, the postmaster of Ste. Menchoud, and Chabot, an apostate monk, were the chief: they held a long and secret conference with Simon, which concluded in the following dialogue;—"Citizens," asked the Guardian,

"What do you decide as to the treatment of the wolf-cub (*louveteau*)? He has been brought up to be insolent—I can tame him to be sure, but I cannot answer that he will not sink (*crever*) under it—so much the worse for him—but after all what do you mean to do with him?—to banish him?—Answer, No! To kill him?—No! To poison him?—No! But what then?—To get rid of him! (*S'en débarrasser*)."

The wonderful dialogue is vouched by the revelation of one Senart, who himself was secretary to the Committee, and, after the fall of Robespierre, imprisoned as a terrorist. Senart had added on his MS. as a marginal note—"He was not killed—nor banished—but they got rid of him." The process was, as we shall soon see, even more horrible than the design.

From the son the Committee went down to the mother:—

"They began by such an examination of the persons and the apartment as thief-takers would make of a den of thieves—at last Drouet [note the choice of Drouet as the spokesman to the Queen] said, 'We are come to see whether you want anything.' 'I want my child,' said the Queen. 'Your son is taken care of,' replied Drouet; 'he has a patriot preceptor, and you have no more reason to complain of his treatment than of your own.' 'I complain of nothing, Sir, but the absence of my child, from whom I have never before been separated; he has been now five days taken from me, and all I am allowed to know

\* The Memoirs published, in 1824, in the name of Senart (who died in 1797) have no allusion to this matter; but they are manifestly, and, indeed, confessedly, garbled by the original editor. M. Turgis, who saw the MS., has given these extracts that M. de Beauchesne repeats. Senart was a great scoundrel; and though he may sometimes tell truth, we look upon him as very doubtful authority—indeed of none, except when, as in this case, his evidence may tell against himself.

about him is that he is ill and in special want of my care. I cannot believe that the Convention would not acknowledge the justice of my complaint."

Drouet, in a hypocritical report to the Convention of this mission, stated that the prisoners admitted that they were in want of nothing, and totally suppressed the complaint of the Queen.

Henceforward the severity of Simon grew more savage, and every untoward event from without, and especially the assassination of his friend and patron Marat, increased his fury. He forced the boy to wait on him, to clean his shoes, and to perform the most humiliating offices. On one point only the young king's resistance was inflexible—he would not wear the *red cap*; for he probably remembered his having been forced to assume it during the terrible riots of the 20th of June the year before. In vain Simon scolded, threatened, and at last again flogged him,—nothing would subdue him into wearing the odious cap. At last the woman's heart of Madame Simon melted, and she persuaded her husband to give over the contest—she could not bear to see the child beaten, but she was willing enough that he should be bullied and degraded. His light hair curling in long ringlets had been a peculiar delight of his mother—they must be removed—Madame Simon cut them close all round. This very much disconcerted him—it tamed him more than blows could do, and by and bye, under the fresh inflictions of Simon, he was brought to endure the red cap with the rest of the Carmagnole costume. It had a piteous effect upon which even Simon's cruelty had not calculated. To prevent the ladies seeing the boy, even when taking the air on the leads, a partition of boards had been erected; but the two princesses had discovered a chink in the carpentry through which they might possibly get a peep of him as he passed. When the Queen heard of this chance she overcame her repugnance to leave her room, and employed every device to be near the partition at the times when her son might be expected to pass, and for hours and days she watched at the chink. At last, on Tuesday, the 30th of July (the exact date of so great an event in their life of monotonous sorrow was noted); she caught a sight of her beloved boy, but what she had so long desired was but a new affliction—he was not in mourning for his father—he had on the Carmagnole jacket and red cap, the livery of the Revolution, and it happened still more unfortunately that, at that moment,

Simon was out of humor, and the Queen was near enough to see and hear, though indistinctly, his rude treatment and detestable language. She was thunderstruck, and retired hastily, and almost fainting with horror, intending never to subject herself to such another shock; but maternal tenderness was stronger than indignation, and she returned to the partition on that and the two or three succeeding days to watch for a passing glimpse. Her grief was now fearfully increased by learning, though very vaguely, through Tison, who had returned to a softer mood, that the child's health was not improved, and that his mind was exposed to the worst influences of his atrocious tutor.

This crisis, however, of her diversified agony lasted but a few days. In the middle of the night between the 1st and 2nd of August the Commissioners entered the apartment of the royal ladies to announce a decree of the Convention for transferring the Queen to the *Conciergerie*—the notorious antechamber to the scaffold. The Queen well knew she was going to death—she knew she left her son in the hands of Simon—she knew she should never again see her daughter; she has one lingering consolation—she leaves *her* in the care of Madame Elizabeth, and cannot imagine that this innocent, inoffensive, and saint-like woman could be in any danger. Even in that hope she was deceived—though, happily for her, she died in it.

The same day that the Queen was sent to the *Conciergerie*, Chaumette—the organ of the Commune—directed his kind recollection to the royal boy, and sent him a present of toys, amongst which the most remarkable was—a little *guillotine*. Such toys the police allowed to be sold in the streets of Paris, and the toymen had a stock of sparrows, with whose decapitation they amused their customers. This well-timed *souvenir* of his father's fate, was probably intended by Chaumette to apprise the boy of the lot intended for his mother; it happened however that day, that the Commissioners on duty at the Temple did not participate in Chaumette's benevolent intentions, and one of them was so perverse as to intercept and destroy the amiable plaything before it reached the child. It is a curious sequel to this anecdote that Chaumette was, we believe, the very first, of the Members of the Council of the Commune, who had practical experience of the real machine of which he so much admired the model—he was guillotined on the 13th of April following—a month before Madame Elizabeth, and more than a year

before the death of the child whom he had hoped to terrify by his ill-omened present.

In the mean while the demoralization of the child was zealously pursued by the Simons—he was forced to drink, taught to swear, and sing patriotic, that is, indecent and blasphemous songs, not merely with the ultimate object of “*getting rid of him*,” but for a purpose nearer at hand and still more atrocious. The Queen’s trial approached, and Hébert and Chaumette had conceived the infernal idea of obtaining from the child evidence against his mother so monstrous that our pen refuses to repeat it. After obtaining—by what terror or violence who can tell?—the signature of the child to a deposition drawn up by one Daujon under Hébert’s dictation, they had the, if possible, still greater infamy of questioning Madame Royale on the same horror, which they repeated to Madame Elizabeth. We copy the younger Madame’s own account of this extraordinary inquisition:—

“They questioned me about a thousand terrible things of which they accused my mother and aunt. I was so shocked at hearing such horrors, and so indignant, that, frightened as I was, I could not help exclaiming that they were infamous falsehoods; but, in spite of my tears, they still pressed their questions. There were things which I did not comprehend, but of which I understood enough to make me weep with indignation and horror. My aunt’s examination lasted but one hour, while mine lasted three; because the deputies saw they had no chance of intimidating her as they had hoped to be able to do to so young a person by the length and grossness of their inquiries. They were however mistaken: they forgot that the life I had led for four years past, and, above all, the example shown me by my parents, had given me more energy and strength of mind.”—*Royal Mem.*, p. 248.

It was under these auspices and influences that the Queen’s trial commenced on the 14th October, and lasted two whole days and nights, without intermission. She bore that protracted agony with unparalleled patience, presence of mind, and dignity. Nothing in the slightest degree confirmatory of the political charges against her was or could be produced. But then at length, Hébert brought forward his calumny, equally horrible and superfluous, for the fatal result was already prepared. She disdained to notice it, till one of the jury—not what we in England understand by a jury, but the permanent gang of judicial assassins, packed and paid to deal with all cases that should be presented to them, according to the dictates of the public accuser—one of the jury, we

say, observed to her that she had not replied to that point. On this challenge, she elevated, with supreme dignity, her head and her voice, and, turning from the Court to the audience, uttered these admirable words:—

“*I did not answer, because nature refuses to answer such a charge; but I appeal against it to the heart of every mother who hears me.*”

And subsequently, when the counsel who had been assigned to her terminated their short and interrupted defence, the President asked her whether she had anything to add. She said:—

“For myself nothing—for your consciences much! I was a Queen, and you dethroned me—I was a wife, and you murdered my husband—I was a mother, and you have torn my children from me—I have nothing left but my blood; make haste to take it.”—ii. p. 157.

M. de Beauchesne does not give us his authority for the allocution which we do not remember to have seen elsewhere; if really made, this last was the only request ever granted her. The trial was concluded at an early hour on the third morning, and at eleven o’clock on that same forenoon she was led to the scaffold. We cannot refrain from marking the fearful retribution which followed these infamous proceedings. Within nine months from the death of the Queen, the accusers, judges, jury, prosecutors, witnesses, all—at least all whose fate is known—perished by the same instrument as the illustrious and innocent victim.

The prisoners of the Temple knew nothing of the Queen’s trial and death. The two princesses were in close confinement, and had no attendant whatever. They did not even see their gaolers. Tison himself was now a prisoner. They were in fact, alone in the world. They made their own beds, swept their room, and learned to suffice for all their menial offices. Their food was delivered to them through the half-open door, and they saw nothing but the hands that brought it. They were sometimes visited, searched insulted, by the members of the Commune, else they never saw a human face. It was eighteen months before Madame Royale heard of her mother’s fate. Nor did she know that of her aunt and her brother till near her own final deliverance.

About ten days after the Queen’s death, 26th October, the boy made another declaration:—

“That one day while Simon was on duty at the Temple, [in his former character of Commissary] in company with Jobert, Jobert had conveyed two



notes to the Queen without Simon's having seen them and that this trick (*espieglerie*) made those ladies laugh very much at having deceived the vigilance of Simon. He deponent did not see the paper, but only that those ladies had told him so.

"Before signing, he, little Capet, said, that his mother was afraid of his aunt, and that his aunt was the best manager of plots (*exécutait mieux les complots*)."

This is the deposition to which the last of the child's signatures was affixed, and, insignificant as it may seem, it is pregnant with curious circumstances, which deserve some development, though they have escaped the notice of M. de Beauchesne. Simon, when he first reported this statement to the Commune, declined to mention the name of the colleague accused of bringing the notes, and he requested them to nominate some of their own body to take the boy's deposition from his own mouth—it was then that *Jobert* was mentioned. M. de Beauchesne makes no observation on the name, but, according to other evidence, it was a strange one to find in these circumstances—for Jobert (unless there were two commissaries of the same name,) so far from being likely to be an accomplice of the royal ladies, was of Simon's own *clique*; and remained, even after this affair, in such full confidence with his party, that he, like Simon himself, followed Robespierre to the scaffold in the days of Thermidor. The story, therefore, of the notes, if true at all, was probably a device of Jobert and his employers to entrap the royal ladies into some difficulty—though why Simon should have brought it again seems hardly explicable, unless, indeed, it was intended as a prelude to the subsequent proceedings against Madame Elizabeth. However this may be, it is evident that, even if the fact, as stated by the child, was true, the *rédaction*—the form and phraseology of the deposition could not have been his, nor could it have been altogether Simon's, for he, certainly, would not have used and repeated the semi-respectful term of "*ces dames*" for the Princesses—it may, therefore, be safely concluded that the *rédaction* was, to some extent, at least, that of the Magistrate delegated by the Commune to conduct the inquiry; and it seems, by another of those wonderful vicissitudes with which the Revolution abounded, that it was the poor Magistrate who fell a sacrifice to the charge directed against Jobert. This Magistrate (we find from the *procès verbal* was George Follope—aged 64—an eminent apothecary in the Rue St. Honoré, who, though reputed a zealous patriot, and as such elected into the

Commune, was an educated and, it is said, a respectable man; and it is most probable that the insignificance of the deposition itself, as regarded the Princesses, the revelation of the name of the patriot Jobert, and the use of the term "*ces dames*" may have been attributed by his disappointed and angry colleagues to his integrity and decency. Certain it is, that the next—and most unexpected—mention, we find of the poor old apothecary is, as suffering on the same scaffold with his "*accomplice*," Madame Elizabeth! (*Liste des condamnés*, No. 916, 10 May, 1794.)

Another deposition especially directed against Madame Elizabeth, was soon after extorted from the child—equally ignorant, no doubt, of the consequences of the words put into his mouth, as in the former case. Indeed, the imagination of such a charge as it was brought forward to support, is so grossly absurd, that it is only astonishing it could have been thought of, even in that reign of insanity. The Princesses were lodged in the third floor of the great Tower—the boy in the second—all the stories were vaulted—there was no communication between the apartments, nor even between the persons employed in the service of either—and, under these circumstances, he was made, by a deposition, dated the 3rd December, 1793, to tell this story, which we give in the exact terms which he is supposed to have used:—

"That for the last fortnight or three weeks, he had heard the prisoners [his aunt and sister] knocking every consecutive day between the hours of six and nine; that since the day before yesterday, this noise happened a little later and lasted longer than the preceding days; that this noise seemed to come from that part of their room where the fire-wood was kept; that moreover, he knows (*connait*) from the sound of their footsteps, (which he distinguishes from the other noise,) that, during this time, the prisoners leave the place where (as he has indicated) the wood is kept, and move into the embrasure of the window of their sleeping-room, which makes him presume that they hide away something in these embrasures; he thinks it may be *forged assignats* [!!!] but is not sure, that they might pass them through the window to somebody."—ii. 176.

He knows the noise was made by the prisoners, and not by any one else—he can distinguish through the solid vaultings of the old fortress of the Templars, the steps of two young women from the noise that would be made in the fabrication of assignats, a thing and a process of which he probably had never heard—if the steps are directed toward their bedroom, it must be to hide something

—he thinks *forged assignats!*—he thinks, too, they might convey them through the barricaded and blockaded window, some fifty or sixty feet from the ground, to *somebody*—the only *bodies* in the whole wide space around the tower being their gaolers and sentinels—and all this the spontaneous observations and declarations of a child 8 years and 6 months old. Such a tissue of nonsense was never, we suppose, before put together—it was even too much for Simon, who excused himself for not detecting the noise, by alleging that he was “*a little hard of hearing*,”—and his wife was sharper—she heard it all—but *she* never mentioned it, though Simon states that “for about eight days the said Charles Capet had been in a torment (*se tourmentait*) to make this declaration to the members of the Council.”

We may here, and without further observation, leave to the wonder and indignation of our readers, these abominable depositions—still extant in the national archives, and as characteristic of the Republic—though in so different a style—as even the Massacres and the Guillotine.

Meanwhile, the brutalities inflicted on the poor child continued with even greater rigor. One or two instances must suffice. Strictly shut up in one dark room, with no distraction or amusement whatsoever, he had become so pitiable a picture of lassitude and despondency, that one of the persons employed about the Tower obtained Simon's consent to his having an artificial canary bird which was in the Garde Meuble, and which, by an ingenious mechanism, fluttered its wings and sang a tune. This so much pleased him, that the same good-natured suggestion was made as to some real canaries, tamed and taught as these little creatures sometimes are. Still more gratified, he made an affectionate acquaintance with his feathered friends. But this was too aristocratical an indulgence. One of the Commissaries in particular took offence at it—the machine and the living favorites were all sent away, and the weeping boy was left again in solitude, or, still worse, the company of his morose guardians, who rarely spoke to him, and never but with harshness and insult. Another instance is more seriously revolting. In the midst of his degradation, he had some memory, or, perhaps, *dreamed*, of his former feelings and habits. Simon detected him one night kneeling in his bed, with his hands joined, and appearing to say his prayers. The impious wretch did not know whether the child was asleep or awake, but the su-

perstitious attitude threw him into an extraordinary fury; he seized a great pitcher of water—icy cold—the night was the 14th or 15th of January—and flung it over him, exclaiming, “I'll teach you to say your *pater-nosters*, and to get up in the night like a *Trappist*.” Nor was that all; he struck him on the face with his iron-heeled shoe, the sole implement of punishment he had at hand, and was only prevented from beating him still more severely by the interposition of his wife. The child, shivering and sobbing, endeavored to escape from the soaking mattress by sitting on the pillow, but Simon dragged him down, and stretched him on the bed swimming with water, and, covering him with the wet clothes, forced him to lie in this state till morning. The shock and suffering which the child endured that night seemed to have a permanent and enfeebling influence both on his mind and body; it entirely broke his spirit, and confirmed, if it did not produce, the lingering malady of which he died.

But the authors of his misery were hardly less miserable than he. They were equally prisoners, condemned to the same seclusion from all society, and their only consolation was visiting their own annoyances on the descendant of so many kings. But even of this they were gradually growing weary, when a fresh circumstance, that affected the *amour propre* of both husband and wife, completed their disgust. A decree of the Commune directed that the woman should not make her occasional visits to her own lodgings, nor the husband go into even the courtyard or garden of the prison, unattended by municipal officers. When he asked once to go home for some private purpose, he was told he could only do so accompanied by two of these functionaries. This shocked his dignity; his neighbors thought him the guardian of the young king and a great man; he could not bear to appear amongst them as a prisoner. When he once was summoned to give evidence before the Revolutionary Tribunal he was escorted by a couple of municipals. When he solicited permission to attend, with his colleagues of the commune, a national *fete* in honor of the retaking Toulon, he was harshly refused, and told that in the Temple he was at his proper post. At last he had an opportunity of escaping from his intolerable thralldom. A “self-denying ordinance” of the Commune decided that no person receiving a public salary could remain a member of that body. Simon gladly availed himself of the option,

resigned his office in the Temple, and resumed his functions in the Commune, only to die six months later with sixty or seventy of his colleagues and co-partners in crime on the "*échafaud vengeur*" of Thermidor.

On the 19th Jan. 1794, the Simons took their departure. The wife said with a tone of kindness, "Capet, I know not when I shall see you again." Simon interrupted her with a malediction on the "*toad*." But was the child's condition improved? Alas, no! His active persecutors were gone, but he was left to privations worse than inflictions—to cold—darkness—solitary confinement—a regimen which even the strongest bodies and the most determined spirits have been found unable to endure.

The Committees of Government decided that Simon, as he could have no equal, should have no successor. Chaumette and Hébert, still the ruling authorities of the Temple, accepted this decision, and said they would endeavor to obtain from the *force of things* (*la force des choses*), that security which the absence of a personal superintendence denied them. This *force of things* was thus expounded; he was confined to a single room (where Cléry had slept during the King's life); it had one window, closely barred and blinded by an *abat-jour*, which admitted only a small degree of oblique light, and was never opened for air; the door was removed and replaced by a half-door, of which the upper part was enclosed by iron bars; a portion of those iron bars, when unlocked, opened like a trap, through which he received his food and passed out whatever he had to send away; the room had no other means of being heated than a pipe which was led through a part of it from a stove in another apartment, the lighting of the fire in which was capricious and precarious. At night the only light was a lamp hung on the wall of the ante-room opposite to the iron grating of the door. Whether by accident, or as a kind of triumph, it was on the 21st of January, the anniversary of his father's death, that the young king was transferred to this dungeon—a prelude to his own. The horrors of such a condition—aggravated by the weakness of the child, who could do nothing to alleviate his wants—are obscured rather than illustrated by M. de Beauchesne's inflated and figurative eloquence. When the boy, on being shut up for the first time in this solitary duress, made no complaint and showed no change of temper, M. de Beauchesne imagines that

"He may have felt himself beyond the reach of men—free in his prison—like a young fawn that

had escaped to the hollow of some secluded valley from the pursuit of the hounds and hunters." ii. p. 199.

In preference to such a style of narrative, our readers will thank us for substituting the simple and much more impressive sketch of *Madame Royale*, which indeed contains in substance all that M. de Beauchesne has so needlessly amplified, and all that we really know of this interval:—

"Unheard of and unexampled barbarity! to leave an unhappy and sickly infant of eight years old in a great room, locked and bolted in, with no other resource than a broken bell, which he never rang, so greatly did he dread the people whom its sound would have brought to him: he preferred wanting any thing, and every thing, to calling for his persecutors. His bed had not been stirred for six months, and he had not strength to make it himself; it was alive with bugs, and vermin still more disgusting. His linen and his person were covered with them. For more than a year he had had no change of shirt or stockings; every kind of filth was allowed to accumulate about him and in his room; and during all that period nothing of that kind had been removed. His window, which was locked as well as grated, was never opened; and the infectious smell of that horrid room was so dreadful that no one could bear it for a moment. He might indeed have washed himself, for he had a pitcher of water, and have kept himself somewhat more clean than he did; but, overwhelmed by the ill treatment he had received, he had not resolution to do so, and his illness began to deprive him of even the necessary strength. He never asked for any thing, so great was his dread of Simon and his other keepers. He passed his days without any kind of occupation. They did not even allow him light in the evening. This situation affected his mind as well as his body, and it is not surprising that he should have fallen into a frightful atrophy. The length of time which he resisted this persecution proves how good his constitution must have originally been."

—*Royal Mem.*, p. 256.

But while death was thus slowly and silently advancing on the young king, the insatiable guillotine was rapidly sweeping away hundreds of guilty and thousands of innocent victims. Indeed we might call them all innocent, for there was not, we believe, a single one of them—no, not even Danton or Hébert—who, however culpable, or even execrable, in other respects, had committed any of the pretended offences for which they suffered. Nay, we are convinced that, of the 2637 executed by the Revolutionary Tribunal in Paris up to the fall of Robespierre, it would be difficult to find half a dozen who were fairly convicted or really guilty of the fact for which they were condemned. Injustice was proved to be blinder than justice is proverbially supposed to be.

But, of all who suffered in that promiscuous massacre, the most transcendantly innocent was the Princess Elizabeth. We have never been able to discover any pretext nor to conjecture any motive for her death. The least irrational suspicion that we have been able to arrive at is that Robespierre had really formed some scheme of personal ambition upon the young princess, to which it was hoped to intimidate and subjugate her by the loss of her aunt. This is, no doubt, an almost incredible project, but it is hardly stranger than Robespierre's contemporaneous proceedings, and it derives a kind of color (as M. de Beauchesne remarks) from the mysterious visit which Robespierre made to the Temple in which he saw the princess (*Royal Mem.* 226); and it seems rendered somewhat less improbable by the slight, but not perhaps insignificant, fact, that in the original edition of Madame Royale's narrative the mention of the visit was suppressed—probably from a dislike to preserve any trace of an insolence against which all the best feelings of her nature must have revolted.

But whatever may have been the motive, Madame Elizabeth was executed on the 10th of May. She died as she had lived, like a saint. In the room where they were assembled in the prison on the morning of their execution she exhorted all her fellow-sufferers—

"With a presence of mind, an elevation of soul, and a religious enthusiasm, that fortified all their minds. In the cart she preserved the same firmness, and encouraged and supported the women who accompanied her.\* At the scaffold they had the barbarity to execute her the last [though she stood first on the list of 25]. All the women, as they left the cart asked leave to embrace her. She kissed them all, and, with her usual composure, said some words of comfort to each. Her strength did not fail her to the last, and she died with all the resignation of the purest piety."—*Royal Mem.* p. 262.

Madame Royale did not for a long time know the fate of her aunt; when she asked after her she received evasive answers—"she was gone elsewhere for change of air;" when she entreated, since she was deprived of her aunt, that she might be restored to her mother, she was told they would consider it.

Of the visit of Robespierre just mentioned,

\* There were executed at the same time Madam de Senozan, the venerable sister of M. de Malesherbes, aged seventy-six, and Mesdames de Cruseol, de l'Aigle, de Montmorin, de Canizy, de Cerey, and de Serilly, and an old Madlle. de Buard. Among the men were four gentlemen of the Lomenie family, and George Fallope, the apothecary.

Madame Royale's account (in the later editions) is, as might be expected, short and dry—a just expression of what her pride and her piety would suffer in such an interview:—

"One day there came a man who I believe was Robespierre. The officers showed him great respect. His visit was a secret even to the people in the Tower, who did not know who he was; or, at least, would not tell me: he stared insolently at me, cast his eyes on my books, and, after joining the municipal officers in a search, retired."—*Ib.* 266.

M. de Beauchesne gives the exact and important date, and adds a remarkable circumstance:—

"The day after the execution of Madame Elizabeth—that is, 11th May—Madame Royale was visited by Robespierre. She did not speak one word to him. She only gave him a paper, in which she had written—

"My brother is ill. I have written to the convention to be allowed to go to take care of him. The convention has not yet answered me. I repeat my demand."—*ib.* 219.

This is all very probable; and the cold and dignified style of the note is such as we may believe Madame would have used; but M. de Beauchesne does not cite his authority either for the date or the note, which surely, considering the silence of Madame Royale herself, he was bound to do.

Both the Royal children were now in separate and solitary confinement; and here again we prefer the simple narrative of the elder sufferer to the amplifications of M. de Beauchesne:—

"The guards were often drunk; but they generally left my brother and me quiet in our respective apartments until the 9th Thermidor. My brother still pined in solitude and filth. His keepers never went near him but to give him his meals: they had no compassion for this unhappy child. There was one of the guards whose gentle manners encouraged me to recommend my brother to his attention; this man ventured to complain of the severity with which the boy was treated, but he was dismissed next day. For myself I asked nothing but what was indispensable, and even this was often harshly refused; but I, at least, could keep myself clean. I had soap and water, and carefully swept out my room every day. I had no light; but in the long days [from May to August] I did not feel much this privation. They would not give me any more books; but I had some religious works and some travels which I had read over and over."

The fall of Robespierre (28th July, 1794), which opened the prison doors of so many other innocent victims, did not liberate the two children in the Temple, though it alleviated in some respects their personal sufferings. On



the 10th Thermidor, Barras, who had played a chief part in the success of the preceding day as commander-in-chief of the troops employed against Robespierre, visited the Temple, and the result of his inspection was the appointment of a single guardian in lieu of the Commissaries of the Commune—(most of whom indeed were that day and the next sent to the scaffold)—and to this office he named one Laurent, a private acquaintance of his own. Laurent was a *Creole*, a native of St. Domingo. How he first obtained the confidence of Barras is not stated: he was indeed noted in his district for his *patriotism*, but this was at the moment no great nor even very favorable distinction. Can it have arisen from the influence of *Josephine*, herself a *Creole*, and already intimate with both Tallien and Barras, the heroes of the day? Laurent at least did not disgrace his patrons: M. de Beauchesne tells us he was a man of some degree of education, good manners, and humanity, and the very first circumstances of his introduction struck him with astonishment. He arrived at the Temple on the evening of his appointment; he was received by some municipals who were still in authority; they closely scrutinized his appointment, and detained him so long that it was not till two o'clock in the morning that he was conducted to the room of the "little Capet." They had explained in general terms the way in which the child was treated, but it was far from giving him any idea of the reality. When he entered the ante-room he was met by a sickening smell which escaped through the grated door of the inner room. One of the municipals, approaching the grating, called in a loud voice, "Capet! Capet!" Capet did not answer. After much calling, a faint sound announced that it was heard, but no movement followed, and neither calls nor even threats could induce the victim to get up and show himself; and it was only by the light of a candle held inside the bars, and which fell on the bed in the opposite corner, that Laurent saw the body that was thus delivered to his charge. With this he contented himself that night, for it seems that neither he nor the municipals had either the authority or the mechanical means to open that door. Another visit next morning had the same results; the child would neither speak nor show himself; though Laurent had addressed him in terms of kindness and persuasion. Alarmed and shocked at this state of things, Laurent made a peremptory appeal to the government for an immediate examination into the condition of the child. The request

was granted, and accordingly next day, the 31st of July, several members of the committee de *Sûreté Générale* came to conduct it:—

"They called to him through the grating—no answer. They then ordered the door to be opened; it seems there were no means of doing it. A workman was called, who forced away the bars of the trap so as to get in his head, and having thus got sight of the child, asked him why he did not answer? Still no reply. In a few minutes the whole door was broken down, (*enlevée*) and the visitors entered. Then appeared a spectacle more horrible than can be conceived—a spectacle which never again can be seen in the annals of a nation calling itself civilized, and which even the murderers of Louis XVI. could not witness without mingled pity and fright. In a dark room, exhaling a smell of death and corruption, on a crazy and dirty bed, a child of nine years old was lying prostrate, motionless, and bent up, his face livid and furrowed by want and suffering, and his limbs half covered with a filthy cloth and trowsers in rags. His features, once so delicate, and his countenance, once so lively, denoted now the gloomiest apathy—almost insensibility—and his blue eyes, looking larger from the meagreness of the rest of his face, had lost all spirit, and taken, in their dull immovability, a tinge of gray and green. His head and neck were eaten up (*rongée*) with purulent sores; his legs, arms, and neck, thin and angular, were unnaturally lengthened at the expense of his chest and body. His hands and feet were not human. A thick paste of dirt stuck like pitch over his temples; and his once beautiful curls were full of vermin, which also covered his whole body, and which, as well as bugs, swarmed in every fold of the rotten bedding, over which black spiders were running . . . At the noise of forcing the door the child gave a nervous shudder, but barely moved, hardly noticing the strangers. A hundred questions were addressed to him; he answered none of them: he cast a vague, wandering, and unmeaning look at his visitors, and at this moment one would have taken him for an idiot. The food they had given him was still untouched; one of the commissioners asked him why he had not eaten it? Still no answer. At last, the oldest of the visitors, whose gray hairs and paternal tone seemed to make an impression upon him, repeated the question, and he answered in a calm but resolute tone, "*Because I want to die!*" These were the only words that this cruel and memorable inquisition extracted from him."—ii. 25.

For these details, M. de Beauchesne, *more suo*, gives us no warrant, but they are confirmed *en gros* by the Journal of Madame Royale; and there is another, in this respect unexceptionable, witness to the main points, of whom M. de Beauchesne does not seem to have been aware. In the *Memoires de Lombar*d we find Barras's own account of his visit. He

confesses that he saw the boy, and found him in a deplorable state of filth, disease, and debility; it was stated to him that he neither ate nor drank—he would not speak, could not stand, and lay bent up in a kind of cradle, from which it was torture to move him. His knees were so swelled that his trousers had become painfully tight. Barras had them cut open at the sides, and found the joints “prodigiously swollen and livid.” Barras concludes this picture by relating, in a tone of self-satisfaction, that he immediately ordered the attendance of a medical man, and, “after having scolded the commissary and the *garçon de service* for the filth in which the child was left, he retired!” He adds indeed, that he returned next day, and saw the doctor (whose name he had forgotten) offer the little patient a draught which he had ordered, but which the child—though still without speaking—refused to take; the doctor whispered Barras that he might possibly have heard of the fate of his father, mother, and aunt, and suspect that they now wanted to *get rid of him*, (*se débarrasser de lui*;) so, “to encourage him, the doctor poured out the draught into a glass, and was about to taste it, when the poor child, guessing his thoughts, hastened to seize it, and drank it off.” The doctor told Barras that the boy had not long to live; and this, said Barras, “was the last I saw of him.” (*Mém. de Lombard*, p. 147, 150.) M. de Beauchesne’s authorities (whatever they are) make, we see, no mention of Barras’s having seen the boy, nor of his *personal* interference, which indeed is hardly reconcilable with some of the details we have just given; but Barras’s own confession corroborates all the more important facts of the case, and the subsequent indifference of the new government to the state of the child, who lingered for near a year later in a condition almost equally deplorable.

We now resume M. de Beauchesne’s narrative. By the remonstrances of Laurent, a little air and light were admitted into the room; a woman was permitted, though after much hesitation, to wash and comb the boy. One of the municipals, who happened to be a surgeon, was allowed to clean and dress the sores on the head and neck—an operation which, as well as that of the comb, was, from long neglect, become extremely painful. The vermin were expelled, an iron bed and clean bedding were supplied, a suit of decent clothes granted; and the grated door was replaced by the original one. These were but ameliorations to which the most odious

convicted criminal would have been entitled; but all the other rigors of the prison were still maintained. The child was kept in the solitary confinement of his one cell. The chief authority in the Temple remained in the municipal body, who seemed afraid that, if they deviated from the severity of their predecessors, they were likely to incur their fate. Laurent himself was not allowed to see the boy except at his meal-times, and always then in presence of the municipals; and when at last he wearied them into permission to take him occasionally to the leads of the tower to breathe the fresh air, it was only under their watch-dog superintendence. Even in these short breaks in his solitude he never spoke, and seemed to take little notice of what was passing. There was one exception: on his way to the leads he had to go by the wicket that conducted to what had been his *mother’s* apartment: he had passed it the first time without observing it, but on returning he saw it, started, pressed the arm of Laurent, and made a sign of recognition, and ever after paused at the place, and once showed a wish to enter the room, which the municipal in attendance prevented by telling him that he had mistaken the door. He knew, of course, the death of his father, but he was in ignorance of that of his mother, whom he still believed, as we shall see, to be in the tower.

During this period Laurent had also the custody of Madame Royale, who bears, in her *Mémoires*, testimony to the decency of his manners, and kindness of his treatment of her, and to his well-meant but less successful endeavors to alleviate the sufferings of her brother.

At last, however, the *quasi* solitary confinement to which Laurent found himself condemned was more than he could endure, and he solicited to be allowed an assistant and companion in his duties. This was granted; and, by some secret influence of the friends of the royal family, the son of an upholsterer of the name of Gomin was associated *en second* to Laurent in the care of the children. Gomin was a person of mild and timid character, who had great difficulty in reconciling the severe orders of his employers with his secret sympathy with the prisoners. Little change, however, was made in the regulations, except that cleanliness and civil language were substituted for filth and insult. The child was still locked up alone, except at meals, which were always served in presence of the two guardians and a municipal, and frequently embittered by the cynical in-

sults of the latter. These commissaries were elected in turn by each of the 48 sections of Paris, and were relieved every 24 hours; so that the régime was subject to a great variety of tempers and caprices, of which good-nature was the rarest. The breakfast, at nine, was a cup of milk or some fruit; the dinner, at two, a plate of soup with a "small bit" of its *bouilli*, and some dry vegetables, (generally beans;) a supper at eight, the same as the dinner, but without the *bouilli*. He was then put to bed and locked up alone, as in all other intervals between the meals, till nine the next morning. When the commissary of the day happened to look good-humored, the guardians would endeavor to obtain some little *adoucissement* in the treatment of the child—such as his being taken to the leads, or getting some pots of flowers, which delighted him with the memory of happier days, and in which he took more interest than in any thing else. One day (the 14th November, 1794) there came, with a stern air, loud voice, and brutal manners, a person by name Delboy—he threw open all the doors, pried every where, gave his orders in a rough, imperious tone, that at first frightened both guardians and prisoner, but by and by surprised them by the frank and rational, and even kind, spirit of his directions. When he saw the dinner, he exclaimed—

"Why this wretched food? If they were still at the Tuileries, I would assist to famish them out: but here they are our prisoners, and it is unworthy of the nation to starve them. Why these window-blinds? Under the reign of *Equality* the sun at least should shine for all. Why is he separated from his sister? Under the reign of *Fraternity* why should they not see each other?" Then addressing the child in a somewhat gentler tone, 'Should you not like, my boy, to play with your sister? If you forget your origin, I don't see why the nation should remember it.' Then turning to the guardians, "'Tis not his fault if he is his father's son—he is now nothing else than an *unfortunate child*; the *unfortunate* have a claim to our humanity, and the country should be the mother of all her children. So don't be harsh to him.'"—ii. 276.

All he said was in the same blustering, sententious style, "combining," says M. de Beauchesne in his rhetorical way, "the manners of Diogenes with the charity of Fénélon." Another of Delboy's phrases is worth repeating. In discoursing (as we presume) of the character of his colleagues, he de-claimed against

—"those crafty hypocrites who do harm to others

without making a noise—these are the kind of fellows who invented the air-gun."

Such a voice had never before been heard in the Temple, and occasioned a serious sensation, and something like consternation; but it at last encouraged Gomin to ask his permission that the lamp in the ante-room, from which the only light of the child's dungeon was derived, should be lighted at dark. This was immediately granted; and Diogenes-Fénélon departed, saying to the astounded guardians as he took his leave—

"Shall we ever meet again? I think not: our roads are not likely to meet. No matter—good patriots will recognize each other; men of sense may vary their opinions—men of honor never change their feelings and principles. We are no *Septembriseurs*. Health and fraternity!"—*Ib.*

The reign of this "*bourru bienfaisant*" lasted but a few hours, and (except as to lighting the lamp) left no traces. Laurent and Gomin were afraid to make any change on such ephemeral authority. About the same time, sentiments like those which Delboy had blurted out in the prison were heard timidly insinuated in society, and even in more than one newspaper. This only exasperated the fears and malignity of the Convention, and its speeches and decrees seemed, as to the treatment of the child, to reveal as strongly as before the resolution "*de s'en débarrasser*."

The daily change of commissioners produced an alternation of gross vexations and slight indulgences, not uninteresting, but which our space does not allow us to follow. One or two instances will suffice for the rest. On the 23d February, 1795, the commissary was one Leroux—a "*terroriste arriéré*"—who adored the memory of Robespierre, and hoped for the revival of his party. He insisted on visiting all the apartments, and was particularly anxious to see how those "plucked *roitelets* looked without their feathers." When he entered Madame Royale's room, she was sitting at work, and went on without taking any notice of him. "What!" he cried, "is it the fashion here not to rise before the *people*?" The Princess still took no notice. The brute revenged himself by rummaging the whole apartment, and retired, saying, sulkily, "*Elle est fière comme l'Autrichienne*." When he visited the boy, it was only to insult him. He called him nothing but the *son of the tyrant*—ridiculed his alleged illness, and when Laurent and Gomin timidly ventured to produce Delboy's

charitable maxim "that he could not help being the son of his father," they were silenced by doubts as to their own patriotism. "Ah, the children of tyrants are not to be sick like other people. It is not, forsooth, his fault that he was born to devour the sweat and blood of the people! It is not the less certain that such monsters should be strangled in their cradle!" (ii. 294.) He then established himself for the evening in the ante-room—called for cards and wine—the wine to drink toasts "to the death of all tyrants," and the cards to play piquet with Laurent. His nomenclature of the figure cards at piquet was not *kings* but *tyrants*—"Three tyrants"—"Fourteen tyrants." The queens were "*citoyennes*," and the knaves "*courtiers*." The royal boy seemed not to understand, at least not to notice, these terms, but was much interested in overlooking the game, and hearing for the first time for some years people speaking to one another of something else than his own sufferings. The evening, however, ended ill. Leroux's jacobinical fury was inflamed by drinking, and he made an uproar that terrified the child. He was at last got out of the room, and conducted to his bed on the lower story. But this accident had a favorable result. Leroux had called for cards, and thereby authorized their introduction; and the child's pleasure in seeing them induced Gomin, between Leroux's departure and the coming of his successor, to introduce two packs, with which the little prisoner amused himself *for the rest of his life!* The next commissary happened to be a toyman; he took pity on the boy, and at Gomin's suggestion sent him, three days after, two or three toys. But these were trifling indulgences; and the continued interdiction of air and exercise, and the frequent insults and severities of the capricious commissaries, were gradually aggravating the illness that had for some time past seriously alarmed the guardians, though the commissaries in general only laughed at it. About January and February, 1795, his malady assumed a more rapid and threatening character. He grew more melancholy and apathetic; he became very reluctant to move, and, indeed, was hardly able to do so; and Laurent and Gomin were forced to carry him in their arms. The district surgeon was called in, and in consequence of his opinion, a delegation from the Commune examined the case, and reported that

"the little Capet had tumors at all his joints, and especially at his knees—that it was impossible to

extract a word from him—that he never would rise off his chair or his bed, and refused to take any kind of exercise."

On this report a sub-committee of the Committee de *Sûreté-Générale* were delegated to visit the child; it consisted of one Harmand (of the Meuse), who on the King's trial voted for banishment, and Mathieu and Reverchon, who voted for death. These men found such a state of things that they thought (as Harmand himself afterwards confessed, appealing also to his colleagues who were still living)

"that for the honor of the nation, who knew nothing of these horrors—for that of the Convention, which was, in truth, also ignorant of them—and for that of the guilty municipality of Paris itself, who knew all and was the cause of all these cruelties—we should make no public report, but only state the result in a secret meeting of the committee."—ii. 309.

So strange a confession—that public functionaries suppressed the facts they had been appointed to inquire into for the honor of those who had committed and sanctioned the crimes—is sufficiently revolting, but it is much more so that no measures whatsoever were taken to correct or even alleviate the cruelties that they had reported. Harmand's account of the affair was not published till after the Restoration, (as M. de Beauchesne notices with something of suspicion as to its accuracy,) and there can be no doubt that he then modelled it so as to excuse, as far as he could, his own pusillanimity, in having made no effectual attempt to remedy the mischief that he had discovered. The only apology that can be made for him is, that he was sent in a few days after on a mission to the armies, and it is possible, and even likely, that the very purpose for which he was sent was to prevent his taking any steps in the matter. The substance, however, of his statement is fully confirmed by the evidence of Gomin, though the latter disputed some small and really insignificant details. The most striking circumstance was the fixed and resolute silence of the child, from whom they, no more than the former commissaries of the commune, were able to extract a single word. This silence Harmand dates from the day on which he was forced to sign the monstrous deposition against his mother—a statement which Gomin denies, and on his authority M. de Beauchesne distrusts Harmand's general veracity. We think unjustly. For though Gomin might contradict the unqualified statement of his never having spoken from that



very day, he himself bears testimony that the exceptions were so rare and so secret as to be utterly unknown, except to the two or three persons whose unexpected kindness obtained a whisper of acknowledgment from the surprised though grateful boy. When Gomin first entered on his duties, "Laurent foretold that he would not obtain a word from him," which implies that he had not opened his lips to Laurent. The report of the commune which preceded Harmand's visit also states, as we have seen, that he would not speak; Harmand and his colleagues found the same obstinate silence; and we therefore do not see that Harmand's accuracy is in any degree impugned by Gomin's secret knowledge that the child, though mute to all the rest of his visitors, had spoken to him and to one or two others, who were afraid to let it transpire. It is, no doubt, too much to say that this "*mutisme*" began immediately on the signature of the deposition of the 6th October, because there seems good reason to deny that he had any share in that deposition except signing it; he probably could not have understood its meaning, and unquestionably could know nothing of the use that was made of it—indeed, it is certain that he *never* knew of his mother's death. But it is equally certain that, from some unspecified date after that event, he condemned himself to what may be fairly called absolute silence. If he had any idea of the import of the depositions which had been fabricated for him, he may have resolved not to give another opportunity of perverting what he might happen to say; and the constant and cruel insults which he had to undergo as the "*son of the tyrant*," the "*roitelet*," "*the king of La Vendée*," and the like, may have awakened in his mind some sense of his dignity. Such considerations we can imagine to have dawned even on that young intellect; but in addition to, or even exclusive of, any metaphysical motives—the murder of his father, which he knew—the thoughts of his mother, which, as we shall see, troubled and tormented him—his separation from his sister and aunt—a vague consciousness that he had done something injurious to them—and, above all, the pain, prison, privations, and punishment—in short, the terror and torture which he himself endured—sufficiently account for the atrophy both of mind and body into which he had fallen, and for the silence of the dungeon, so soon to become the silence of the grave. And it is certain that even in this extremity he had more memory and sensibility than he chose to show. Gomin's timidity, not to say

terror of compromising himself, rendered his general deportment reserved and even severe; but one evening—Thursday, 12th March, 1795—when he was alone with the child, (Laurent and the municipal of the day being absent at their *club*,) he showed him some unusual marks of sympathy, and proposed something to gratify him. The boy looked up suddenly at Gomin's countenance, and, seeing in it an expression of tenderness, he rose and timidly advanced to the door, his eyes still fixed on Gomin's face with a gaze of suppliant inquiry. "No, no," said Gomin, "you know that that cannot be." "I must see Her!" said the child. "*Oh, pray, pray, let me see Her once again before I die!*" Gomin led him gently away from the door to his bed, on which the child fell motionless and senseless; and Gomin, terribly alarmed—and, as he confessed, as much for himself as his prisoner—thought for a time that he was no more. The poor boy had long, Gomin suspected, been meditating on an opportunity for seeing his mother; he thought he had found it, and his disappointment overwhelmed him. This incident softened still more the heart of Gomin.

A few days after, there was another sad scene. On the 23d March, the commissary of the day, one Collot, looking steadfastly at the child, exclaimed, in a loud doctoral tone, "That child has not six weeks to live!" Laurent and Gomin, shocked at the effect that such a prophecy might have on the child, made some mitigating observations, to which Collot replied, with evident malignity, and in coarser terms than we can translate, "I tell you, citizens, that within six weeks he will be an idiot, if he be not dead!" The child only showed that he heard it, by a mournful smile, as if he thought it no bad news; but when Collot was gone, a tear or two fell, and he murmured, "*Yet I never did any harm to any body.*" (ii. 319.)

On the 29th of March came another affliction. Laurent's tastes and feelings were very repugnant to his duties in the Temple, though he was afraid of resigning, lest he should be suspected of *incivisme*; but he had now, by the death of his mother, an excuse for soliciting a successor. It was granted, and he left the Temple with the regret of every body. The innocence and gentle manners of the child had softened his republicanism, and reconciled him to the "son of the tyrant." The Prince at parting squeezed his hand affectionately, and saw his departure with evident sorrow, but does not seem to have spoken.

One Lasne succeeded him; his nomination and instalment were characteristic of the times. He received a written notice of his appointment and a summons to attend at the Commune to receive his credentials. Not coming at once, two gendarmes—armed police—were sent, who took him from his residence and conducted him straight and suddenly to his new post. Lasne had served in the old Gardes Françaises, and this caused his election as captain of grenadiers in the St. Antoine battalion of the National Guards. He was now by trade a master house-painter. He was an honest man, of the moderate republican party, with the air and somewhat of the rough manner of the old soldier. It was on the 16th February, 1837, that M. de Beauchesne, as he tells us, "first saw Lasne, in whose arms Louis XVII. had died"—but the public had an earlier acquaintance with Lasne, which we wonder that M. de Beauchesne has not noticed. He was a principal witness on the trial of the *Faux Dauphin*, Richemont,\* in October, 1830, and then gave in substance the same account of his mission in the Temple and of the death of the young king that he again repeated without any material addition or variation to M. de Beauchesne.

For three weeks the child was as mute to Lasne as he had been to the others. At last an accident broke his silence. Lasne, having been one day on guard at the Tuileries, had happened to see the Dauphin reviewing a regiment of boys which had been formed for his amusement and instruction; and in one of his allocutions (we cannot call them conversations) to the silent child, he happened to mention the circumstance, and repeated something that had occurred on that day; the boy's face suddenly brightened up, and showed evident signs of interest and pleasure, and at last, in a low voice, as if afraid of being overheard, he asked, "*And did you see me with my sword?*"†

Though the guardians were equally responsible for both the prisoners, Lasne was especially attached to the boy, and Gomin to Madame Royale, whom at last he accompanied on her release, and on the Restoration became an officer of her household.

Lasne, a busier and a bolder man than Gomin, soon discovered that the boy, whom

he could barely recognize for the healthy and handsome child whom he had seen, *with his sword*, at the Tuileries, was in a very dangerous state, and he induced his colleague to join him in inscribing on the register of the proceedings of the Temple, "*The little Capet is indisposed.*" No notice being taken of the entry, they repeated it in a day or two, in more positive terms: "*The little Capet is dangerously ill.*" Still no notice. "We must strike harder," said the guardians; and now wrote that "*his life was in danger.*" This produced an order (6th May, 1794) for the attendance of M. Desault, one of the most eminent physicians of Paris. Desault examined the patient, but could not obtain a word from him. He pronounced, however, that he was called in too late—that the case was become scrofulous, probably from a constitutional taint of the same disease of which the elder Dauphin had died in 1789, aggravated by the hard treatment and confinement of so many years; and he had the courage to propose that he should be immediately removed to the country, where change of air, exercise, and constant attention, afforded the only chance of prolonging his life. The Government, who desired no such result, paid no attention to the advice, and Desault had nothing left but to order friction of the tumors at the joints, and some trivial potions which it was found for a long time impossible to persuade the child to swallow: whether he wished to die, or was, on the contrary, afraid of poison, did not appear; but to remove the latter idea, if it existed, both Gomin and Lasne tasted the medicine; and at last, at Lasne's earnest entreaties, and as if it were to oblige him, the medicine was taken, and, as M. Desault himself expected, produced no change in the disease; but there was an improvement in his moral condition—the care and kindness of the benevolent doctor opened his lips—he answered his questions, and received his attentions with evident satisfaction; but, aware that his words were watched, (the doctor was never left alone with him,) the little patient did not venture to ask him to prolong his civilities, though he would silently lay hold of the skirt of his coat to delay his departure.

This lasted three weeks. On the 31st May, at nine o'clock, the commissary of the day, M. Bellenger, an artist, who had been before the Revolution painter and designer to *Monsieur*, and who still retained sentiments of respect and affection for the royal family—M. Bellenger went up into the patient's room to wait for the doctor. As he

\* As this page is passing through the press, we learn the death of this impostor in some obscure corner of France.

† That sword, of which M. de Beauchesne gives a drawing, still exists (or did lately) in the *Musee de l'Artillerie* at Paris.

did not appear, M. Bellenger produced a portfolio of drawings which he thought might amuse the boy, who, still silent, only turned them over heedlessly; but at last, the doctor still not appearing, Bellenger said, "Sir, I should have much wished to have carried away with me another sketch, but I would not venture to do so if it was disagreeable to you." Struck with the unusual appellation of "Sir," and Bellenger's deferential manner, his reserve thawed, and he answered, "What sketch?" "Of your features; if it were not disagreeable to you, it would give me the greatest pleasure." "It would please you?" said the child, and a gracious smile authorized the artist to proceed. M. Desault did not come that day—nor at the usual hour the next. Surprised at his unusual absence, the Commissary on duty suggested the sending for him. The guardians hesitated to take even so innocent a step beyond their instructions; but a new commissary arrived, and terminated their doubts by announcing that "it was needless—M. Desault died yesterday." A death so sudden, and at such a critical moment, gave rise to a thousand conjectures; the most general was that M. Desault, having given his patient poison, was himself poisoned by his employers to conceal the crime. The character of the times and the circumstances\* of the case gave a color to such a suspicion—but there was really no ground for it. Desault was a worthy man, and as Madame Royale has simply and pathetically said, "the only poison that shortened my brother's days was filth, made more fatal by horrible treatment, by harshness, and by cruelty of which there is no example." (*Roy. Mem.* 278.)

The child now remained for five days without any medical attendance; but on the 5th June, M. Pelletan, surgeon-in-chief of one of the great hospitals, was named to that duty. This doctor—"sent," says M. de Beauchesne, "for form's sake, like a counsel assigned to a malefactor"—had, however, the courage to remonstrate loudly with the commissaries on the closeness and darkness of the sick-room, and the violent

crash of bolts and bars with which the doors were opened and shut, to the manifest disturbance and agitation of the patient. "If you have not authority," he said, "to open the windows and remove these irons, at least you cannot object to remove him to another room." The boy heard him, and, contrary to his invariable habit, beckoning this new friend to come near him, he whispered, "Don't speak so loud, for THEY might hear you overhead, and I should be sorry they knew I was ill—it would alarm them." "They" were his mother and aunt—who he thought were still living. The commissary—one Thory (a baker)—whose natural sympathy was thus fortified by the decided requisition of the surgeon, consented; and a room in the small tower, which had been the drawing-room of the archivist of the Order, was instantly prepared for the reception of the patient. The kind-hearted Gomin hastened to carry him in his arms—as he was no longer able to move himself; the movement caused him great torture, and his eyes, so long unaccustomed to the full light of day, were painfully dazzled; the sight, however, of the sun, and the freshness of the air through a large open window, soon revived and delighted him, and in a few minutes he turned on Gomin a look of ineffable gratitude and affection; but evening came, and from eight o'clock till eight next morning he was again locked up alone. On the morning of the 6th, Lasne rubbed his knees, and gave him a spoonful of tisan, and, thinking him really better, dressed him, and laid him on the bed. Pelletan arrived soon after. He felt the pulse, and asked him whether he liked his new room. "Oh, yes!" he answered, "with a faint, desponding smile, that went to all their hearts." At dinner-time, just as the child had swallowed a spoonful of broth, and was slowly eating a few cherries from a plate that lay on his bed, a new commissary, of the terrible name of *Hébert*, and worthy of it, arrived. "Eh! how is this?" said he to the guardians; "where is your authority for thus moving this wolf-cub?" "We had no especial directions," replied Gomin, "but the doctor ordered it." "How long," retorted the other, "have *barbers* (*carabins*) been the Government of the Republic? You must have the leave of the Committee—do you hear?" At these words the child dropped a cherry from his fingers, fell back on the bed, and hid his face on the pillow. Then night came, and again he was locked up alone, abandoned to his bodily sufferings and

\* An additional circumstance of suspicion was, the different dates officially given to Desault's death. He certainly died on the 1st of June; yet the Report of the *Comité de Santé Générale* to the Convention on the subject states that Desault died on the 4th. This was, no doubt, an accidental mistake; but it was a strange one in so formal a document—the more so, because it shortened the surprisingly short interval between the deaths of the doctor and his patient from six days to three.

to the new terrors which Hébert's threat had evidently excited.

Pelletan had found him so much worse that he solicited the Committee of *Sûreté Générale* for an additional medical opinion, and M. Dumangin, first physician of another great hospital, was next day (Sunday, 7th June) sent to assist him. Before they arrived the patient had had a fainting-fit, which seemed to portend immediate death; but he recovered a little. The doctors, after a consultation, decided that there were no longer any hopes—that art could do nothing—and that all that remained was to mitigate the agonies of this lingering death. They expressed the highest astonishment and disapprobation of the solitude and neglect to which the boy was subjected during the whole of every night and the greater part of every day, and insisted on the immediate necessity of giving him a sick-nurse. The Committee, by a decree of the next day, (8th June,) consented—as they now safely might without any danger of the escape of their victim; but on the night of the 7th the old rule was still followed, and he was locked up alone. He felt it more than usual—the change of apartment had evidently revived his hopes; he took leave of Gomin with big tears running down his cheeks, and said, “*Still alone, and my mother in the other tower!*” But it was the last night of suffering.

When Lasne came in the morning of the 8th as usual, he thought him better; the doctors, who arrived soon after, thought otherwise; and their bulletin, dispatched from the Temple at 11 A.M., announced the danger to be imminent. Gomin now relieved Lasne at the bedside; but remained for a long time silent, for fear of agitating him, and the child never spoke first; at last Gomin expressed his sorrow at seeing him so weak. “*Be consoled,*” he replied: “*I shall not suffer long.*” Overcome by these words, Gomin knelt down by the bedside. The child took his hand and pressed it to his lips while Gomin prayed.

“And now,” says M. de Beauchesne, “having heard the last words uttered by the father, the mother, and the aunt—admirable and Christian words—you will be anxious to gather up the last words of the royal child—clearly recollected and related by the two witnesses to whom they were addressed, and by me faithfully transcribed from their own lips.”—ii. 362.

After the scene just described, Gomin, seeing him stretched out quite motionless

and silent, said, “I hope you are not in pain.” “*Oh yes,*” he replied, “*still in pain, but less—the music is so fine.*” There was no music—no sound of any kind reached the room. “Where do you hear the music?” “*Up there.*” “How long?” “*Since you were on your knees. Don't you hear it? Listen! listen!*” And he raised his hand and opened his great eyes in a kind of ecstasy. Gomin continued silent, and after a few moments the boy gave another start of convulsive joy, and cried, “*I hear my mother's voice amongst them!*” and directed his eyes to the window with anxiety. Gomin asked once, twice, what he was looking for—he did not seem to hear, and made no answer.

It was now Lasne's hour to relieve Gomin, who left the room, and Lasne sat down by the bedside. The child lay for a while still and silent; at last he moved, and Lasne asked if he wanted any thing. He replied, “*Do you think my sister could hear the music?—How she would like it!*” He then turned again to the window with a look of sharp curiosity, and uttered a sound that indicated pleasure; he then—it was just fifteen minutes after two P.M.—said to Lasne, “*I have something to tell you.*” Lasne took his hand and bent over to hear. There was no more to be heard; the child was dead!

A *post-mortem* examination, by Pelletan and Dumangin, assisted by MM. Jeanroy and Lassus, eminent practitioners, and of royalist opinions and connections, attested not only the absence of any signs of poison, but the general healthy condition of the intestines and viscera, as well as of the brain; their report attributed the death simply to *marasmus*, (atrophy, decay,) the result of a scrofulous disease of long standing—such as the swelling of the joints, externally visible, indicated; but they give no hint of the causes that might have produced, and did, beyond question, fatally aggravate the disease.

The poor child was fated to be the victim of persecution and profanation even after death. The surgeon, M. Pelletan, who was intrusted with the special duty of *arranging* the body after the examination, had, *on the Restoration*, the astonishing impudence of confessing that, while his colleagues were conversing in a distant part of the room, he had secretly stolen the *heart*, and conveyed it in a napkin into his pocket; that he kept it for some time in spirits of wine, but that it afterwards dried up, and that he threw it into a drawer, whence again it was stolen by



one of his pupils, who on his death-bed (about the date of the Restoration) confessed it, and directed his father-in-law and his widow to restore the theft; which Pelletan, in consequence, received from them in a *purse*, and which, "having handled it a thousand times, he easily recognized," and placed it in a crystal vase, on which were engraved seventeen stars. A disgusting controversy arose on the authenticity of Pelletan's relique; in consequence of which, Louis XVIII., who had at first intended to place it in the royal tombs at St. Denis, retracted that design, chiefly, it is said, on the evidence of *Lasne*, who strenuously declared that, however inattentive the other doctors might have been, he had never taken his eyes off the body or Pelletan during the whole operation; that no such theft could have been accomplished without his having seen it; that he saw nothing like it; and that Pelletan's whole story was a scandalous imposture. Besides this powerful and direct objection, others arose—from the neglect with which Pelletan confessed that he had treated a deposit which, since he had taken it, he ought to have considered so sacred—from the vague story of the second theft—and, finally, from the doubt of the identity of the object returned by the widow in a purse with that which the pupil confessed to have stolen. The apocryphal object therefore remains with the representatives of Pelletan; but the disgrace of his story, whether true or false, is fixed indelibly on his memory.

But this was not all. The very grave of the poor boy became matter of controversy. There is no doubt that the body was buried openly, and with decent solemnity—accompanied by several municipal authorities and his last friend *Lasne*—in the churchyard of

the parish of St. Margaret, in the Faubourg St. Antoine: but when Louis XVIII. directed an inquiry into the *exact* spot, with a view of transferring the body to St. Denis, the evidence was so various, inconclusive, and contradictory, that—as in the case of the *heart*—it seemed prudent to abandon the original design, and the remains of Louis XVII. repose undisturbed and undistinguished in a small grassy enclosure adjoining the church, and so surrounded by houses that it is not marked on the ordinary maps of Paris. It has been for more than fifty years abandoned as a cemetery—forgotten and unknown by the two last generations of men even in its own neighborhood, till the pious enthusiasm of M. de Beauchesne revealed it to us, but now we suppose never to be again forgotten—though the place seems altogether desecrated. We cannot understand—whatever good reasons there might be for abandoning a search after the individual grave—why the monarchs and ministers of the Restoration did not, in this narrow, secluded, and most appropriate spot, raise some kind of memorial to not only so innocent but so inoffensive and so interesting a victim.

M. de Beauchesne hints that such was the frustrated desire of the Duchess d'Angouleme. Why a request so pious and so modest should have been rejected by those ministers we are at a loss to conceive. He announces that he himself designs to place some humble memorial within the enclosure. We doubt whether he will be permitted to do so; but he will at least have the consolation of having in this work dedicated to the object of his reverence and affection a monument which neither the rancor of revolutionists, the neglect of *soi-disant* royalists, nor the terrors of the new despotism can ever obliterate.

From Hogg's Instructor.

## WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

How strangely would our ideas of intellectual excellence be revolutionized, did we estimate the worth of books, or the abilities of literary men, by their popularity! What a rejection would there be of the most clear-sighted sages, and the most elevated spirits, who have been our pioneers in the upland path of truth, did we judge of them as their contemporaries did; and what a resurrection of the nameless and long-forgotten would take place, were the trumpet-blast of fame to sound for those whose brief dance of existence awoke only that confused hum which is emitted in the sunshine by ephemeral things! It is fitting that the thinker should be among the last of those who are crowned with the palm-wreath of true honor, for the note of triumph which summons him to receive it must be blown with no bated breath, nor give forth an uncertain sound. It must ring clearly and strongly, even though it be not heard till long after that thinker's tomb has crumbled, and it must proclaim him a teacher of no mere half truths—one whom the world could not well have spared, ere it has set him among its benefactors. Such being, in most cases, the necessity of that mission upon which the writer of intellectual power enters, when he gives utterance to the thought within him, popularity is seldom the result of his labors, in the sense in which it is won by the efforts of the more superficial and less self-sustained. He looks to higher results, and is borne onward by seeing, often in the far future, the time when his thoughts must be recognized, and be with them. Some among the original minds of all ages have been so influenced by these things, as to be betrayed into culpable carelessness of the media by which their ideas are communicated. Content to find a fit audience, they seem reckless of how few may compose it, and may almost be said to ignore the competency of a popular tribunal. Now, it appears obvious that the diffusion of enlightenment in an age like our own is not such a mere surface thing, but that even the least attractive writers will be appreciated in quarters where they may have scarcely expected to be comprehended.

Though the flood of ordinary knowledge, breaking its old boundaries, leaves but a small deposit of that more subtle thought which is the product of a rich and strong soil on the broad plain of general intelligence, it floats into nooks and crannies much that will take root there and produce a fresh and abundant fruitage. This has been, and will yet to a much greater extent be, the case with such writers as Walter Savage Landor. There are few of our modern authors with whom the general public is less acquainted; he is known as a man of high attainments, of a powerful mind, more through the opinion of the men of letters who have been, or still are, his contemporaries, than through the verdict of even those who constitute, in the proper sense of the term, the reading public. He has been careless about such a verdict, and would seem to have preferred the indulgence of mere caprice, in many instances, rather than do aught to secure it. In spite of this, however, we feel constrained to say with Sir Philip Sidney, in one of his own conversations, "that life has not been spent idly which has been mainly spent in conciliating the generous affections, by such studies and pursuits as best furnish the mind for their reception." It will matter little either to our author himself or to his readers in future times, whether he received the praise justly due to him in his lifetime or not; his has been an existence well spent, if the devotion of genius to the cause of truth and the cultivation of nobleness is a thing worthy of living and laboring for; and it will be of little consequence hereafter whether the form of his labors were such as to interest the mass of mankind or not, when the substance of them has been estimated at its true value. That the form in which Mr. Landor has chosen to express his views of nature and of human life has had some effect upon his writings,\* so

\* *Imaginary Conversations of Greeks and Romans.* By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. London: E. Moxon. 1853.

*The Works of Walter Savage Landor.* In Two Volumes. Moxon. 1846.

*Italia.* By Walter Savage Landor.

far as their unpopularity is concerned, we do not doubt. To those who are at little pains to look beyond mere forms, the "Imaginary Conversations" do not properly belong either to the literature of fiction or to that of a weightier character, while they partake in some degree of the nature of both. Professedly fictitious in design, they are real in substance; and while the combination of dramatic force with practical wisdom cannot but be their chief charm in the estimation of such as can appreciate it, that combination has in all probability appeared to others a thing neither real nor imaginary. And yet the "dialogue," or "conversation," was the form chosen by some of the wisest of those who have left the world legacies of great thoughts. It was the form which Plato, and Socrates, and Cicero chose, while Fénelon, Paschal, Fontenelle, and many others, have selected it as their medium of expression, conceiving it to be the most natural mode of communication between man and man. Mr. Landor, however, has infused the dramatic into this form, and his "Conversations" are therefore, to some extent, different from those with which the student of philosophy is familiar. By doing so he obtained scope for his fine discrimination of character and his clear perception of poetic truth, not less than for the expression of powerful and suggestive thought. Nor has he failed to take advantage of the latitude which this original style of writing afforded. In the works of no modern writer do we find more of that pregnant wisdom by which great truths are suggested as well as taught, or more that will be as applicable in future ages, as in our own to literature, philosophy, or human life. We can find no room for regret, then, that Mr. Landor has not taken that place among the imaginative writers of the age which his genius would have enabled him to take so easily, since in his own domain he may at once challenge comparison with the highest of them, while holding a rank among the more thoughtful of contemporary authors at least equally elevated. He has outlived most of those who entered upon their work with him, and we greatly mistake if through his writings he does not long outlive many of those who have obtained a wider popularity. Meanwhile it is our desire to look at him a little more narrowly as he stands apart, and, while pointing out what we conceive to be the distinguishing characteristics of his genius, to extract from his volumes some portions of their varied riches. In doing so, we shall have to consider Mr. Landor in the threefold capacity of a strikingly original prose writer,

a dramatist, and a poet, in so far as the latter term is commonly understood to distinguish one who expresses the emotional in verse, from him who portrays human character through the medium of dramatic action. The distinction we thus make for the sake of perspicacity ought by no means to be considered an arbitrary one, so far as the subject is concerned, for throughout all Mr. Landor's prose works the poetic and dramatic elements are very strongly marked. The latter, in fact, may be said to constitute the basis of the "Citation and Examination of William Shakspeare." There are few of the thoughts which this singular work contains to which the most ardent lover of the great dramatist could object, either on the score of appropriateness or dignity; sparkling fancies, wild waggeries, and weighty wisdom, come from the lips of the young deer-stealer, in the presence of the pompous Sir Thomas Lucy, with a natural freshness and originality, such as to give them all the effect of characteristic truth. No other writer in our language has attempted this; and where men of whose intellectual being we have a distinct idea have been introduced in works of fiction, the failure has been in most cases very manifest. Mr. Landor's was a bold attempt, for of all men there could certainly be none whom we would more reluctantly trust in the hands of a novelist than William Shakspeare. Jealous of his dignity, the author of the "Citation" has put into the mouth of the poet things which he might himself have expressed, and with remarkable fidelity has resuscitated the mannerism of Shakspeare's age, while turning to account all those broad outlines of contemporary character which he has left us. And, in addition to its artistic excellence, this book has a high moral aim. Its humor and quaintness, the wealth of fancy, and the subtle and exquisite touches of feeling, which it contains, are all made subservient to the embodiment of a fine idea of humanity, and to an exalted conception of life, its duties and responsibilities. Though professedly a romantic record of an incident, or supposed incident, in the career of the world's poet, and, as such, an attempt to make his character available for the purposes of fiction, it has far more real practical wisdom, applicable at all times, than is usually to be found in that class of works. Shakspeare is made to slide gradually from the position in which he originally stands before the self-satisfied Knight of Charlecote, as a convicted culprit, to one of high importance, and Sir Thomas again and again acknowledges it, by involuntarily succumbing

to the influence of his eloquence, and by ultimately resisting the crabbed appeals to his dignity put forth by his ill-natured chaplain, who dislikes the "common mutton-broth divinity" of the young poet. He is softened by the humanity of a gentler nature, and, in reply to the ill-tempered suggestion, that the deer-stealer be at once committed, takes up the language of a pleader, and resigns himself to the guidance of his prisoner, who, noting the knight's theological turn of mind, plies him with much sound wisdom from the discourses of a certain fictitious Dr. Glaston. None of our readers, we think, will be displeased with such specimens of this worthy divine's prelections as the following: it is a brief but pregnant discourse on the duty of the spiritual teacher:—

"Let us preachers, who are sufficiently liberal in bestowing our advice upon others, inquire of ourselves whether the exercise of spiritual authority may not be sometimes too pleasant, tickling our breasts with a plume from Satan's wing, and turning our heads with that inebriating poison which he hath been seen to instil into the very chalice of our salvation. Let us ask ourselves in the closet, whether, after we have humbled ourselves before God in our prayers, we never rise beyond the due standard in the pulpit; whether our zeal for the truth be never overheated by internal fires less holy; whether we never grow stiffly and sternly pertinacious at the very time when we are reproving the obstinacy of others; and whether we have not frequently so acted, as if we believed that opposition were to be relaxed and borne away by self-sufficiency and intolerance. Believe me, the wisest of us have our catechism to learn; and these are not the only questions contained in it. Learned and ingenious men may indeed find a solution and excuse for all these propositions; but the wise unto salvation will cry, 'Forgive me, O my God, if, called by thee to walk in thy way, I have not swept this dust from thy sanctuary.'"

If any objection should be taken to one who is not a bishop issuing such a charge as this to the clergy, we shall give, by way of compensation, an equally pungent homily on the pride of ancestral honors, in which Shakspeare, emboldened by the favorable hearing granted to him in the justice-room at Charle-cote, penetrates into the very citadel of the old knight's vanity, under the cloak of the aforesaid erudite divine, and gives us a fine commentary on the king's praise of Helena, the poor physician's daughter:—

"From lowest place, where virtuous things proceed,  
The place is dignified by the doer's deed;

Where great additions (titles) swell, and virtue none,  
It is a dropied honor; good alone  
Is good without a name."

"Let not the highest of you be led into the delusion (for such it is) that the founder of his family was originally a greater and a better man than any here. . . . He must have stood low, he must have worked hard, and with tools, moreover, of his own invention and fashioning. He waived and whistled off a thousand strong and importunate temptations; he dashed the dice-box from the jeweled hand of Chance, the cup from Pleasure's, and trod under foot the sorceries of each. The very high cannot rise much higher on earth; the very low may; the truly great must have done it. This is not the doctrine of the silkenny and lawnly religion; it wears the coarse texture of the fisherman, and walks uprightly and straightforwardly under it. . . . According to the arithmetic in practice, he who makes the most idlers and the most ingrates is the most worshipful. But wiser ones than the scorers in this school will tell you how riches and power were bestowed by Providence, that generosity and mercy should be exercised; for if every gift of the Almighty were distributed in equal portions to every creature, less of such virtues would be called into the field; consequently, there would be less of gratitude, less of submission, less of devotion, less of hope, and, in the total, less of content."

Some copies of verses found in the pocket of the vagrant youth led Sir Thomas to expatiate on the corruptness of the prevailing taste, and even to venture upon the recitation of certain "rhymed matters" of his own, wherein a "clear and conscientious exposure" of his affairs was made to a lady, by whom his letter was returned with small courtesy. "Sir," replied young William, "I am most grateful for these ripe fruits of your experience; the world shall never be troubled by any battles or marriages of mine, and I desire no other music and no other maypole than have lightened my heart at Stratford." Mollified almost to the utmost, the puray knight is fain to liberate the youth at once, despite the grumbling of his chaplain Silas, and only requires an oath of abjuration in the matter of Hannah Hathaway—a matter which so touches the heart of Shakspeare, however, that, greatly to the indignation of Sir Thomas, he seizes the occasion to escape, and flies the neighborhood. "Grant the country be rid of him for ever," is the pious ejaculation of Sir Thomas. "What dishonor upon his friends and his native town! A reputable wool-stapler's son turned gipsy and poet for life!"

There are episodes in this book in which



the writer sometimes reaches the highest point of pathos. That of a young poet, Ethelbert, though wholly unconnected with the main incidents, is of a most touching nature, and there are one or two sentences in it which seem to bring out, and in a very direct way to bear upon, Mr. Landor's own idea of poetic fame:—

"From the higher heavens of poetry it is long before the radiance of the brightest star can reach the world below. We hear that one man finds out one beauty, another man another, placing his observatory and instruments upon the poet's grave. The worms have eaten us before it is rightly known what we are. Be it so. I shall not be tired of waiting."

Although few have as yet turned their eyes to the peculiar beauties of Mr. Landor's writings, some, at least, have done so, and we trust they will all be fully revealed ere we have to look towards them from such an observatory.

If, as we very much suspect, the book to which we have just been referring has received but little of the attention which it merits in this age of Shaksperianity, it is not probable that the "Pentameron" will be much known. There is less of Mr. Landor's power of depicting character evinced in it, but far more of his scholarship, of his exquisite critical perceptions, and his intimate knowledge of what may be called the undercurrents of history. It professes to be the interviews of Giovanni Boccaccio and Francesco Petrarca, and the conversations which took place between them while the former lay infirm at his villetta near Certaldo, after which, as the imaginary reporter, Pievano Grigi, avouches, "they saw not each other on our side of Paradise." To estimate its worth as a reflection of Italian history in the fourteenth century, the reader must needs possess some knowledge of the events which form in it the topics of familiar colloquy; but its chief excellence is the high-toned eloquence and the discriminating spirit of its criticism. Dante, and the "Divina Commedia," its philosophy and religion as typical of the age in which it was composed, are the principal subjects of discourse. The thought is elevated, as it might well be on such themes, while in almost every page there are passages which stand out in all the strength of striking truths, and are luminous with

"The gleam that never was on land or sea,  
The consecration and the poet's dream."

Nor do these things at all affect the air of

reality which pervades it. We are never allowed to suspect that such high converse savors too little of that common place which attaches in a greater or less degree to all men, and to their weightiest affairs. The Italian poets are introduced to us in the freedom of familiar friendship, and on such occasions as enable us to sit with them in Boccaccio's shaded chamber. It is something to have realized such glimpses of great men's lives as are thus given, and though we must pass over the "Pentameron" without a single quotation, it is among the most complete of Mr. Landor's works. Properly speaking, it has no distinct plan, and cannot therefore be classed among ordinary works of fiction. There is no action in it whatever, for the dialogue terminates without any culmination, and with it the work, which is in no sense progressive. The title-page tells us it is true that, after the interview last recorded, the friends "met not again on our side of Paradise;" and the dream of Petrarca, with the narration of which the interview closes, may be taken as a foreshadowing of his death, the pretended translator's prefatory remarks being used as a key to its significance in other than a general sense; but, apart from these slight hints, we shut the book with the feeling of having been unexpectedly called away from the society to which it has introduced us. The completeness we speak of, then, applies strictly to the development of the two characters, and in that sense, the "Pentameron," irrespective of its value as the medium of expressing lofty and beautiful thoughts, is admirable as a sort of psychological biography. "Pericles and Aspasia" has the character of a novel to a much greater extent than any of Mr. Landor's other works. Although in it, as in all, he has disdained to be guided by any arbitrary rule of action, and seems almost to study irregularity of form rather than compactness, there is a distinct progress manifested. The history of a life is unfolded, and that, too, in its thoughts and emotions rather than its actions, for the latter are made subordinate to the former. In portraying the characters of Pericles and Aspasia, Mr. Landor's imagination seeks to get at the prominent points of individuality—to identify itself with the inner being of each, and to present each as they are to themselves. The story is evolved in the letters of Aspasia to her friend Cleone, and in her correspondence with Pericles and Alcibiades. The classical spirit of our author's writings enables him to invest such a subject as

this with something like its native air; and hence, although a few of the letters might, without the slightest detriment to the effect of the work as a whole, be omitted, they tend to make the characters stand out in all the purity and distinctness, the largeness of outline and the nobility, which we expect to find in such a subject. The style in which the book is written is essentially classical. The speeches of Pericles read like pages of the old Greek historians, and the account of his death given in the letter of Alcibiades to Aspasia is full of the most delicate feeling.

But Mr. Landor will be best known to the men of days to come by his "Imaginary Conversations." These remarkable and, we may add, unique productions display in fuller measure than any of his other works the strength and clearness of his intellect, and the warmth of his sympathies. They occupy the largest portion of the two volumes in which his collected writings have been published, and present an extraordinary variety of subjects. Poets converse with each other on poetry, painters and distinguished connoisseurs on art, critics and philosophers on their respective studies and principles, kings and statesmen on the polity of nations, and Mr. Landor himself with imaginary friends and visitors on almost every theme to which a scholar, a poet, and a man of large experience may be expected to direct his attention. The varied character of these dialogues renders it difficult within a reasonable space to speak of them in other than general terms; and some of them so far surpass the others in characteristic truth, in the importance of the subjects discussed, and in the beauty and force of the language, that we must, of necessity, make a selection. In not a few of them the author's own personality obtrudes itself very distinctly; and, although the passages in which his own opinions are obviously inconsistent with those of the parties who are professedly the speakers can very seldom be considered beneath the dignity of the historic company, they sometimes come like a living man of the modern world into the society of the shades. These interpolations, if we may so call them, are always vigorous, and they occur most frequently when the theme of conversation has any reference to the liberties of man. Few modern authors have written with greater power, or with a higher spirit of wisdom, on the abstract principles of civil and religious freedom, than Mr. Landor has done. All his sympathies are with those who have been the champions of these principles, and no where does his lan-

guage assume a loftier tone than when it is employed to express their aspirations or to speak their praises. Acknowledging no degrees of rank save those which wisdom makes, in his eyes dignity is only such in its moral sense. In the "conversation" between Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker, one of the most characteristic and best sustained in his two volumes, this is finely and fully exemplified. The character of the prelate, who has left it on record that "Princes may with less danger give liberty to men's vices and debaucheries than to their consciences," and who intruded upon the privacy of John Milton in his latter days, to jeer and jibe at him, is brought out in a masterly style, nor is the earnestness and mingled humor of Marvel less truthfully expressed. Those who know any thing about the "Ecclesiastical Polity" of the one (they cannot be numerous) or the writings of the other, especially his "Rehearsal Transposed," will appreciate the striking truth of this "conversation," but it can scarcely be less interesting to the general reader. The character and works of Milton, the career of Cromwell, and the general features of the Protectorate are the themes of discourse, and we cannot, perhaps, give a better idea of Mr. Landor's prose than some of the passages connected with the discussion of these afford. Here are some beautiful thoughts suggested by the name of Milton, at the very opening of the "conversation":—

"*Marvel.*—With the greatest rulers upon earth, head and crown drop together, and are overlooked. It is true we read of them in history; but we also read of crocodiles and hyenas. With great writers, whether in prose or poetry, what falls away is scarcely more or other than a vesture. The features of the man are imprinted on his works; and more lamps burn over him than are lighted in temples or churches. Milton, and men like him, bring their own incense, kindle it with their own fire, and leave it unconsumed and unconsumable; and their music, by day and by night, swells along a vault commensurate with the vault of heaven."

And again, we have Marvel's fine reflections on the earthly condition of the "blind, old, and lonely" poet:—

"I am confident that Milton is heedless of how little weight he is held by those who are of none; and that he never looks towards those, somewhat more eminent, between whom and himself there have crept the waters of oblivion. As a pearl ripens in the obscurity of its shell, so ripens in the tomb all the fame that is truly precious. In fame he will be happier than in friendship. Were it possible that one among the faithful of the angels could have suffered wounds and dissolution in his

conflict with the false, I should scarcely have felt greater awe at discovering on some bleak mountain the bones of this our mighty defender, once shining in celestial panoply, once glowing at the trumpet-blast of God, but not proof against the desperate and the damned, than I have felt at entering the humble abode of Milton, whose spirit already reaches heaven, yet whose corporeal frame hath no quiet resting-place here below. And shall not I, who loved him early, have the lonely and sad privilege to love him still? or shall fidelity to power be a virtue, and fidelity to tribulation an offence?"

These are noble words, and worthy of the faithful Marvel. Although the author of them cautions his reader against attributing to him any opinions except such as are expressed in his own name, it is, of course, impossible to avoid identifying him with the greater amount of positive truth which is enunciated in them. In most of the "conversations" of which the topics are matters of dispute, or in which historic personages of strongly marked character take a part, it is by no means difficult to perceive to what side the author's sympathies and opinions turn. There is no mistaking the characters who have won his admiration or provoked his censure. He magnifies the one class in the words they utter; out of their own mouths he condemns the other. This is very obvious in the case of Milton, for whom Mr. Landor has a reverence almost approaching to worship; it is the reverence of one who can appreciate the lofty attributes of moral greatness, however, not the adulation which proceeds upon a vague idea of individual excellences in the object. Thus the poet of "Paradise Lost" is introduced to us in the noblest companies. With Galileo in his Florentine prison, he discourses eloquently on the high themes of religious freedom and liberty of thought, and it is as unquestionably Mr. Landor's idea of his character which we obtain from the lips of Marvel, as it is his opinion of his poetry which we find expressed in the "conversation" entitled "Southey and Landor." The latter will be less likely to gratify the general reader than any of the dialogues in which the author appears in his proper personality. It is too literally critical, and dogs the poet from line to line, and from image to image, with a closeness, and, we might almost say, a spirit of *con amore* fault-finding, which leaves no satisfactory impression upon the mind. It is only just, however, to say that Mr. Landor acts to a considerable extent on the defensive throughout this criticism, and maintains his views against Southey at once with vigor and with

success. The "conversation" between Southey and Porson on the state of criticism generally and the poetry of Wordsworth, is of a somewhat similar character. Here, as in the other, there is an attack and a defense, Southey maintaining the excellences of his friend, the bard of Rydal, against what we are constrained to call the captiousness of Porson. We may be allowed, we think, to infer that Mr. Landor's views of any of the subjects discussed by such speakers are those of the person who has the best of the argument. That the dramatic personation of each of the characters introduced to us should be strictly correct is more, perhaps, than any one is entitled to expect; in the main, however, they are so far correct as to give us a very vivid impression of the truths discussed, as these may be conceived to have been apprehended by each party in the respective dialogues. And herein, we think, consists the chief peculiarity of Mr. Landor's writings. They are not only valuable for the body of truth and of sound opinion which they contain, but they represent these to us from so many points of view, that, were it possible to bring into a focus, all the various aspects of great truths presented to us, we know of few books in which the thinker would find so much profound and comprehensive wisdom as our author has given in a novel and not, perhaps, generally attractive form, but with clear philosophic discernment, and in a style which is certainly not surpassed either for purity or pictorial beauty by that of any living writer. We are disposed to think that the finest of the "Imaginary Conversations" are those in which the author has been affected by conventional views of character, and where the imagination has acted, as it were, in its strictly natural manner. To illustrate our meaning, we may remark that in some cases the primary characteristic of a certain historic personage introduced is lost sight of altogether in the "conversation." Thus, the one between David Hume and John Home, though containing much that we should be very reluctant to part with, might have been spoken by any orthodox believer and any speculative thinker of their day or our own. Apart from an occasional incidental allusion to particular circumstances connected with the one or the other, there is nothing which links the thought expressed to the character of the person who expresses it. Again, when Mr. Landor and the Abbé Delille discuss the characteristics of the French poets, the former is allowed to monopolize the talk, a

most improbable circumstance in the presence of the garrulous abbé. The best specimen, or, at least, one of the best specimens, of what may be called the "Modern Conversations," is the one in which the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Inglis respectively deliver their opinions on the idolatry of the Hindoos, and the circumstances connected with the gates of Somnauth. The Duke is a little too prolix, perhaps, for the general idea of his laconic style of talk, but there is unquestionably a great deal of character in the whole of this conversation. The reader who knows any thing of the parties will find it difficult to reconcile himself to its imaginary nature, there is so much of what may be considered every-day life about it. If he will turn with us, however, to those pages in which we are brought into the society of Dante and Beatrice, Tasso and his sister Cornelia, or Sir Philip Sidney and Fulk Greville, he will find in these the affluence of that genius which in a greater or less degree lights up all our author's writings. The "conversation" between the great Florentine and his youthful mistress has, we think, delicacies of feeling and beauties of expression peculiarly its own. There is not a single sentence of it at variance with our idea of the visionary poet, or that "form of unutterable grace" which is presented to us in the "*Divina Commedia*." The sentiments which it contains, exquisite in themselves, are all the more beautiful for their appropriateness. It is the ideal Beatrice, the object of the poet's deep, pure, holy affection, who stands before us; it is the Dante who "regards her as a star" who speaks. The dialogue is understood to take place immediately before the marriage of the immortal Beatrice, and it may be considered her last interview with her poet-lover:—

"Dante.—I will watch over you; I will pray for you when I am nearer God, and purified from the stains of earth and mortality. He will permit me to behold you, lovely as when I left you. Angels in vain shall call me onward.

"Beatrice.—Hush, sweetest Dante, hush! Is this piety? Is this wisdom? O Dante! And may I not be called first away?

"Dante.—Alas! Alas! how many small feet have swept off the early dew of life, leaving the pathway black behind them! But to think that you should go before me! It sends me forward on my way to receive and welcome you. If, indeed, O Beatrice! such be God's immutable will, sometimes look down on me when the song to Him is suspended. O! look often on me with prayer and pity, for there all prayers are accepted, and all pity is devoid of pain.

"Beatrice.—You have stored my mind with many thoughts, dear because they are yours, and because they are virtuous. May I not, O Dante! bring some of them back again to your bosom; as the *contadina* lets down the string from the cottage-beam in winter, and culls a few bunches of the soundest for the master of the vineyard? You have not given me glory that the world should shudder at its eclipse. To prove that I am worthy of the smallest part of it, I must obey God; and, under God, my father. Surely the voice of Heaven comes to us audibly from a parent's lips. You shall be great, and, what is above all greatness, good.

"Dante.—Rightly and wisely, my sweet Beatrice, have you spoken. Greatness is to goodness what gravel is to porphyry: the one is a movable accumulation, swept along the surface of the earth; the other stands, fixed, and solid, and alone; above all that is residuous of a wasted world. Little men build up great ones, but the snow Colossus melts; the good stand under the eye of God, and therefore stand."

The reader can scarcely fail to appreciate the beauty of this passage, and to recognize in it a fine expression of the ideal characters of the speakers. We find the same excellence in the dialogue between Tasso and his sister respecting the death of Leonora; and here, we think, Mr. Landor's imagination takes a still higher flight. The strong passion—the frenzy, we might almost say—which pervades some parts of this "conversation," is in the most powerful style of dramatic expression. To feel the effect of it fully, we must think of the poor forlorn Tasso, stung by the sorrows of a wounded heart, encircled by the miseries of want, and his noble spirit reeling on its throne:—

"Tasso.—She told me to rest in peace. . . . And she went from me. Insatiable love! ever self-torturer, never self-destroyer! The world, with all its weight of miseries, cannot crush thee, cannot keep thee down. Men's tears, like the droppings of certain springs, only harden and petrify what they fall on, but mine sank deep into a tender heart, and were its very blood. Never will I believe she has left me utterly. Oftentimes, and long before her departure, I fancied we were in heaven together. I fancied it in the fields, in the gardens, in the palace, in the prison. I fancied it in the broad daylight, when my eyes were open, when blessed spirits drew around me that golden circle which one only of earth's inhabitants could enter. Oftentimes in my sleep I fancied it; and sometimes in the intermediate state, in that security which breathes about the transported soul, enjoying its pure and perfect rest a space below the feet of the immortal.

"Cornelia.—She has not left you; do not disturb her peace by these repinings.

"Tasso.—She will bear with them. Thou



knowest not what she was, Cornelia; for I wrote to thee about her when she seemed but human. In my hours of sadness, not only her beautiful form, but her very voice, bent over me. . . . But it was when she could and did love me! Unchanged must ever be the blessed one who has leaned in fond security on the Unchangeable. The purifying flame shoots upward, and is the glory that encircles their brows when we meet above.

"*Cornelia*.—Indulge in these delightful thoughts, my Torquato! and believe that your love is, and ought to be, as imperishable as your glory. Generations of men move forward in endless procession to consecrate and commemorate both. . . . In the laurels of my Torquato there will always be one leaf above man's reach, above time's wrath and injury, inscribed with the name of Leonora.

"*Tasso*.—Cornelia, Cornelia! the mind has within it temples and porticoes, and palaces and towers; the mind has under it, ready for the course, steeds brighter than the sun and stronger than the storm; and beside them stand winged chariots, more in number than the psalmist hath attributed to the Almighty. The mind, I tell thee, hath its hundred gates; and all these hundred gates can genius throw open. But there are some that groan heavily on their hinges, and the hand of God alone can close them."

Although originality is not always an evidence of greatness, there is evidence enough of its connection with solidity and strength of thought in the amount of true wisdom—the number of suggestive reflections to be found in the volumes before us. And as the limits of this "article" do not allow us to quote so fully from the "Imaginary Conversations" as to illustrate their character with the necessary clearness, we may, perhaps, give the reader a better idea of the intellectual wealth which he will find in Mr. Landor's works, by extracting a few of these reflections at random, than by selecting particular representations of historic personality or philosophical abstractions. Many of the "Conversations," taken as a whole, seem to us to demand a more than ordinary acquaintance with remote stores of knowledge, a certain approximation to the standpoint from which their author surveys relative truths; but almost all of them contain passages which, taken in the form of aphorisms, will be appreciated by every thoughtful reader. Let us merely premise, then, that the extracts we are about to give, though losing nothing of their intrinsic value by being detached from the forms which they adorn like so many gems, still suffer to some extent by not being presented in their natural connection with certain themes. Requesting the

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reader to bear this in mind, we proceed to pick up and string the pearls:—

#### FRIENDSHIP.

"Friendship is a vase which, when it is flawed by heat, or violence, or accident, may as well be broken at once; it can never be trusted after. The more graceful and ornamental it was, the more clearly do we discern the hopelessness of restoring it to its former state. Coarse stones, if they are fractured, may be cemented again; precious ones never."—*Lord Broke and Sir Philip Sidney*.

#### CHRISTIANITY.

"Our Master doth not permit us to compromise and quarter with another; He doth not permit us to spend an hour with Him, and then to leave Him. Either our actions must be regulated by Him wholly, both individually and socially, politically and morally, or He turns us out. We must call no others by His name, until those others shall possess the same authority. He did not place Himself on the tribunitian chair with Cæsar, nor on the judgment-seat with Felix; He governed, but it was in spirit; He commanded, but it was of God. Christianity could never have been brought into contempt unless she had been overlaid with false ornaments, and conducted by false guides. As the arrow of Paris was directed from behind the brightest and most glorious of the heathen gods, so hath ever that of worldly policy in later times from behind the fairer image of Christianity."—*William Penn and Lord Peterborough*.

#### SORROW AND RESIGNATION.

"The very things which touch us the most sensibly, are those which we should be the most reluctant to forget. The noble mansion is most distinguished by the beautiful images which it retains of beings passed away; and so is the noble mind. The damps of autumn sink into the leaves, and prepare them for the necessity of their fall; and thus insensibly are we, as years close around us, detached from our tenacity of life by the gentle pressure of recorded sorrows. When the graceful dance and its animating music is over, and the clapping of hands, so lately linked, hath ceased; when youth, and comeliness, and pleasure are departed—

Who would desire to spend the following day  
Among the extinguish'd lamps, the faded wreaths,  
The dust and desolation left behind?

But, whether we desire or not, we must submit. He who hath appointed our days hath placed their contents within them, and our efforts can neither cast them out nor change their quality."—*Pentameron*.

#### DEATH.

"Death can only take away the sorrowful from our affections; the flower expands; the colorless film that enveloped it falls off and perishes."—*Pentameron*.

#### LATE REPENTANCE.

"Heaven is not to be won by short hard work  
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at the last, as some men take a degree at the university, after much irregularity and negligence. Let us take a steady pace from the outset to the end, coming in cool, and dismounting quietly. I have known many old playfellows of the Devil spring up suddenly from their beds and strike at him."—*Andrew Marvel and Bishop Parker.*

#### THE ERRORS OF GREAT MEN.

"It is difficult to sweep away any thing, and not to sweep some grains of gold-dust with it. The great man has cobwebs hanging in his workshop, which a high broom, in a steady hand, may reach, without doing mischief. But let children, and short men, and unwary ones, stand out of the way."—*Southey and Landor.*

#### THE SOURCES OF HUMAN TROUBLE.

"We fancy that all our afflictions are sent us directly from above; sometimes we think it in piety and contrition, but oftener in moroseness and discontent. It would be well, however, if we attempted to trace the causes of them; we should probably find their origin in some region of the heart which we never had well explored, or in which we had secretly deposited our worst indulgences. The clouds that intercept the heavens from us come not from the heavens, but from the earth."—*Melancthon and Calvin.*

#### SELF-RESPECT.

"Unless we respect ourselves, our respect for superiors is prone to servility. No man can be thrown by another from such a height as he can throw himself from. I never have observed that a tendency towards the powerful was a sufficient check to spiritual pride; and extremely few have I known or heard of, who, tossing up their nostrils into the air, and giving tongue that they have hit upon the trail to heaven, could distinguish humility from baseness."—*Romilly and Wilberforce.*

#### THE LAW OF KINDNESS.

"Should ye at any time overtake the erring, and resolve to deliver him up, I will tell you whither to conduct him: conduct him to his Lord and Master, whose household he hath left. Bring him back again, the strayed, the lost one! bring him back not with halberts and halters, but generously and gently, and with the linking of the arm. In this posture shall God smile upon ye; in this posture of yours did he recognize his beloved Son upon the earth. Do ye likewise, and depart in peace."—*Citation and Examination of William Shakspeare.*

Mr. De Quincey has some where said, that for many years he believed himself the only man in England who had read "Gebir," one of the earliest and longest of Mr. Landor's poems; but, after some inquiry among his friends, he found that Southey had also accomplished the feat. The English Opium-Eater's disposition to be pleasant at the expense of others is considerably at fault here, we think; for, although the work in question was certainly very far from being popular,

and is not likely ever to be so, it sufficiently indicated its author's ability to attract admiration at a time when poetry was more frequently read than it is now. It is interesting as a poetical curiosity, had it no higher merit; but it is strongly marked by original power. The story of it is involved and obscure, and there is a singular blending of the supernatural with the natural in many passages of it; its length, too, combined with the circumstance of its construction being by no means of a highly artistic character, all serve to deter ordinary readers from venturing upon the perusal of it. There is much of it, however, pervaded by the light of a truly poetic genius. An almost Spenserian richness of fancy is to be found, for example, in the following lines, descriptive of an Eastern morning:—

"Now to Aurora, borne by dappled steeds,  
The sacred gate of Orient pearl and gold,  
Smitten by Lucifer's light silver wand,  
Expanded slow to strains of harmony;  
The waves beneath, in purpling rows, like doves  
Glancing with wanton coyness toward their queen,  
Heaved softly; thus the damsel's bosom heaves,  
When from her sleeping lover's downy cheek,  
To which so warily her own she brings  
Each moment nearer, she perceives the warmth  
Of coming kisses fanned by playful dreams;  
Ocean, and earth, and heaven held jubilee."

Again, with what a wealth of poetic beauty the child's fanciful idea of the reason for the murmuring in the shell is turned into a conception of dignity and magnificence. A river nymph says—

"I have sinuous shells of pearly hue  
Within, and they their lustre have imbibed  
In the sun's palace porch, where, when unyoked,  
His chariot-wheels stand midway in the wave;  
Shake one, and it awakens; then apply  
Its polish'd lips to your attentive ear,  
And it remembers its august abode,  
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there."

These passages will suffice to show that "Gebir" is worthy of its author; many others of equal beauty might be quoted, but we must pass on to notice Mr. Landor's dramatic works—a form of poetical composition for which his genius seems to us far more suited than for the epic. Here, however, something very like caprice has prevented our author from doing what he might have done. In one of the volumes before us, there are thirteen dramatic works, and yet not one of them can, in the strict sense of the word, be called a drama. Several of them, such as "Count Julian," "Andrea of Hungary," "Giovanni of Naples," and "Fra Rupert," are divided

into the proper number of acts and scenes; there is more dramatic power to be found in one of them, perhaps, than in the majority of modern dramas; but Mr. Landor's contempt for established and conventional rules has led him to disregard even the most ordinary requirements of dramatic action. He has not the slightest hesitation, even in the most important evolutions of that action, in introducing some element which either mars it altogether, or so retards it as wholly to break up the unity. He informs us, in his introduction, that they were never offered to the stage, being no better than imaginary conversations in verse; but they are better, so far as the manifestation of the dramatic spirit is concerned; and although their author has called them "Acts and Scenes," obviously with the view of anticipating and turning aside the objections we are now stating, in all the higher elements of that form of poetical composition they are dramas, and only require to be divested, in some cases, of extraneous and distracting incidents or episodes, in order to be considered dramas of a very high character. "Count Julian," founded on the well-known incidents connected with Moorish aggression upon Spain, is perhaps the noblest of them, and, upon the whole, the most complete. It abounds not only with passages of lofty poetry, but with great dramatic force. The characters are fully and finely evolved. We do not think that in the whole of the modern drama—that of recent years at least—so many powerful scenes could be pointed out as the reader will find in this work, which Mr. Landor has obviously written without reference to representation. It is something more than a dramatic poem, and yet it is not a drama; and this distinction may be said to apply to all the more sustained efforts which he has classed under the title "Acts and Scenes." We could not present even such illustrations of Mr. Landor's poetry as the scope of this article allows, did we fail to extract from "Count Julian" one or two specimens of his powerful dramatic verse. In the last scene of the tragedy, the recreant but lofty-spirited Spaniard is represented to us at the mercy of Muza, the Moorish leader, whose wrath he has aroused by procuring the escape of King Roderigo. He thus meets the threats of torture; and the passage also affords a picture of his awful isolation as the betrayer of his country:—

"Julian.—Man's only relics are his benefits :  
These, be there ages, be there worlds between,  
Retain him in communion with his kind ;

Hence is his solace, his security,  
His sustenance, till heavenly truth descends,  
Covering with brightness and beatitude  
The frail foundations of these humbler hopes ;  
And, like an angel guiding us, at once  
Leaves the loose chain and iron gate behind.

"Muza.—Take thou my justice first, then hope  
for Heaven's :

I, who can bend the living to my will,  
Fear not the dead, and court not the unborn :  
Their arms shall never reach me, nor shall thine.

"Abdalaziz.—Pity, release him, pardon him, my  
father !

Forget how much thou hatest perfidy.  
Think of him once so potent, still so brave,  
So calm, so self-dependent in distress ;  
Mighty must be that man who can forgive  
A man so mighty. . . . .  
He fills me with a greater awe than e'er  
The field of battle, with himself the first,  
When every flag that waved along our host  
Drooped down the staff, as if the very winds  
Hung in suspense before him. Bid him go,  
And peace be with him, or let me depart.  
Lo ! like a god, sole and inscrutable,  
He stands above our pity.

"Muza.—Peace, Abdalaziz ! How is this ? He  
bears

Nothing that warrants him invulnerable :  
Shall I, then, shrink to smite him ? Shall my  
fears

Be greatest at the blow that ends them all ?  
Fears ? no ! 'tis justice, fair, immutable,  
Whose measured step, at times advancing nigh,  
Appals the majesty of kings themselves.  
Oh ! were he dead ! though then revenge were o'er."

Another powerful picture of Julian's woe is given in the following description of his appearance on the field of battle:—

"He call'd on God, the witness of his cause,  
On Spain, the partner of his victories ;  
And yet, amid these animating words,  
Rolled the huge tear down his unvisor'd face.  
*Tremendous was the smile that smote the eyes  
Of all he pass'd.* . . . . .

'Father, and general, and king,' they shout,  
And would proclaim him ; back he cast his face,  
Pallid with grief, and one loud groan burst forth ;  
And soon they scatter'd, as the blasts of heaven  
Scatter the leaves and dust, the astonish'd foe."

"Count Julian" abounds with passages such as these, and even with nobler ones, which would suffer by being detached. Nor are the other dramatic pieces in Mr. Landor's volumes, considered without reference to their structure, less remarkable for the beauty of poetic thought, power of expression, and variety as well as purity of imagery. Since we cannot speak of them otherwise than as we have done, we shall set aside the consideration of their partially dramatic form, in order

to present the reader with a few specimens of the poetry they contain.

The short dramatic sketch, entitled "Ippolito di Este," opens with the following lines—a lover's thoughts of his mistress:—

"Stay! here she step; what grace! what harmony!

It seemed that every accent, every note  
Of all the choral music breathed from her;  
From her celestial airiness of form  
I could have fancied purer light descended.

She has been here; I saw her shadow burst  
The sunbeam as she parted; a strange sound,  
A sound that stupefied and yet aroused me,  
Fill'd all my senses: such was never felt  
Save when the sword-girt angel struck the gate,  
And Paradise wail'd loud, and closed for ever!"

In another opening scene, that of "Giovanni of Naples," we have this still more beautiful passage:—

"Ah! every gust of music, every air  
Breathing its freshness over youthful breasts,  
Is a faint prelude to the choirs above;  
And Death stands in the darken'd space between,  
To some with invitations free and meek,  
To some with flames athwart an angry brow,  
To others holds green palm and laurel crown,  
Dreadless as is the shadow of a leaf."

Many of Mr. Landor's shorter poems are simply the expression of some passing thought or fancy, and not a few of them are purely personal, but they are not on that account less graceful or suggestive. They frequently give us a better idea of the author's opinions and feelings than even his more elaborate works; and there are few of them from which the lover of that poetry which is of a calm reflective tone rather than of an exciting character, may not derive an unalloyed delight. In some cases they are addressed to his friends, and there are a few verses to his children which have always seemed to us full of the finest feeling. But there is another class of his lyrics in which the broader and deeper sympathies of the poet are still more fully expressed. We have already said that Mr. Landor has always been distinguished for his enthusiastic attachment to the cause of human freedom. The struggling or suffering nations of Europe have had no more devoted friend, and their leaders no warmer sympathizer, than Walter Savage Landor. He has himself said, the hand which held that of Kosciuszko's in the grasp of friendship was not unworthy of being held out to Louis Kossuth; and that hand, guided by a spirit of no common power, has traced not a few words that burn with the fire of freedom.

We cannot more fitly close this article than by transcribing a few of these, and our first extract shall be taken from the last of a series of poems entitled "Hellenics." The lines have always appeared to us among the most powerful which Mr. Landor has written:—

"We are what suns, and winds, and waters make us;

The mountains are our sponsors, and the rills  
Fashion and win their nursing to their smiles;  
But where the land is dim from tyranny,  
There tiny pleasures occupy the place  
Of glories and of duties, as the feet  
Of fabled fairies, when the sun goes down,  
Trip o'er the grass where wrestlers strove by day.  
The heart is hardest in the softest climes—  
The passions flourish, the affections die.  
O thou vast tablet of these awful truths,  
That fillest all the space between the seas,  
Spreading from Venice's deserted coasts  
To the Tarentine and Hydrantine mole—  
What lifts thee up? what shakes thee? 'Tis the  
breath

Of God. Awake, ye nations! Spring to life:  
Let the last work of his right hand appear  
Fresh with his image, Man."

In many parts of the volumes before us, we find strong and passionate expressions of their author's detestation of tyranny, as it has been exemplified in the history of Italy. Long a resident in that land, he seems to feel her wrongs with something like that intensity of feeling which might be supposed to be experienced by one of her exiled sons. And he has given expression to this in a series of poems called "Italics," which have, strictly speaking, never been published. The subjects are all taken from what may be called the recent history of Italy, and the poems are chiefly remarkable for the deep feeling which pervades them. The one we are about to quote—and it is the last quotation we shall give—is characterized by a stern, we might almost say dread, strength of expression. It is professedly the experience of the Italian patriot, Gonfalonieri, in an Austrian dungeon:—

"The purest breast that breathes Ausonian air  
Utter'd these words. Hear them, all lands! repeat,

All ages! on thy heart the record bear,  
Till the last tyrant gasp beneath thy feet;  
Thou who hast seen in quiet death lie down  
The skulking recreant of the changeling crown.

"I am an old man now, and yet my soul  
By fifteen years is younger than its frame.  
Fifteen I lived (if life it was) in one  
Dark dungeon, ten feet square; alone I dwelt  
Six; then another enter'd; by his voice  
I knew it was a man; I could not see  
Feature or figure in that dismal place.



One year we talk'd together of the past,  
Of joys for ever gone—ay, worse than gone:  
Remember'd, press'd into our hearts, that swell'd  
And sorely soften'd under them; the next  
We exchanged what thoughts we found; the third,  
no thought

Was left us; memory alone remain'd.  
The fourth, we ask'd each other if, indeed,  
The world had life within it, life and joy  
As when we left it.

Now the fifth had come,  
And we sat silent—all our store was spent.  
When the sixth enter'd, he had disappear'd,  
Either for death or doom less merciful,  
And I repin'd not! all things were less sad  
Than that dim vision, that unshapen form.  
A year, or two years after, (indistinct  
Was time as light was in that cell,) the door  
Crept open, and these sounds came slowly  
through—

"His majesty the emperor and king  
Informs you that, twelve months ago, your wife  
Quitted the living!"

I did hear the words  
All ere I fell, then heard not bolt nor bar."

There is a Dante-like intensity and severity of expression in these lines, and with them we take our leave of Mr. Landor. The reader will have seen, we think, from the extracts that have been given throughout this

article, that the writings with which we have endeavored to make him acquainted are of no common order. We are glad to find, in the latest of them, evidence of Mr. Landor having relinquished some of the peculiar positions which he originally took up in regard to historic characters, and of his more extreme opinions having been tempered by a larger experience. His singularities (such, at least, they used to be considered) in orthography we have retained throughout the quotations, for he has adhered to them tenaciously, and in many cases with reason. They have ceased to be considered crotchets, and some of them have been adopted by the best living writers. Mr. Landor's reasons for them may be found in some of his "Conversations;" and they are not to be classed with those illustrations of a contempt for established usages in the world of letters which are to be found in many of his works. In spite of these, however, we feel persuaded that the reader will bear us out in saying, that very few of our modern English writers can better afford to wait for the verdict of the future, or wait for it with more confidence, than Walter Savage Landor.

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From the Biographical Magazine.

## CHARLES JAMES NAPIER.

AFTER a long life passed in stormy conflicts, another great warrior has been removed in peace from the world. A man whose "poor shattered body," as his brother has described it, carried seven deep wounds; whose sword had cut his path in many and terrible strifes; whose name was associated with deeds of reckless daring and military skill; has been allowed to pass through Badajos and Corunna, Busaco and Fuentes d'Onore, Mecanee and Hydrabad, to Oaklands; from battle-fields to his quiet, English country-seat, that he might die there.

The Napiers have earned for their name a high place in literary, military, and scientific history. The living generation are accustomed to read their achievements on sea and shore. The history of their services gains

nothing in coloring or extent, when narrated by one of themselves; yet our best military historian is a Napier. A few weeks since, the country could command in any danger the services of two Sir Charles Napiers: and both of these leaders, although belonging to different professions, could officiate in either department. They had brought the military and naval service into close and personal alliance; for Admiral Sir Charles Napier occasionally made inroads on the land service, and General Sir Charles James Napier had served, like a marine, on land and water. Now England has but one of the two; and the loss might be severely felt in any hour of danger and dismay.

It seems to memory but a little time, and in reality it is only a few years, since the

Anglo-Indian empire was considered to be shaken. A battle had been lost—a great battle—or if not quite lost, it had not been gained. The public were unaccustomed to disaster; for the recollection of Afghanistan, and the gallant men who died at Cabul, had been effaced. Popular names may fade away and be forgotten in seven years. Burnes and MacNaughten, who lived, and in the flower of manhood died by a traitor's hand, close together, once the hope of "Young India," were not remembered then. The public dwelt on the last loss. Politicians wrote, statesmen talked, and military men were compelled to act in the new crisis of Indian affairs. The conqueror and ex-governor of Scinde had returned home in a bitter mood with Anglo-Indian administration, and his anger was not groundless. The panic of the year had even entered Apsley House, and the Commander-in-chief sent for Sir Charles Napier. The conversation was short. The Duke of Wellington offered the chief command of the Indian army. The owner of Oaklands began his usual complaints of the civil authorities of India; but his old General had no right to redress, and no wish, therefore, to hear them. He cut short every argument with the announcement, "India is probably lost, and you or I must go; if you cannot, then I can." The command was accepted. Three years have come and gone—the grave has closed over the peer and the commoner—St. Paul's has the first and Portsmouth the last, and who would now save India? for Britain's great men die fast.

The death of Sir Charles Napier leaves a vacant place in the Army List that will not be easily occupied. A soldier for sixty years and from boyhood, he was ardently attached to his profession. His zeal for the character and efficiency of the army rendered him a radical reformer of military abuses. His education, either in, or attached to the camp, produced contempt for civil administrators, which was strengthened by his communications with corrupt officials. Bravery in battle, combativeness at his desk, and discipline of the strictest character in all circumstances and at all seasons, inherent in his family, were conspicuous in his life. These qualities secured for him that esteem in the army essential to successful operations in the field. The conqueror of Scinde has left no leader in the British forces more likely to inspire his foes with dread or his friends with courage; and yet he has gone down to the grave, in a time of peace, an untitled soldier, and until the Scinde war not a very wealthy man.

Kingdoms, or their writers, have contended regarding the descent of Sir Charles Napier, as the cities of Greece contested the honor of Homer's nativity. The arguments of different claimants in reference to the General are strong, and the case is not clear. He belonged, as one of the Napier family, to Scotland. His father was a Scotsman. He was born in England, in London, in Whitehall; and his mother was an Englishwoman. And he was educated in Ireland, at Castle-town, county of Kildare; but the period of education, in its usual meaning, was short. He had an ensign's commission in his twelfth or thirteenth year; and like Abercromby, Harris, Moore, and other distinguished soldiers, acquired the greater part of the knowledge which he possessed in the camp.

The private biography of Sir Charles Napier, like that of all other men, might be compressed within a few lines. He was born in London, on the 10th August, 1782, and died at Oaklands, his country-seat, near Portsmouth, on the 30th August, 1853, in his 71st year. He had, indeed, completed his 71st, and entered a few weeks upon his 72d year. His father was a military man—the Hon. Colonel George Napier; and his mother was a daughter of the second Duke of Richmond. The Hon. Col. George Napier received a military appointment in Ireland; and the removal of the family to that country formed the only connection between Sir Charles Napier and that island. He has left two brothers, an elder and a younger, both soldiers, both lieutenant-generals, both literary men and writers of high standing: the former Lieutenant-General Sir George Thomas Napier, once Governor of the Cape of Good Hope; and the latter, Lieutenant-General Sir William Francis Napier, the distinguished historian.

Sir Charles J. Napier was not married until 1827, when, in his 45th year, he married the widow of John F. Kelly, Esq., who died in 1833. He married, in 1835, the widow of Richard Alecock, Esq., R.M. The mutual attachment of the Napiers contributed to their domestic happiness, without aiding their progress in life. They have admirably served their country, without securing those rewards which are bestowed on men less gifted. The remark is equally applicable to their cousin, Admiral Sir Charles Napier. Blunt speech and plain writing do not recommend officers in the army and navy; and we must allow, that the rebukes of these distinguished officers have been less courteous than honest; and that they have been involved in

many disputes, which either more cunning or greater prudence would have taught them to avoid.

Although Sir Charles J. Napier entered the army at an early age, his progress in the profession was not remarkably rapid. He was a captain in 1803, nine years after he had joined the service. In 1806, he was major in the 50th regiment; in 1811, he was a lieutenant-colonel. Thirteen years afterwards, he obtained the colonelcy of the 22d regiment. After the peace of 1815, he was named governor of the Ionian Islands; and if he did not succeed in pleasing the Colonial Office and the Home Government, he gave great satisfaction to the Cephalonians, who have not yet forgotten the man whose qualities of mind gained the hearts of strangers. Twelve years after the attainment of his colonelcy, he was, in 1837, a major-general; and, in 1846, he attained the higher step of lieutenant-general. He passed some years of his life peaceably and at home, in the command of the northern district, redressing abuses and reforming evils in the discipline of the regiments which came within his circle. Although destined to perform a great part in India, yet he had reached his 59th year before the commencement of his connection with that country. He then received the command of the Bombay army. The events that color in brilliancy and brightness the last decennial period of his life will be more fully estimated as we recede from the passions of the time, and its history is studied by the light of its results.

The first active services in the deceased General's life occurred in the Irish rebellion of 1798; and although few honors could be gathered in a civil war, yet its duties were extremely arduous. This rebellion originated partially in ecclesiastical and partially in political motives. The northern malcontents were actuated exclusively by political feelings. They sought the establishment of an entirely independent government for Ireland; and although they did not sympathize with the demands of the Irish Roman Catholics at first, yet they were compelled by the exigencies of their position ultimately to make common cause with the men of the south and west. The hardest fighting occurred in the north; and although Ensign Napier held an inferior position, yet his ardent mind found hard work to perform. But however necessary the measures consequent on this rebellion were deemed, they were permitted to pass without an efficient record; for still greater events followed rapidly, spreading

consternation through the land; and amid the continental convulsions, forgetfulness of the Irish battles was desirable.

But even now, when more than half a century has passed, the memory of the dead survives in wearied breasts, much longing for their promised rest in those quiet graveyards that sometimes creep down to the edge of the lochs that deeply indent the northern province—rest long promised, long withheld—beside those who were laid there in a red winding-sheet, in haste and bitter sorrow, when war rent asunder the families of the land. Even yet, the peasant at the twilight time passes softly by dark spots, where aged friends have told him that a gallows was erected for the brave, if also they were—as no doubt they were—the erring. Even now, in brilliant rooms, when the day is over, and the hours of night are beguiled by song or story, when mirth and music chase away many cares, deep shadows sit on old brows, beneath a fringe of silvered hair—and these are shadows that never can be lightened; for old men will tell a stranger that *her* husband, or father, or brother were out in ninety-eight, were shot upon a dark field, or, harder still, were hung upon a darker hill. Rapidly rushes the foaming tide round sharp out-jutting rocks in those deep lochs that run so far into the land, and give a charm to the scenery that nothing else can ever supply. Behind these low rocks the deep green sea wheels and whirls, not hastily, but in slow and solemn circles; like as if it were a living creature that knew its irresistible might, and was to devour its prey with leisure. Now and then, gurgling and gushing upwards from the lowermost recesses of deep pits, waters greener still than those that float habitually in the sunlight, look out to see this world of light, and then sink again to their appointed place amid the long green weeds, greener than the waters themselves, that kindly fold up in their silken threads many mysteries, many secrets, many sins and sorrows connected with that dark time.

Napier was very young at the commencement of the rebellion and the French invasion of Ireland; but he had well remembered the deplorable events of that stormy period, terminated by courts-martial, by military executions, and military rule in all the provinces of that island. He had longed for a change of employment, and the scene shifts. The French foes are driven out of Ireland, or they have perished beneath bayonet and bullet, or the stormy surf of its angry seas. The Irish rebels are beaten, broken or scattered, in

hopeless exile, over the Western Continent. As generally occurs in such cases, villains have escaped; but the chivalrous, the enthusiastic, the thoughtless, and the young have perished in a fine burst of patriotism. Green were then the wounds caused by that rebellion; but the stricken land had peace—a few precious years of peace—during which new men were rising to be sacrificed on those altars of war that were in preparation for the offering. During these years young Napier was acquiring that general knowledge which in after life rendered him a dangerous and ready disputant. Often we may suppose he turned his thoughts to that far-off oriental land where a young Irish officer had acquired and was acquiring fame and fortune. The romance of India stirred his soul, but the strong voice of necessity said ever, "Not yet, not yet;" a time was to come, but not then—a time, but not until long afterwards—when the name of the dreamer would be enshrined upon the Indus, over battle-fields equalling Assaye, or Delhi, or Argaum, in their wonderful history.

Another schemer, meanwhile, was planning work for the Moores and the Napiers of the day. An ambitious eye was thrown from the towers of Notre Dame to those of the Escorial. The ambition that had plucked trophies from Germany and Italy sought to gather them on Spanish soil. Opportunities were easily obtained. The royal family of Spain abdicated. The House of Braganza fled. The former accepted a pension, and the latter sought independence in their colonial possessions. Kings may fly, but the people must remain. The latter have, therefore, the larger interest in peace. Napoleon had determined to appropriate Spain and Portugal; for the world itself was rather too limited to supply the wants of his family; and the peninsular peasantry also determined to keep their own, after they had been abandoned by their princes.

These events led to the Peninsular War. Sir John Moore, in the interval between Rolic and Vimiera, and Wellesley's second descent on the peninsula, received the command of the British army. No general was ever more beloved by his army or by his countrymen, and yet he was sacrificed to jealousy at home and treachery abroad. Amid all the fast-shifting scenes of his rapid advance from Portugal, and still more rapid retreat on Corunna, before Napoleon, the 50th regiment of infantry and their major often appear. They formed the rear-guard in the trying march upon Corunna. Napo-

leon was humbled and irritated by the defeats of his forces and his marshals at Rolic and Vimiera, and still more by the Convention of Cintra. He was anxious to capture or to destroy the British army under Sir John Moore. The extent of his forces, the horrible roads, blocked with snow when they were not flooded with rain; and the utter incapacity of all their Spanish allies, except Romana, rendered the annihilation of Sir John Moore's army highly probable. Major Charles Napier was employed to cover the retreat. In that service he acquired the maxims which actuated him in his reforms of the Indian army. From the passage of the Esla to the battle before Corunna he was acquiring that antipathy to officers' baggage which ultimately appeared in his celebrated opinion against any thing more than two shirts, an extra pair of shoes, a little soap, and a tooth-brush. We may often trace peculiarities of character to incidents in life. General Sir Charles J. Napier's opinions were based upon Major Charles J. Napier's experience in three weeks from the 21st December, 1808, to the 16th January, 1809. Every day was occupied in marching and skirmishing. Napoleon originally, and Soult after New-Year's-Day of 1809, left the retreating army no time for rest. Combats occurred daily, and on some days almost hourly; until Major Napier became rather too well known to his pursuers. On the 7th January, the French attacked at Lugo, and were repulsed by Sir John Moore in person with a heavy loss. On the 16th, the British army were stationed in the villages around Corunna, and the British fleet were at anchor in the bay. Spain was to be abandoned for a time, but Napoleon's object had not been achieved, and could not be gained, unless the embarkation of the army could be prevented. Soult, therefore, determined to attack them. The result is well known. It was a victory dearer than any previously achieved by the British forces, because it secured nothing except a retreat. Sir John Moore was mortally wounded by a cannon-ball, while leading on the 42d and 50th regiments at the village of Elvina. He was carried by soldiers of the 42d into Corunna, and lived to know that, like Abercromby and Wolfe, he died in victory. Sir David Baird had lost an arm on the right, and Sir John Hope, on whom the command devolved, could make no further use of his success than to bury his dead and embark in peace.

One prisoner was left behind, to whom restraint was torture. In endeavoring to lead



forward the 50th regiment, he had been suddenly left with four soldiers in the presence of a large body of the enemy. Three of his followers were at once shot down, and the fourth was wounded. Major Napier attempted to assist the fourth; and while doing so he was struck by a musket-ball in the leg, and some of the bones were broken. Using his sword as a staff, he endeavored to get out of the way; but a French soldier stabbed him in the back with his bayonet. The Major turned, and, wounded as he was, rapidly disarmed his opponent; but he was cut in the head by a sabre, some of his ribs were broken by a cannon-ball; and knocked down at last by the butt-end of a musket, he was dragged out of the fight, insensible, by a benevolent French drummer. Soult treated his distinguished prisoner with much consideration. His wounds were skilfully tended; and when the Marshal left Ney in command at Corunna, Major Napier was nearly restored to health.

An English frigate ran into the bay one day with a flag of truce. The captain sought information regarding Major Napier. The request was reported to Ney by his aide-de-camp; and the "bravest of the brave" directed that officer to allow his countrymen an interview with their prisoner. The French captain looked closely on his commander. "General," said he, "Major Napier has a mother." "Has he?" was Ney's answer; "then let him go with his countrymen, and he can take twenty-five British soldiers with him." The act was generous and noble; at least equal to the erection of a monument to Moore by his adversary Soult; and it was one of those traits in the character of Ney which cast around his own fate a deeper tinge of sorrow than might have been felt for a less worthy foe.

Few men ever acquire the experience gained by Major Napier in life. Upon his return to England, he was engaged in the transaction of unusual business at Doctors' Commons. His name was returned in the list of killed at Corunna. His friends entertained no doubt of his fate, and his heirs administered to his property. The error had to be corrected, and the officer marked dead in law had to be again acknowledged among the living.

At this period he was unsuccessful in his applications for employment at the Horse Guards. No young officer deserved better of his country; but even the exigencies of the service could not always overcome the favoritism of faction; and although, as the

grandson of the Duke of Richmond, Major Napier was not destitute of influence, yet three officers had to be provided for in one family; and they were not grateful, according to ministerial notions. They could fight. All their friends and foes acknowledged that they fought well; but they also talked and wrote, and their opinions were crimes.

Wearied with applications which brought no positive result, Colonel Napier returned to Spain as a volunteer. Early in 1810, he was again with the Allied Army on the border land between Portugal and Spain. He was engaged with General Crawford's light division in a severe action on the Coa, near Almeida, on the 24th of May. This contest terminated in the destruction of many French soldiers in a vain effort to cross the Coa, at a ravine in front of Crawford's division, and had no result except the death of so many men. The summer of 1810 passed away without active operations; and a man of Colonel Napier's character and disposition might have been as agreeably occupied in Piccadilly as on the banks of the Mondego river; but towards the close of autumn, Massena having completed his arrangements, and obtained reinforcements, determined to invade Portugal. He might have accomplished this object by flanking the mountains on which the British army at the time were stationed. Massena decided on forcing the shorter route, probably because he knew that Wellington would gather all the harvest before the lines of Torres Vedras within that temporary fortification.

The battle of Busaco commenced early on the morning of the 27th of September, 1810. The British and Portuguese forces were strongly posted on the Serra de Busaco, a high ridge, with, in some places, thick pine forests, and on the sloping and steep ground in front. They were greatly outnumbered by the French army under Massena, assisted by Marshals Ney and Regnier. Lord Wellington might have been attacked at great disadvantage on the previous evening; but Massena was engaged with Colonel Trant and the Portuguese partisans in his rear. The morning of Busaco was shrouded in mist, and the French divisions had nearly climbed the heights before they were attacked. The battle, from the nature of the ground, did not admit of scientific movements, and it was short although severe. It ended with the morning. Before noon the French had retired from all points of the hill; and during the afternoon they were peaceably engaged in the removal of their wounded men. Colo-

nel C. J. Napier was severely wounded in the conflict. He was struck in the face by a musket-shot. The ball broke his jaw-bone, in which it lodged. After the battle, the Colonel, desirous to be rid of this incumbrance, mounted his horse and rode for two days, to obtain good medical assistance. The anecdote illustrates the energy of the man. We may also add that it illustrates the incompetency of the service, at that time, in the medical department. An army which had every reason to live in daily expectation of broken bones, should have comprised an efficient surgical staff, and rendered Colonel Napier's hard ride entirely superfluous.

A cold and dreary winter followed within the lines of Torres Vedras; but while the British army possessed an abundant commissary, the French, without the lines, suffered dreadfully from disease and want. Early in March of the following year, 1811, Massena left Santarem, and commenced his retreat into Spain. For rather more than a month the two armies had daily skirmishes, of which Colonel Napier had more than a fair share. During his long life he had a habit of falling into hard, and to himself unprofitable, fighting; and he scarcely ever escaped without some contusion or wound. Portugal was finally abandoned by the French early in April. The celebrated battle of Fuentes d'Onore was fought on the 6th of May, and although peculiarly fatal to officers, yet Colonel Napier, who was present in that conflict, reached victory without a wound, an unusual event in his case. That month of May was very fatal to the armies engaged in the Peninsula; and Albuera, nearly the most bloody battle in the war, was fought by Marshal Beresford on the 16th; but the subsequent months were not distinguished by grand operations, although skirmishing was always found for men like Colonel Napier, few in number, as they are, in all armies.

The winter of 1811 and 1812 was extremely severe; and yet in the midst of that winter Lord Wellington formed the design of storming Ciudad Rodrigo. He moved his army from cantonments on the 8th of January. On the 19th he summoned the garrison to surrender. A stern denial was his answer; but during the evening he stormed Ciudad Rodrigo, to the utter amazement of Marshal Marmont, who was approaching with a large force, to raise the siege. Colonel Napier was present during the operations, but one of the two storming parties was led by Major George Napier, his brother, who was severely wounded. The brothers were

present at the siege of Badajos and its storming three months after the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo; but although Colonel Napier attracted the regard of the Duke of Wellington, who had great discrimination in the selection of his officers, yet he never attained a very prominent position in the Peninsular War; and that circumstance explains his eagerness to enter upon a more independent field of action in the war which the United States, very imprudently and ungenerously, at that moment commenced against Great Britain.

Both nations understand their position better now than they did in 1813; and a repetition of hostilities so closely resembling a civil war, and partaking in all the peculiarly harsh features of internal contests, is, we trust, impossible; and certainly it is so improbable that we dislike a recurrence to the incidents of the last conflict, honorable as they were to the military character and experience of Colonel Napier. But peace was declared—the short peace of 1814—and in 1815 he was informed that Napoleon had escaped from Elba. He felt that the French chieftain must again involve Europe in hostilities, and hastened homewards in the hope of obtaining the position in his country's defense richly deserved by his professional talents. When he arrived in England he found Europe in the centre of a new crisis, and he hurried onwards; but steam-power on land and water was then unknown, and the most active traveller, pressed for time, on errands of life or death, was compelled to wait for wind and tide. England expected a great battle, but not so soon as it occurred; and reinforcements were under preparation for the army in Belgium. Colonel Napier hastened on. When he reached Ostend, the exigency appeared still greater. As he advanced, crowds of fugitives stopped the path. Alarm and dismay appeared in the villages, towns, and cities which he passed. He hurried on, quickening his speed as if a single arm could change the destiny of the coming day. Then reports of Ligny and Quatre-Bras met him—disastrous rumors; and they urged him forward—forward, to defeat, it might be; but not to dishonor—onward, to die in the last hour of a great battle rather than that the country which he loved better than it had then loved him, should look in vain for aid from one of her sons, when his assistance was required. An impatient rider and a panting steed are met by fugitives, now abandoning their homes in sadness of heart and sorrow. A third battle has been fought and lost. The army which he loved is beaten

and flying in detached fragments. The leaders whom he followed are with the dead or the dying. The foemen whom he had often met are trampling on and over his friends. Still in this dark hour, courage and genius combined, daring to conceive, rapidity to execute, might stop the flight of his friends or the progress of his foes; and some of the best British regiments were behind him, fresh and unbroken. The rider hastened on. Now the certain character of the rumor changes. Wounded men from Ligny and Quatre-Bras pass by, but they do not think that they are beaten; and as the day wears on, towards night these rumors become still more uncertain. That haze in the distant east, on which the setting sun has shone out for a few minutes, hangs over the distant field of strife. By and by, the roar of artillery, like thunder far away, booms on the ear; or the rider thinks so, and his nervousness increases: and the delays of the road wax longer and worse. Wagons full of wounded men choke the way; but they bring better news and brighter hopes. The battle was not lost when they left, and it would not be lost. The inspirited rider struggles on. The night has fallen over the vanquished and the victorious; a night of horrors to the flying and broken squadrons who rallied in the morning around the eagles of France. Our solitary rider still strives against a thickening current of horses and vehicles; but at last he hears that the battle is won. The intelligence that even lights up the eyes of the dying around scarcely gives pleasure to him. The grand contest of Europe is over, and he had no part in the result. Hereafter men will speak respectfully of soldiers who fought at Waterloo, and he had only struggled hard to be present. A wayward fate it seemed that took him over the Atlantic to combat peasants, and left his name out of this great strife of giants. He reported himself at headquarters on the morning of the 19th, was present at some of the combats on the way to Paris, and entered that city with the Allied Armies.

The peace that followed promised to be deep and long; and although a considerable English army was left in France, yet Colonel Napier sought other employment. He obtained the governorship of the Ionian Islands. His military capabilities had been long acknowledged; his literary talents, if less conspicuous than those of his younger brother, were evidently respectable, as his works on colonies, colonization, and Ireland demonstrated; but he was now tried in a new

sphere. His administrative genius shone brightly in his management of the Ionian Isles, so far as his relations with the islanders were concerned; but he quarrelled with the Home Government. We feel that a governor of a distant dependency who gains the esteem of the governed and the antipathy of his own government, is an honest, although he may be a mistaken, man. Sir Charles Napier succeeded in both particulars. He gained the love of the Cephalonians, and he did not preserve the confidence of the Colonial and War Offices. He was recalled, but his memory was not easily obliterated from the minds of the islanders, who adopted the means in their power of steadily expressing the esteem in which one of their governors was held.

The Greek revolution brought Sir Charles Napier into correspondence with the late Lord Byron, with Mr. Hume, and other English friends of Grecian independence. They did not exactly please him by their conduct, and he did not please them with his counsel; but he knew more of fighting, and probably of Greeks and Turks also, than the great poet or the famous financier.

He passed some years at this period of his life in England, unemployed; and even when he obtained the command of the Northern Military Division of England, he could only exercise his influence for the improvement of discipline in the regiments under his control. Life was meanwhile wearing over. Peace was firmly established in Europe; and although it had been broken repeatedly on the Continent, yet Sir Charles Napier never offered his services to any foreign state, even when he approved the cause of war. He laid the foundation of many reforms in the army. He improved the position of the private soldier, so far as his influence and power went. He enforced very strict discipline in barracks, and he undoubtedly made changes in their physical and moral circumstances of a favorable nature.

He approached his sixtieth year before the Bombay command was offered to him; and he left England for the presidency in 1841. He did not agree cordially with any governor-general, during his Indian connection, except the Earl of Ellenborough, who appreciated and fully understood his character. The reverses in Afghanistan, and the position of the Sikhs on the upper part of the Indus, caused great anxiety among the Anglo-Indians and in this country. Scinde was under the control of the Ameers; and their power at the mouth of the Indus was likely, under any reverse, to be employed against the Brit-

ish empire. Suspicions existed on good grounds that they had urged the Belooches to attack our forces in the mountain passes. The situation of affairs was peculiarly embarrassing. Defeat in Scinde would have been ruinous, and yet Sir Charles Napier had scarcely an army. He had only a respectable detachment for the conquest of a great country. He offered his terms in Scinde, as an invader, with 3,000 men, Europeans and natives, behind, and 25,000 men before him. The disparity of the armies caused no distrust in his dauntless mind. The Ameers did not attack him, he did not attack them, but endeavored in some long, weary marches through the deserts to communicate with Generals Nott and Pollock, then engaged in an Afghanistan campaign; and he seized the fortresses on which the Ameers relied in these marches, thus compelling them to fight on the open plain. He took the strong fortress of Emaum Ghur with only 300 men of his Irish regiment, the 22d, and two pieces of artillery. Mahommed Khan, who had accumulated stores and treasures in the fort, fled before this small European force; for a very salutary dread of Sir Charles Napier depressed the courage of the Ameers. This fear of their enemy was to be increased.

The small army under his command was surrounded by opponents. He seemed to be cut off and in extreme danger. Therefore he resolved to attack 16,000 Belooches, strongly posted at Meanee, before they could be reinforced by other divisions. He had 2,600 men. The resolution, therefore, resembled despair, but his calculations were disappointed. The Belooches succeeded in joining their forces, and brought into the field 25,000 infantry and 10,000 irregular cavalry. Sir Charles Napier had 1,800 infantry, and 800 cavalry, opposed to this great army. In addition to numbers, the Belooches had the advantage of two positions, which they had selected and strengthened. They endeavored to draw forward the small band of their opponents within the range of these mud walls, in order that they might attack them on the flank and rear. Sir Charles observed the opening in the wall, through which their ambuscade was to sally, and he ordered the grenadier company of the 22d to seize this portal. They obeyed his order, and although their captain was killed in the gate, yet this company of eighty men cooped up six thousand in their own snare, and virtually gained the battle. The resistance in front was tremendous. The Belooches were brave and desperate men. They charged the

22d with vehemence, although the superior practice of the Irish muskets thinned their ranks rapidly, or laid them down regularly where they had stood. The English artillery-men swept the flank of the opposing army with continuous showers of grape; but they had to be protected from the fury of their wild opponents, who absolutely tore at the guns, and endeavored to overturn them, while they were being blown from the cannon's mouth in companies. The carnage was appalling—the courage that sustained it unbending—but the Belooches were crowded in struggling masses, among whom a musket never missed, and the artillery tore up bloody lanes at every discharge. The physical endurance of men is, however, limited, and after his little army had been engaged for more than three hours in this dreadful butchery, Sir Charles Napier saw that a decisive effort was necessary. He ordered his cavalry to charge. The fatal artillery played upon the thick masses of flesh and blood opposed to them within a few yards. The bayonets and the bullets of the 22d pressed desperately on the compact ranks around them. It was the last struggle for victory, and the alternative was death. Victory was obtained. The army of the Ameers fled, and six of these chieftains surrendered after the battle. The slaughter of the Belooches had been dreadful. An equal number of men had never been slain in a modern battle by an army so few as that commanded by Sir Charles Napier. Six thousand men were left by the Ameers on the field, and nearly all of them perished. The battle continued for four hours, and in that time less than two thousand men had slain more than three times their own number. The loss of the British forces was comparatively small, but it was great to them. Sixty officers and two hundred and fifty sergeants and privates were disabled—nearly one-fifth of their army; and of these, six officers and sixty men were dead upon the field. One-sixth of both armies were down. Their relative proportions stood as at the commencement at the close. The victory was, therefore, narrowly won; and if the battle had lasted longer, it would have ended in the defeat and extirpation of this small band. The odds were fifteen to one against them in the morning, and a limit exists even in the contests of disciplined and fully armed soldiers with masses of brave men; and the Belooches were brave.

This battle of Meanee, fought on the 17th of February, 1843, was not surpassed by any former contest in India, full as the history



of British India is with the romance of war, either in the vast results produced by slender means, the courage of the general and his men, the intensity of the struggle, or its decisive termination.

Wellington gained Assaye with *nine* men to one hundred of his enemies; and he lost one-third of his force in killed and wounded, amounting to nearly two thousand, in inflicting a loss on the Mahrattas not greater in numbers than the Belooches suffered at Meanee. The succeeding victory of Wellington at Argaum was decisive, but not greater in reference to the proportionate means by which the end was achieved than Assaye, and not equal to Meanee.

These facts should not be forgotten now by those who value military services and reward them; for we feel, and all men feel, that they were rather overlooked during Sir Charles Napier's life.

The conqueror of Scinde was a brave, daring, skilful soldier, but he was not a reckless officer. He felt the embarrassing nature of his position when Hyderabad was opened to his little army. He applied to Lord Ellenborough for reinforcements, and the Governor-general ordered all the men whom he could spare from other emergencies to join the army of Scinde. Shere Mahommed, the greatest of the Ameers, known in his own country as "the Lion," had another army ready, or the remains of the old army reorganized, in little more than a month after Meanee. He refused to surrender, and Sir Charles Napier met him at Dubba, near Hyderabad, on the 24th of March. The British army was now 5,000 strong, and the Belooches numbered nearly 25,000 men. The disparity was great, but not so hopeless as at Meanee. Still three hours' hard fighting and a terrible slaughter were needed before Shere Mahommed was driven from his strong position at Dubba, and Scinde was finally won. The battle was brilliantly fought and victory bravely achieved; yet the result proved the necessity for those reinforcements which Sir Charles Napier prudently demanded and Lord Ellenborough promptly supplied.

That governor-general at once made the conqueror of Scinde its governor; and the resolution was amply vindicated by the result. Sir Charles Napier applied his administrative talents incessantly to the organization of the resources of Scinde. He planned bridges, canals, and roads. He provided means for the protection of life and property. He promoted agriculture and commerce.

Within a few months he had repressed disorder, secured industry in its rights, suppressed the banditti formed from the broken ranks of a desperate army, and turned the lawless and wild borderers into peaceable men of work. Covered with wounds, constitutionally weak, somewhat bent by years and fatigue, but mentally active, energetic, and strong, he moved incessantly over the vast land which he had added to the empire, corrected abuses, repaired injuries, and supplied incentives to industry. He was a strict disciplinarian, and much sentimental writing was employed to depict and denounce his conduct to the Ameers; but he never had promised to respect the claims, further than they were well founded, of the idle, the weak, and worthless. He had never offered encouragement to a feudal system of life. His practice always vindicated the maxim, that those who live by, should also live for, mankind. The Ameers, therefore, had no reason to anticipate any exaggerated regard from a man who lived for the people rather than their rulers. In Scinde he was a despot, but one of a beneficent character; illustrating the opinion of some, that in certain stages of society a despotic government would be suitable if any security could be afforded for its quality. A good and wise despot, however, is of very rare occurrence.

We recur to the battle of Dubba only to contrast it with the brilliant victories of Lord Lake at Delhi, Agra, and Laswaree. The achievements of General Lake were most decisive, and they were accomplished with limited means; but neither of them excelled the victory of Dubba, or approached the tremendous fight of Meanee; yet they gained for General Lake a place in the peerage. No student of Indian history says that honors were ill-bestowed on that brave man. Few remember without regret that he who should have borne, and could have well sustained them, died early in the olive grove, and sleeps among the crags and rocks of Rolicca. But without referring to the deeds performed by living men, and the honors awarded to them, it is scarcely possible to recall the names of great Indian leaders, without feeling that a sad omission has occurred in this case—one also that cannot now be fully rectified.

The defeat of regular armies in the field was an easier matter probably than the effectual discomfiture of the desert chiefs on the borders, who had lived and prospered by plunder, and knew no better means of replenishing their larders. This object was, notwithstanding its difficulty, not only completed

by Sir Charles Napier, but effected in a spirit that won the hearts of the vanquished Sirdars, who first named their conqueror the Brother of the Evil One, for his success in war; and then gave him their allegiance, for the lessons he taught them in the arts of peace. Two swords were carried upon his coffin at Portsmouth. One of them was notched and worn, for it was his father's; and the blade had suffered no disgrace in the keeping of the son. The second was the "Sword of Peace," presented to Sir Charles Napier when he left Scinde, by those robber-chieftains whom he had turned into honest men.

The great Sikh war broke out when the hostilities in Scinde were quelled. The activity of the Governor of Scinde was shown by the magnitude of the army which he collected and held ready to march upwards to the Sutlej. Lord Ellenborough had then resigned the governor-generalship, and an old soldier occupied that high position. His plans did not include the employment of the Scinde army in the Sutlej, although a movement up the Indus was, we think, proposed by Sir Charles Napier, and would have been effective. Following the instructions of Sir Henry Hardinge, he occupied Bewalpoore, and thus missed the great battles of Ferozepore, Aliwal, and Sobraon; but some persons believed that if Sir Charles Napier's corps, then numbering 12,000 to 15,000 effective men, had been drawn up the Indus, in sufficient time, under their gallant chief, Ferozepore, or its substitute, would have been more decisive, and no Sobraon would have been required. The first Sikh campaign was more near a defeat than those who fought at Sobraon willingly admit; and the assistance offered from Scinde would have greatly reduced, if it had not entirely removed, any doubt of its issue ever entertained.

Sir Charles Napier resigned the governorship of Scinde and returned to England in 1847. He found his country suffering under great calamities, and meditating grand political changes; but the ardor with which he was welcomed by the army extended also to the citizenship of the land; and his countrymen instinctively recognized in him a great hero and a great man—a man who was never idle, and whose engagements were invariably directed against abuses and corruption.

The conquest and annexation of Scinde present Sir Charles Napier's character in three distinct departments: as a soldier performing prodigies of valor, unrivalled in the disproportion between his means and the re-

sults, by any preceding achievements in India: as an administrator, who, succeeding to the guidance of a kingdom in a state of anarchy, repelled with an equitable, although a strong hand, the crimes of an armed banditti; created confidence in his government; established peace, law, and order; elicited the forgotten resources of the land, and increased the means of the population, and the revenue of the state, with almost inconceivable and incredible rapidity; and as a writer, defending his proceedings, on all points, against corrupted and unprincipled adversaries. The military, when contrasted with the civil service of India, is poor and pure. Charges originating in the disappointment of those camp followers who expect an enlargement of pay and place from each extension of the Indian empire, were directed at Sir Charles Napier's conduct in India. They made no gain, and therefore they asserted that the country suffered loss. The native Ameers were not dethroned to make room for English agents; and therefore, in the opinion of Bombay writers, the former chiefs of Scinde should not have been displaced. Their conqueror organized a cheap and just, which, according to his critics, could not be a good and profitable, government, for it secured no advancement to them or their friends. He established public works, planned canals, embankments and roads; proposed irrigation on an extensive scale, and sought to restore in Scinde the palmy days of Egyptian agriculture. These views were not shared by men who searched for pleasure and riches in the East; and who longed for the hunting parties of the expelled Ameers, who were great in game-preserving, at any cost to their subjects—a science of which their practical successor could not comprehend the profit. We admit that the brave soldier was not also a patient exponent of his own policy. He met censure by rebuke; but if his answers were sharp, like his sword, the attacks in which they originated were often dastardly and vindictive.

The discussion of the Indian bill in the present year has furnished convincing evidence that his plans for the government of Scinde comprised all that is deemed essential for an enlightened administration of Indian resources, and also superabundant proof that the civil service of the older presidencies has been grievously neglected. A very short time has passed since his death, but during that interval accounts have been received of the business transacted at the fair of Kurra-  
chee. Those statements of "Manchester

men," from the spot, develop a new explanation of the jealousy of Bombay interests at the annexation and settlement of Scinde. Sir Charles Napier expected that the Indus would be turned to commercial advantage when he completed the conquest of the country forming in some measure its delta. This great river almost meets the Ganges at its springs; has the Sutlej, comprising the five rivers of the Punjab, for its tributary; extends in its course from the frozen regions high on the Himalaya Mountains, to the tropical verdure of the Indian plains; and must command ultimately the goods traffic of central Asia and the north-western provinces of the Anglo-Indian empire. The experience of past years, and especially that of the present season, vindicates the accuracy of the opinion entertained by Sir Charles Napier. His opinion has been shared by all parties who have studied the subject; but that circumstance could not disarm the local enmity, or enlarge the narrow views of Bombay merchants, who infused their fears into the Bombay press, not candidly and openly, but in strictures on the war in Scinde, which they could not or would not understand; and homilies on economy, to which, in the management of public affairs, they were entirely unaccustomed. The Governor of Scinde never possessed the gift of patience under wrong, in an eminent degree. An ardent disposition was so ingrained into a generous nature, that the conqueror of Hyderabad could not so far conquer himself as to remain quietly under injustice, until time should redress the wrong. He thus involved himself in anxieties and cares which calmer, if less valuable, men would have escaped. But that fact forms no apology for the unjust criticisms to which he was exposed, or the erroneous statements employed to support them.

After the return of Sir Charles Napier from India, his time was occupied in promoting changes in the system of government pursued there, in correspondence and pamphlets on Indian affairs, and in his military reforms. Reference has been already made in this sketch to the second Sikh war. Disasters seemed again impending over north-western India. Lord Gough had not been successful, and confidence was not felt in his policy. The ideas entertained regarding his military skill were perhaps unjust; but the stake was great and the risk imminent. The government of the day required the late Duke of Wellington to supply a list of three names from whom a successor could be appointed. It is said that he wrote Sir Charles

Napier's name thrice upon a sheet of paper, and enclosed it. The precaution was not unnecessary. The Duke of Wellington had a practical end in view; and in the discharge of a great trust, he determined that no mistake should occur. A second time, and when approaching his seventieth year, Sir Charles Napier crossed to India. Before his arrival the exigency had passed, and Lord Gough had defeated the Sikhs; but his successor was thus enabled to carry out reforms which he had planned, in the Indian army. These changes were all favorable to the material efficiency and the moral improvement of the forces. Extravagance and gambling were suppressed. Economy and simplicity were recommended in the service. Young men were taught, by example and precept, the means of acquiring independence; and no man could lecture better on that subject than the officer of whom it has been said, that when the messenger from the India House, bearing the dispatch which announced his appointment to the chief command of the Indian army, called at his residence in Berkeley street, he was admitted by a female servant, and found the general at dinner, who quietly expressed his regret that he should trouble him to call again—but added, that he had no second apartment in which he could invite him to wait.

A warm welcome to India was followed soon by a final farewell; and Sir Charles Napier left its shores to return no more; yet his heart was in that land. More than many British statesmen, he felt its importance; more than many Anglo-Indians, who had acquired fame and fortune on its plains, he planned and studied for its people's advantage. Death found him still in harness and at work. His last pamphlet on Indian affairs is, and now will ever be, an unfinished essay—a fragment, suspended and stopped by disease. He left London as the end of his days approached, by his physicians' orders, in the hope that the peace of Oaklands might tend to restore his broken health; but all the battles of that courageous spirit, except one, were passed; and he went home only to die.

The character of this man is not easily drawn. He has done much in various departments, and always well. He finished whatever he commenced, and no enterprise appeared too great for his mind. We must remember that his active life began early. Sixty years of military service out of seventy-one years of life left little time for the systematic acquisition of knowledge; yet he

knew much, and was not often caught in error. He held enlarged views on our colonial empire at an early period of life. He had studied social politics carefully, and could expound them advantageously. He loved his country well, and never, even when neglected, did his patriotism suffer any diminution. He was warmly attached to his profession, and the common soldiers followed and regarded him as a friend. He was severe and simple in his habits of life; and yet the natives of India, fond of display and ostentation, were soon and strongly attached to his character. He was eminently brave, and a great military commander; but it may be doubted whether he was not equally great as an administrator and organizer of civil government. His life was remarkably active, his labors peculiarly abundant; and he escaped the snares and temptations of idleness. His frame was never robust; and instead of his death now causing astonishment, it is surprising that he lived so long. He conquered and pacified Scinde, while laboring under disease that would have confined ordinary men to a bed-chamber, and enriched their physicians. His ardent and energetic mind might long before 1853 have worn out the frail and shattered body, in which, lacerated as it was by steel, torn by lead, and broken and bruised by all kinds of weapons, he was nevertheless, consistent with the family motto, "Ready, aye ready!" to think and to act, to bleed and suffer, to do or die for his country's honor, peace and welfare.

He was buried at Portsmouth, and it little matters where that sadly cut and torn body was laid; but Britain has no dust stored in

grand and national edifices, that in life labored more or labored better in her defense, or for her prosperity. He was carried to his grave by soldiers; and strong-minded men wept as they lowered his coffin to its place; as well they might, for in all that pomp of death and funereal splendor, England was poorer by a brave spirit—a noble heart lost to the land—a reformer in peace—and a leader in war whose name was strength to her friends and terror to her foes. The lion-hearted chief, of whom it might be truly said, he never feared the face of man, sleeps where in danger's hour he would have lived or died—not in the centre of his country—not in the midst of her millions, but in the outpost, the foreground, the vanguard of all the land. His friends have buried him where he would have stood, if England ever had been threatened by foreign foes; and while men long, and look, and pray for peace on earth, they need not forget that often peace is threatened by evil passions; and if soon again this nation has to encounter the shock of battle for existence, or for great principles, the eye is closed that would have directed her armies; the hand is cold and crumbling that would have grasped a stainless but a well-worn sword in her defense; and that chivalrous spirit has passed from us for ever, who in prosperity was often neglected by courtiers and politicians, because he was too honest to be diplomatic; but on whom, in adverse days, all trusted once; and all again, in darker hours and greater dangers, would have followed eagerly and trusted well.

When it was said that Sir Charles J. Napier was dead, all men felt that England could not often mourn for an equal loss.

THE LOTTERY.—Before that national evil, the lottery, was abolished in France, a village curate thought it his duty to address to his flock a sermon against their dangerous infatuation for this privileged form of gambling. His auditory consisted of a crowd of miserable old women, ready to pawn or sell their last garment to secure the means of purchasing tickets. Nevertheless the good man flattered himself that his eloquence was not thrown away, for his flock was singularly attentive.

"You cannot deny," said he, addressing them, "that if one of you were to dream this

night of lucky numbers, ten, twenty, fifty, no matter what, instead of being restrained by your duty towards yourselves, your families, your God, you would rush off to the lottery office, and purchase tickets."

Satisfied that he had accomplished more than one conversion among his hearers, the good curate stepped down from his pulpit: when on the last step, the hand of an old hag who had appeared particularly attentive to his admonitions, was laid on his arm.

"I beg your reverence's pardon," said she, "but *what* lucky numbers did you please to say we were likely to dream of?"



From Hogg's Instructor.

## THOMAS MOORE AND LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

THIS is *par excellence* the age of biographies. And yet we have not heard, recently at least, of any systematic inquiry premised as to what are the qualifications and the duties of a genuine biographer. We propose, ere coming to Moore and his noble life-compiler, to prefix a few rapid remarks upon this subject.

A biographer should himself have lived. If he has been a mere stucco-man—a Dr. Dryasdust, conversing with folios, rather than with facts or feelings, or the ongoing rush of human life—let him catalogue books, but avoid the biography of living men. There are those, too, who have lived; but who, like Coleridge, have lived collaterally, or aside, who have not properly digested into intellectual chyle the facts of their own history, and who are little better adapted for biography than sleep-walkers might be. A biographer should, if possible, have lived *with* the man whose life he undertakes to write. Dr. Johnson has added his weighty *ipse dixit* to a similar statement, and no one has served more thoroughly to substantiate it than his own biographer; for it is clear that, had Boswell undertaken to write the life of one with whom he had *not* lived, it had justified Johnson's statement, that Boswell was not fit to write the life of an ephemeron. Living with a man, in some cases—although we grant these are rare and peculiar—is nearly equal to all other qualifications for the office of a biographer, and can almost make up for the want of them all. We do not, however, seek to confound *living with* and *living beside* a man. It were possible to live for a century beside a man, and yet not have lived with him for a single hour. To live beside a man, requires only the element of contiguity; to live with him, implies knowledge, love, sympathy, and watchful observation of his character. A biographer should bear a certain specific resemblance to the subject of his work. He should be able to receive, if not to equal, his author, otherwise he may write

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a book of the size of the "Universal History," and yet not utter one genuine or worthy word about him. Some critics have dwelt on the disparities between Boswell and Johnson. These were wide and obvious; but the resemblances were stronger and subtler far. As to intellect, there was between them a "great gulf fixed;" but in creed, temperament, moral character, native tastes, and acquired predilections, the two were nearly identical. So that Boswell's Johnson is no paradox in literature: it is the inevitable result of the contact of two minds strangely dissimilar, and still more singularly like each other—as inevitable as the connection between the earth and the sun. A biographer should have a strong love and admiration for the subject of the life. He should see him as he is, faults and virtues; but should have a preponderating estimate of the excellences of the character. He should go to his task as to a sacred duty, and should hold his pen as if it were the brand of an altar. A biography like that of Miss Seward by Scott, written without any sympathy, real or pretended, with the person, is a nuisance on the earth. Boswell was in many things a second-rate man; but in love for his theme he was never equalled, and this has given him his great biographical eminence. A biographer, again, should understand the relation existing between his hero and his times, and should be able philosophically to adjust him in position to his contemporaries. And, in fine, he should see, and fix on, and paint the real life of the character, shearing off all superfluities, generalizing minor details, seeking to show the element of progress and growth in the man's history, and striving to give to his book an artistic unity.

Assuming this high standard, very few lives, indeed, come up to the mark. Boswell's book is inimitably like, but it is rather a literal likeness than a work of high art. Moore's "Sheridan" is a flaring, though powerful daub. His "Byron" is much better in

composition, but has a certain air of untruthfulness and special pleading around it. Johnson's "Savage" is a splendid representation of a worthless subject—like an ass or a pig from the pencil of Morland, or a "sad-dog" by Landseer. Scott's lives are gossiping and sketchy, without much force or firmness of execution. Cunningham's are racy, but deficient in careful finish. Southey's "Nelson" is one of the most delightful, and Croly's "Burke" one of the most forcible, of biographies. Macaulay's articles on Clive, Chatham, and Hastings are, in reality, brief and brilliant lives. On the whole, however, our age has its Plutarch yet to seek, and has not, we are sorry to say, found him in Lord John Russell.

Our purpose, however, is less to speak of the biographer than to submit some remarks on the subject of the biography of that brilliant but not bulky son of Erin, dear "Tom Little."

The literature of Ireland has been charged with a certain air of sternness and gloom, as if in keeping with the fate and fortunes of that beautiful but unlucky land—that land of famine and fertility, of wit and folly, of magnificent scenery and of starving souls—that brilliant blot, that splendid degradation, that bright and painful paradox among the nations of the world. Gay, indeed, sometimes their writers are, but their gayety is often breaking down, dying away into a "quaver of consternation;" and the three highest writers, incomparably, that Ireland has produced—Berkeley, Burke, and Swift—are all serious in essence, although the last of them is often light and frivolous in manner. Even with Goldsmith's humor a certain sadness at times mingles. Croly is generally lofty and fierce, like Hercules agonizing under Nessus' shirt, and tossing Cæta's pines into the air. But Moore was really a lightsome and chirruping being. It may be that he had not depth enough to be otherwise; but certainly not only is his mirth never melancholy, but his serious vein is never deeply tragical. He touches with the same light, careless, but graceful hand, the springs of laughter and the sources of tears. He is, perhaps, the least suggestive of all poetic writers. Musical, picturesque, elegant and fanciful, he is seldom thoughtful or truly imaginative. Who would give much "for the thought" of a cricket on the hearth, or of a fire-fly buzzing through the midnight? It is enough that it pursues its own way to music, and that all eyes follow with pleasure its tiny procession.

Smallness is some how inseparably connected with our notion of Moore, as well as with that of some other distinguished men of the day. All about him is as small as it is brilliant. His clenched fist of anger is just a nut—his love is an intense burning drop—the dance of his fancy is as if "on the point of a needle;" and when in the Anacreontic vein he tipples, it is in "thimblesful." His spite and hatred, again, form a sting small but very sharp, and which never spills an infinitesimal drop of the venom. He is, in fact, a poetic homœopath, and, whether he try to kill you with laughter or to cure you by sense, he must deal in minute and intensely concentrated doses. And, whatever may be the case in medicine, there can be no question that, in satire and song, compound division is a most powerful, almost magical rule.

Ireland's writers have often been praised and often blamed for their imagination; but, in fact, not above two or three of them have possessed any thing more than a vivid fancy. Swift had plenty of wit, and inventiveness, and coarse fancy, and sense, and a humor "dry as a remainder biscuit after a voyage;" but he had not a spark of the fusing, unifying, inspiring imaginative power. Goldsmith rose often to high poetic eloquence—he was an exquisite artist, but hardly in the full sense a bard. Burke possessed the true *oratorical* gift, but it was often wasted on barren fields of prophecy. Berkeley's power of imagination was commensurate with his intellect, but both were in some measure thrown away upon arenas of abstraction, where no grass grew or corn waved, whatever flowers might spring. The recent popular writers or speakers of Ireland—such as Carleton, Banim, Lover, Lever, Shiel, and a hundred more—are profuse in fancy, humor, wit, and talent, but have not given us much that has, in earnestness, depth and originality, the elements of permanent power. Next to Burke and Berkeley, O'Connell, after all, was the greatest poet that the Green Isle has produced. He could and did, at times, trifle with the subordinate feelings of human nature, and use them at his wild or wicked will: he could always touch and command the passions; but he sometimes also appealed, with overwhelming power, to the deepest springs of the human imagination, and the soul of his hearers rose ever and anon, like an apparition, at his bidding.

Nor did Moore possess the highest order of imagination. He was rather swift than strong—rather lively than profound—rather

a mimic of exquisite taste and universal talent than a poet. It is disgraceful to think that, while Shelley and Wordsworth were in their lifetime treated either with cold neglect or with fierce hostility, Moore was a very pet of popularity. For this we are disposed, after all, to blame not only the public, but still more the critics of that day. We have all heard of Warwick the king-maker. Jeffrey and Gifford were the poet-makers of that period, and neither of them were entirely worthy of their high vocation. We attach less blame to the latter of these, for he was deficient in the very first elements of poetical criticism, and his verdicts on poetry are as worthless as those of a blind man on the paintings of Raphael, or those of one destitute of a musical ear on the oratorios of Handel. He could only bark and rave, like a disappointed bloodhound, around that magic circle from which he was for ever excluded. But Jeffrey was deserving of far more emphatic condemnation, since he permitted personal and party feelings to interfere with the integrity of his critical jurisdiction. Crabbe, the Whig, he over-praised; Wordsworth, the Tory, he abused; Byron, the lord, he magnified considerably above his merit; Burns, the ploughman and gauger, he sought to push down below his level, although of this he was deeply ashamed before his death. To the universally popular Scott, as a novelist, he did ample justice. To the outcast son of Genius, that "phantom among men," the brave, gifted, although unhappily blinded, Shelley, he never once alluded, till he had been seven years slumbering in the Italian dust. Moore and Campbell, as sharers of his politics and pleasures, he contributed to exalt to unbounded popularity. Southey and Coleridge, the Conservative Christians, he did all he could to crush. Nor was this, as in Gifford's case, the effect of gross ignorance of what poetry was; for this plea cannot be put in in behalf of one who has so exquisitely criticised Shakspeare, Ford, and others who were poets, and who has so sternly shown that Swift was none. It was, we repeat, the effect of small spites, and piques, and the like contemptible feelings, which were too often allowed to blunt his unquestionable acuteness of intellect, and to deaden his as unquestionable warmth of feeling and of heart.

Perhaps we may at this point be asked, if Moore was not a poet, who is, and wherein lies the differentia of a poet? Now here, without thinking, if possible, about any former definitions or descriptions of others, let

us try and construct an outline of our own, which may, perhaps, be somewhat better than the famous Shakspearean one—"A poet is—that is as much to say, is a poet."

We name as the first element of a poet—first, we mean, morally—the element of earnestness. All earnest men are not poets, but every poet must be an earnest man. And he must feel that poetry is the most earnest of all things next to religion. Religion is the worship of the True, as Goodness going up to heaven in incense. Poetry is the worship of the True, as Beauty going up to heaven on the breath of flowers. But each is worship, and every poet should regard his gift with a devout eye. The column of his thought should not only be large and bright, but it should point upward like a sun-tipped spire, or the flame of a sacrifice. Not only, too, should he regard his art as an act of worship, but he should be ever working at the problem of uniting it with Religion. He should feel, that not till Truth, Beauty, and Goodness are seen to be one, can Poetry receive her final consecration, or Religion put on her softest and brightest attire. A poet, 2dly, will be a maker. He will create by breathing his own spirit, which is a far-off sigh of God, into the waste and cold vacuities of mental space. He will—if we dare apply the words, in a very subordinate sense, of course—"hang his earth upon nothing, and stretch out his glowing north over the empty space." His work, when made, will come out softly, sweetly, and sure of welcome, as a new star amid her silent sisterhood, or as the moon has just in our sight appeared, like an expected and longed-for lady into her room of state, to complete the glories of this resplendent summer-eve. His poem, displacing no other, copying no other, interfering with no other, takes up at once, gravely or gaily, consciously or unconsciously, its appointed and immortal place. Not that all men at once see its glory or its true relation to its kindred orbs. But it is seen by many, and felt by more, and shall at last be acknowledged by all. When a "new thing" does thus appear on the earth, there is sometimes only silent wonder, and sometimes only a deep half-uttered love, and sometimes a shout of welcome, (just as Christians and Mahomedans receive, in different fashions and forms of gladness, the same sun and moon coming forth from the same chambers of the east,) but at last all three are united, and, by being united, are intensified and increased. 3d, A poet should be a philosopher. Not that he should be expected to write merely didactic

poems, as they are called, (so named, we suppose, as *lucus* from *non lucendo*, because they teach nothing!) but that his works should be suffused with the deep, sober lustre of careful thought. Wordsworth, appreciating from experience this last, best power of the poet, speaks of

"Years that bring the philosophic mind."

But its coming does not always depend upon years. It may, and does often, come in moments. One sudden glance at earth or sky, at man or woman, often accomplishes the work; and we are aware of a Presence who has his dwelling "in the light of setting suns," and whom, without even attempting to measure, we are able to see. Not every true poet has been permitted to attain the full philosophic development, and all who do not, die they at what age they may, die young poets; but the germ of it is strong in most of them, and comes out in many. The secret of it, perhaps, lies in a proper conception of the wholeness and unity of things, and in the attempt to imitate and reproduce this in the effects of poetry.

We may, perhaps, arrange, according to these thoughts, poets, so called, into the following classes:—There is, first, the feeble rhymster, who has neither talent, nor cleverness, nor genius; who has merely words, plentiful or scarce, musical or harsh, to express commonplaces, or to echo, and echo ill, the utterances of other writers. This man, in describing a river, will call it the "beautiful," the "lovely," or the "glittering" stream. A mountain is, of course, the "lofty and magnificent." The ocean is "the serene," or "stormy," or "tremendous." The sky is the "blue," the "deep," the "awful." Then comes the clever copyist, the elegant mimic of many or all styles, who has the power of representing the effects of genius so successfully, that he is sometimes mistaken for a universal type of the class. This writer will imitate Byron's "Address to the Rhine," Coleridge's "Ode to Mont Blanc," Pollok's splendid "Apostrophe to the Ocean," and Shelley's "Cloud or Skylark." The third is the man of talent, the stern literal painter, who represents, and represents accurately, what he sees, neither less nor more, omitting that ideal haze or halo which, to the eye of imagination, every object wears. He will faithfully enumerate the old castles which crown the river's side, and forget none of the fine seats which surround it, nor any of the lakes which the mountain's brow commands,

nor any of the isles which gem the ocean's breast, nor shall one of the stars of midnight be dropped from his catalogue. The fourth is the artist, who does look upon objects at an ideal angle, and through the anointed and anointing medium of a poet's eye, but does not see them in their religious relation or universal bearings. The river to him, like the Po to Byron, is the river of his "ladye-love," and her image sleeps in and softens the waters. The mountain is the mate of the storm, and the nursery of the eagle, and the stepping-stone for the genii of the elements, as they pass along from zone to zone. The ocean is the "melancholy main" of Thomson, melancholy in its everlasting wanderings and the shipwrecks it is compelled to enact and witness; or the "awful penitent" of Alexander Smith, scourged by the relentless winds for some secret and abysmal crime which its every froth-drop feels, but which all its tongues on all its shores are unable to reveal; and the sky is a high and vaulted buckler "bossed" with stars. The fifth is the prophet, who adds to the power where-with the artist paints the imaginative or fanciful aspects of nature and of man, an earnest conviction and a clear sight of the moral purposes and lessons they are struggling to teach, and sees all things under the solemn chiaro-scuro of the Divinity. To him the river suggests, now the "mighty stream of moral tendency" stirred by the breath of God, and now the "clear river springing from under the throne of the Lamb." The ocean is God's Eye, a steadfast watcher and witness of the sins of earth, as it were mirroring them upwards to the moon, as she wore softly and lingeringly to heaven. The mountain is a pillar to the Eternal Throne, or an altar for his worship. And the sky is the dome of his temple, and the emblem of his all-embracing protection and love. The last variety is the philosophic poet, who tries, as we have already seen, to form some grand scheme of the universe, and to reflect it in his poetry. Him the river reminds of the Milky Way, and seems at once as mysterious and as clear as that foaming cataract of suns, and reflects the ever-fluid motion and recurrence of all things upon themselves. The mountain will be an image of the steadfast unity, which is as certain as the perpetual progress of the creation; and the ocean below, apparently capricious, but really fixed in its movements, and the sky above, apparently stiff as iron, but in reality changeable as water, will tell him strange tidings, and seem strange types of the resemblances and



the dissimilitudes—the apparent difference and real identity between what we call time and what we call eternity.

The best And truest poets are, it seems to us, compounded of the elements of the three last classes we have attempted thus to describe: these elements being found, of course, existing in very different proportions. To take some examples from modern times:—Goethe is a compound of the artist and the philosopher, having little or nothing of the prophet. Wordsworth and Coleridge are compounds of all three, the prophet somewhat predominating in the second, and the philosopher in the first. Shelley combined, like Goethe, somewhat of all three, but in proportions unequal and disorganized; and this is true, also, with a modification as to the *degree* of the disorganization, about Bailey of "Festus;" and with this, too, to be remembered, that, while Shelley had not come, ere death, to believe in a Living God, and a Divine-Human Saviour, Bailey has always believed in both. Tennyson, again, seems a beautiful miniature of Goethe—the artist and philosopher are both in him; but both are seen as if through a microscope, and with not a trace of the prophetic element. Macaulay, alike as poet and prose-writer, is pure artist. So were Campbell, Rogers, Scott, as a poet, and Crabbe. Leigh Hunt is the artist, too, but with an almost invisible tincture of the prophet and the philosopher. Ebenezer Elliott had a little of the artist, and a great deal more of the prophet. Byron was one of the most powerful of artists. He had a strong, though uncultured, philosophic tendency. He thought himself a prophet, and he was, if the word "false" be prefixed to the name. Wondrous was the sorcery of his genius, but it was sorcery—strange the spell and sweetness of his strain; but they were those of Balaam predicting from Mount Peor the "rising of the Star out of Jacob," the coming of Christ from heaven, while all the passions of hell were burning in his own bosom. The perfect poet would include the elements of artist, prophet, and philosopher, in equal proportions and finest harmony, but as yet echo must answer, "Where is he?"

We think that the subject of this article was not entitled to the name even of artist, according to our ideal of it; that is, he was not a poet able to feel and adequately to express the "fine and volatile film constituting the life of life, the gloss of joy, the light of darkness, and the wild sheen of death; that fine or terrible something which is really about the object, but which the eye of the

gifted only can see, even as in certain atmospheres only the beams of the sun are visible."

His poetry is not eminently original, and his sense even of beauty, far more of truth and harmony, is not very deep. The loveliness he principally admires and paints is of a meretricious cast. His art, if we may be pardoned a very bad pun, is rather an elegant art of *pottery* than of poetry. There is something essentially light, trivial, and purposeless about all his brilliant workmanship, if workmanship it can be called, and not rather a "frolic architecture," like that of the morning mist or the enraptured snow-drift. We have ranked him rather with the second class in our list—the airy mimic of more masculine and powerful minds. We often see the clouds at evening assume striking resemblances to the mountains over which they rest, as if they would be substantial if they could. Such a similitude to poetry do Moore's productions bear. They are like it, they are near it, they seem to many something better than it, but they are not it. We can conceive the ambitious member of a fairy family, such as the White Lady of Avenel, aspiring to be one of the human race, to throb with their great passions, to assume their strong incarnation, and to share in their immortal destinies; and the apparent success and ultimate failure of the impossible endeavor might furnish a lively type of Moore's unsuccessful ambition—"I also would be a poet." We need not add, that to prophetic earnestness and to philosophic depth he does not even pretend.

The merely mechanical powers of the poet are abundantly his. An ordinary painter may possess a richer box of colors than Titian, and wield a finer brush than Raphael. Moore has great wealth of language, great fluency and sweetness of versification, much fine imagery, and great freedom, and ease, and grace of movement. His language is not, indeed, of the choicest kind, nor will it bear very close analysis; his versification is too lusciously sweet—it has not the psalm-like swell of our higher poets, nor the linnet-like gushes of others; it is at best a guitar played by a high-born cavalier to a beauty under an eve of Italy. His imagery is too sensuous and too abundant in proportion to the thought it has to represent, and his movement is rather that of a dance than that of a race, or a walk, or a winged sweep through the gulfs of ether. In constructive faculty he is not deficient, but not eminently gifted. The wholes he makes are little, not large—stories, not epics or dramas. Still, as more people love to see an opera-girl dancing than

to see an eagle sailing through the "azure deep of air;" as more people love to hear a song from the lips of a fine lady, than the chant of a monologizing Coleridge, so the generality of the public have always delighted more in Moore than in the real masters of the art. He has tickled, soothed, melted, lapped them in luxurious sentimentalism; and like a lover seduced by the charms of one whom his deeper nature despises, have they yielded to the fascination. And to this his faults have contributed even more than his merits.

In thorough knowledge of where his great strength lay, he sought the subject of his two principal poems among the fanciful mythologies and meretricious manners of the East. There Byron too, Southey, Beckford, Hope, and Scott, have gone for inspiration; and they have all mated with those parts of the subject which best suited their idiosyncrasy. Byron has monopolized the sun-heated passions of love and revenge which burn in those sweltering climes. Southey and Beckford have coped with their darker shapes of superstition, and have gone down, the one into Padalon, and the other into the more tremendous hall of Eblis. Hope has in "Anastasis" caught the tone of Oriental manners, and painted powerfully the scenery of Turkey and Greece; and Scott, in the "Talisman," has fulfilled the very difficult task of at once contrasting and harmonizing into beautiful artistic effect the religion and customs of East and West, as they met together for a season on the "perilous edge" of the Crusades. Moore, on the other hand, has chosen the more fantastic of the religious dreams, and the more luxurious of the social habits, and the lighter of the poetic measures which prevail in Persia and India, and out of them constructed the slight, but delicate and dazzling, structures of "Lalla Rookh" and the "Loves of the Angels."

On the special merits and defects of these two poems, we need not dwell. They are just rhymed "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," without the nature, however, the simplicity, and the humor of those extraordinary tales. More delightful reading for loungers under such Syrian beats as are at present burning over our heads cannot be conceived. But those who have once read seldom recur to them, and few of their lines ever recur to men's minds. We, at least, remember only a certain vague, delicious emotion, which seems like a sweet sin to the recollection; and we feel as if, upon rising up from their raptured perusal, Homer, Milton, and Wordsworth must have looked down

from their busts upon us with indignation and scorn.

Nor need we discuss elaborately the merits or defects of his early love-poems, once so popular, and deemed so pernicious, now so seldom read, and so lightly esteemed:—of his songs, those perfumed and tender madrigals of sentimental love and skin-deep patriotism; beautiful exceedingly, no doubt, in their way, but how far inferior to those of Burns in variety, in nature, and in Doric strength; to those of Scott in boldness and bardic fire; to those of Campbell in exquisite finish and pathos; and to those of Bulwer in classic polish and dignity!—or of his political squibs, "The Fudge Family," "The Twopenny Post-bag," and "Cash, Corn, Currency, and Catholics," which display in full strength his most characteristic qualities; those, namely, of a wit nearly as rich as that of Butler, Swift, and Byron, but infinitely better polished and better natured; a humor, waggish, genial; and a certain high-bred, aristocratic air, which adds a peculiar flavor to his humorous sarcasm, and pungency to his witty contempt. He is a polite murderer, a smiling assassin. He kisses ere he kills; he bows to his victim ere he leads him to the altar, and ere, as with an oiled dagger, he stabs him to the heart. His prose has all the defects of his poetry, and not all its merits. It is equally florid and eloquent, but infinitely inferior in grace, finish, and felicity.

We have left ourselves, we find, little space to speak of the manner in which Lord John Russell has executed his task, or of the character of Moore, the man, as revealed in the copious diary here preserved. The first has very generally disappointed the public. Lord John has done but little in these volumes, and that little not well. The glorious scenery near Callender, where a great part of the book was written, has failed to inspire him. He has evidently had little heart for the work. On the other hand, Moore's character neither rises nor sinks much, at least in our estimation. We think him still, as we thought him long ago, an excessively clever, a warm-hearted, and generous man, whose early errors were atoned for by his well-spent age, but who had no great depth of soul, and who was the bound slave of a clique in literature. His estimates of contemporary genius are more or less contemptuous and contemptible. He admits Lamb to be a "clever fellow," and Coleridge to have "told a tolerable story or two." He dilates on Wordsworth's vanity, and does not appreciate the high estimate he set on the genius of Burke, who, in Words-

worth's opinion and ours, was superior to all the statesmen and orators of that and the next age put together. And he seems actually to believe the old silly story, that Greenfield was the main author of the Waverley Novels.

As we hear this stupid tale echoed by our excellent contemporary the "Eclectic," we beg leave to pause for a moment to express our profound discredit of its truth, and our regret that it should be revived at present. Greenfield was a man who had to quit Scotland from suspicion of unnatural crimes, and to spend the rest of his life under hiding. Was this a man to write novels, on the whole so pure, and humane, and virtuous as the Waverley series? We believe the man had not *morale* to have written one of their chapters. And where, in any of them, are there traces which speak of a broken character, a bankrupt reputation, a cloud so horrible as was resting on him? Greenfield died about the time of the appearance of "Quentin Durward," and some wiseacres found out that from that date the novels began to fall off; and we remember one malignant ninny, in the *New Monthly Magazine*, openly averring that the "Tales of the Crusaders" (including, let us remember, the "Talisman," his finest piece of art) were by another and an inferior hand. Let us remember, too, that Scott repeatedly asserted that he was the sole and undivided author; and that we believe the MSS., written out in his own hand, are still extant. Our *Eclectic* friend tells some cock-and-bull story about a clergyman and lady on the Border in reference to this matter. We call on him to lose no time in producing their names, and thus give the public an opportunity of sifting the case to the bottom. Of the result we have no doubt. Of course, as in all such stories, Greenfield, we are told, left a lot of MS. after his death, which came, like the rest, into Scott's hands; and he, not Sir Walter, is the author of the "Fair Maid of Perth," and the "Highland Widow;" and we suppose our brave countryman died transcribing with staggering hand the MS. of the "Infamous Exile!" This "will never do," any more than to tell us that the poems and the novels are from different pens, after what Adolphus has written; or that Scott had no time to write the latter, after Basil Hall has proved that he, a bustling man of the world and copious

litterateur, wrote habitually in his journal alone an amount of matter more than equal to what was pouring annually from the Waverley press. The author of this paper is certain that, although seldom writing more than four hours a-day, and having a hundred private and public duties besides, he writes regularly in the year as much as would fill ten of the small volumes in which the Waverley series at first appeared—a number this, be it remarked, larger than was the usual issue of these matchless tales. It was the quality, not the quantity, of the novels that made the marvel. But Scott is known never to have written so well as when he wrote fast. We are jealous generally of all such attempted transferences of literary property. We are in a particular manner jealous, for "dear auld Scotland's sake," of these tales, which are her real chronicle and crown, and think that, instead of multiplying suspicion by suspicion, and charging conjecture on conjecture, nothing but the strongest evidence could have justified any such disagreeable and disenchanting assertion.

The days, thank God, of Moores, and such as Moore, are numbered. A butterfly bard like him would not have attracted a tithe of the notice, if he had not appeared early in aristocratic "bowers," and unless, unlike other butterflies, he had worn a sting. This age requires its satirists as well as its poets; but the satirists should be of a purer, stronger type, and the poets of a deeper and a more high-strung lyre. Let the history of Thomas Moore be a lesson to our young bards. Let it teach them to fill their minds with sacred principles, and their hearts with holy fire, ere they lift their voices. Let them aim also at a high, stern, calm philosophy, in the true sense of that much-abused term, as well as at a lyrical enthusiasm; for only on these conditions can they outlive the brief morning gleam of a raw reputation, and enter on the golden noon-day of a steadfast and ever-burning fame.

P.S.—Since writing this paper, we have read Croker's paper on Moore, in the *Quarterly*; and, while granting that much of it seems terribly true, and tending deeply to damage the poet's reputation, we must denounce the almost diabolic spirit which breathes in its every line. Over follies, sins, and mistakes, what a portentous chuckle does he raise!

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

## WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART.

MOZART, the great musical composer, was unquestionably a *born* genius. Genius comes we know not how—like the wind, it blows whither it listeth—and springs up alike in the hut of the poor man and in the chamber of the rich. Mozart's father was valet-musician to the Archbishop of Salzburg. This was a position of mean servitude, but he ultimately raised himself from it to the office of vice-conductor of the orchestra. He was a man of considerable intelligence, and was much esteemed for his proficiency in his art—though he stuck to the old ruts, and never ventured upon untrodden paths in harmony. He was not a genius in music, like his son, but a diligent student and a laborious learner. To his son, the child Mozart, born in 1756, music came like an inspiration. It first displayed itself when he was only three years old, when he delighted himself by striking thirds on the *claviere*, and enjoying the musical harmony thus produced. At four, his father began giving him lessons: he did it at first in sport, but the child learned rapidly, and in learning to play he learned to compose. Music was a kind of natural language to him. The knowledge of melody, rhythm, and symmetry, which others acquire with difficulty, came to him as it were by intuition. While only four years old he composed little pieces of music, which his father, doubtless proud of his precocious child, wrote down for him; and the pieces are still preserved. We venture to say that the little Mozart's health was not improved by this too early excitement of his brain. But what parent thinks of this while admiring the up-springing of genius in his child? We are told, indeed, that the boy's sensitiveness was extreme: he would ask those about him ten times a day whether they loved him; and if they jestingly replied in the negative, his eyes would fill with tears. Sensitiveness is, indeed, a source of great joy, but also of acute sorrow, especially in the young. There are compensations in all states of being.

Such a prodigy was not to be neglected. There was money to be made by him. The

father took him to the Bavarian Court when he was six years old, and had him exhibited there. Of course, every body was astonished. The wonderful child proceeded to write concertos with a full score of accompaniments, and even "*trumpets and drums*." Perhaps this last accompaniment, however, is a biographical flourish; for the early scores of Mozart which have been preserved show that in his accompaniments he confined himself to oboes, bassoons and horns.

The family returned to Salzburg, when the boy Mozart began to learn the violin. His fingers being not yet long enough to grasp the neck of the ordinary instrument, a very small one was procured for him. Before he had received regular lessons on the instrument, a quartette party met at his father's house one day, when the little Wolfgang entreated that he might play the second violin. The father would not hear of it, as the boy had had no instruction on the violin. But the latter replied that to play a second violin part it was not necessary to be instructed. The father at this became impatient, and ordered him to go away and not disturb them. The boy cried bitterly, on which the others entreated he might be allowed to accompany the quartette. The father consented, only on condition that Wolfgang was not to make a noise. But so wonderfully did the little boy play, that Herr Senachtur, who played the second violin, soon laid down his instrument, finding himself quite superfluous. The father could not suppress his tears.

More exhibitions! Another tour of concerts was projected by the father, who carried his son and daughter first to Passau and Linz, and then on to Vienna. The boy was the pet of the ladies every where; and the musical prodigy was the theme of general conversation. It was a wonder the boy's brain stood it all. At Vienna the prodigy was introduced to their Majesties, and played before them. Little Wolfgang "sprang into the lap of the Empress, took her round the neck, and kissed her very heartily." To-day at the court, to-morrow at the French am-



bassador's, next day at some great count's, fetched and sent back "in the carriages of the nobility"—so writes the happy father. The little musician is dressed in a coat of lily color, of the finest cloth, with double broad gold borders, originally made for the Archduke Maximilian. The Emperor calls him "the little magician," the Empress gives him "kisses and wreathed smiles," and all pet and praise the wonderful prodigy. His organization still continued most delicate, and his nervous susceptibility increased so much that the sound of a trumpet would almost throw him into convulsions. His father thought to cure him by accustoming him to the sound, and one day commenced the experiment. At the first blast the child turned pale and sank to the ground; he was with difficulty recovered, and the father desisted from the further prosecution of his "cure."

In the year 1763, when the boy was about eight years old, and had made great improvement in music, by almost constant practice, the whole family set out on a musical tour of Europe. They went to Munich, Augsburg, Heidelberg, Frankfort, Mayence, Bonn, and Aix-la-Chapelle—at some places making money, at others losing it. The father, in one of his letters to a friend at Salzburg, writes—"At Aix-la-Chapelle there was the Princess Amelia, sister of the King of Prussia. She has, however, *no money*. If the kisses that she gave my children, especially to Master Wolfgang, had been *louis d'ors*, we should have been well off; but neither hosts nor postmasters will take kisses for current coin." The family proceeded to Paris, where they were favorably received. The little Mozart played before the Court at Versailles. His organ performance in the Chapel Royal was even more admired than his playing on the *clavière*. He also gave several public concerts in Paris, where he published his first works—two sets of sonatas for the *clavière* and violin. Portraits of the family were engraved, poems were written upon them, and they became quite the rage. "The people are all crazy about my children," wrote the father to a friend.

Those who would know something of the deplorable state of society in France at the period of the Mozarts' visit, some twenty years before the breaking out of the Revolution, may learn some curious information on the subject in Mozart the father's letters to his friends. He found domestic society without virtue, but abounding in "etiquette;" profligacy among the courtiers and nobility,

and beggary and wretchedness among the people; and in a prophetic strain the old man wrote thus, looking at the scenes transacted around him—"If there is not a special mercy of God, it will one day fare with the state of France as of old with the kingdom of Persia." Once, when at Court at Versailles, the Mozarts alone "had the way cleared for them to the royal table," the Swiss guard marching before them. Wolfgang stood near the Queen, chatting with and amusing her, now and then eating something which she gave him from the table, or kissing her hand. Madame de Pompadour was the reigning beauty at the time, but she would not allow the little Mozart to kiss her; on which the boy exclaimed, rather angrily, "Who is this that will not kiss me?" The Empress kissed me."

The Court, however, forgot to pay the Mozarts, for the royal exchequer was not over well supplied in those days, notwithstanding the odious and burdensome taxes which were levied on the people. The Mozarts, therefore, set out for England, the land of money. They reached London in April, 1764, remaining there for a year. They lodged in Frith street, Soho. Their Majesties heard both the children play before them, and also were present at the boy's performance on the royal organ in Windsor Chapel. Then the family gave a public concert, which was very well patronized, and proved very profitable. Shortly after, a charity concert was given, at which the young Mozart gave his gratuitous services. "I have permitted Wolfgang," writes the father, "to play the British patriot, and perform an organ concerto on this occasion. *Observe, this is the way to gain the love of the English.*" The boy went forward with his composition, and published several sets of sonatas while in London, which produced money for the father. Such was the character of these compositions, that the Honorable Daines Barrington strongly suspected that the boy's youth was exaggerated by his father; but one day, while on a visit to the family, the child's nature of the little Mozart unmistakably showed itself. "Whilst playing to me," writes Barrington, "a favorite cat came in, on which he left his harpsichord, nor could we bring him back for a considerable time. He would also sometimes run about the room with a stick between his legs by way of a horse." But to place the matter beyond a doubt, Barrington obtained the certificate of the boy's birth through the Bavarian ambassador, by which his reputa-

tion as a musical prodigy was completely established. But the Londoners were soon satiated with the little Mozart's performances, and his concerts failed to draw. The family, therefore, went abroad again, and while at the Hague, both of the children were nearly carried off by disease, doubtless the consequence of the feverish state of excitement in which they were kept by their exhibitions. Rest, however, enabled them to rally, and they went on as before, giving concerts in all the large towns they passed through, at length reaching Salzburg, their native place, about the end of the year 1766.

Now he gave himself up to study and hard practice in the works of the great masters, composing music of various kinds,—masses, cantatas, concertos, sonatas, and symphonies, which he threw off with most amazing fertility. He remained, however, only a year at home; and we find him again at Vienna, performing before the court with great *éclat*. He was now twelve years of age; and fortunately at this time he entered with great vivacity into youthful sports, taking especial delight in fencing, horsemanship, billiards, and dancing, by which his physical constitution became strengthened, and the excessive sensitiveness of his nervous system was in some measure subdued. The professional musicians of Vienna viewed the youthful genius with great suspicion and jealousy, and entered into cabals against him, which for a time were successful. To retrieve his position, his father determined on bringing out an original opera of his son's composition, and it was commenced forthwith. It was soon written. *La Finta Semplice* it was called; but to get it put upon the stage was a matter of the greatest difficulty. The cabal of the musicians pursued the Mozarts into the theatre, and delays, excuses, evaded promises, purposely confused rehearsals, soon effectually blasted the success of the work. Mozart's father appealed to the Emperor, who interfered, but in vain. The intrigue against Mozart prevailed, and the opera could not be brought out. But the boy went on with other compositions, and a new mass composed by him was performed in presence of the court, to their entire satisfaction.

The family returned to Salzburg, where Wolfgang prosecuted his studies in the higher departments of composition, and also improved his acquaintance with the Italian language. He was appointed concert-master to the Archbishop, and wrote many of his

masses about this time. But he ardently desired to visit Italy, then the land of classical music and of great composers; and accordingly he and his father set out for Rome, passing through Verona, Mantua, Cremona, Milan, and Bologna, giving concerts by the way, to which the Italians crowded to hear the *Giovenetto Ammirabile*. They arrived in Rome in the Holy Week, and they hurried to the Sistine Chapel to hear the famous *Miserere*, which musicians were forbidden to copy or take away on pain of excommunication. But the little prodigy copied down the piece on hearing it the first time, though the music is of the most difficult kind, abounding in imitation and traditional effects, and performed by a double choir. Mozart heard it a second time, when he corrected his MS. which he had concealed in his hat. It was soon known in Rome that the unexampled theft of the *Miserere* had been effected, and the boy was obliged to produce it at a large musical party, when one of the principal musicians of the chapel confirmed its correctness. The generous Italians were so much delighted at the feat of genius in the boy, that they did not call upon the Pope to excommunicate the culprit.

From Rome the Mozarts went to Naples, where they made the acquaintance of Nelson's Lady Hamilton, played before the King, and excited a perfect *furor* amongst the excitable Italians. They returned to Rome, and went on to Milan, the boy composing at intervals, gathering strength, and imbuing his mind deeply with the noble church music of Italy. At Milan he stayed to compose the first opera of his which was represented on the stage. It was the *Mithridates*, and was performed twenty times successively at La Scala, amid hurricanes of applause. On their way home by Venice the Mozarts led a gay life, receiving a succession of honors, entertainments, and polite attentions of all sorts. On reaching Salzburg, Mozart found a letter waiting him, inviting him to compose a grand dramatic serenata in honor of the nuptials of the Archduke Ferdinand, and which was to be performed at Milan in the autumn. To throw off a work of this sort was now a trifle to Mozart, who found time besides to write a litany, a *regina cali*, and several symphonies in the interval. The serenata was composed and brought out with immense *éclat* at Milan at the time appointed, Hasse, the composer, and the rival of Handel and Porpora, exclaiming, when he heard the work, "This boy will throw us all into the shade." Two other works, one a serenata,

the other an opera, (*Lucio Silla*), were produced by him at the Milan Theatre shortly after; and he proceeded diligently in the work of self-culture and improvement. Shortly after, he returned again to Salzburg, from whence he proceeded to Munich to bring out his opera buffa *La Finta Giardiniera*, which was a great advance upon his previous compositions in the same style. Notwithstanding these numerous brilliant works, and the profusion of sonatas, concertos, masses, and other pieces which he composed for the theatres and for the Archbishop of Salzburg's concerts, Mozart had to struggle with poverty. He reaped little from his operas but honor, and the pay which he received from the Archbishop for several years was only about £1 1s. a year! Still he wrote on, determined at least to deserve success. But he would not stay longer at Salzburg, where he found he was only losing time; and in the year 1777 he accordingly left his native town—where he had always been the least appreciated—in search of better fortune. He was on this occasion accompanied by his mother only, his father remaining at home to perform the duties of his ill-remunerated office of *capel-meister*.

Mozart was now twenty-one years of age, but had still the look of a mere boy. Yet his letters written to his father in the course of this sixteen months' tour show that he was possessed of much spirit, vivacity, and intelligence. His letters are full of character, and display strong powers of observation, as well as great felicity in description. The first place he sojourned at was Munich, but though he delighted the court by his performances, he could obtain no footing in the place, and passed on by Augsburg to Mannheim. Here his reputation was known, and he excited some interest. At a rehearsal which he attended, people stared at him in such a fashion that he could hardly preserve his gravity. "They think," said he, "because I am little and young, that nothing great or old can be in me, but they shall soon see." One Sunday he went to the Elector's Chapel, when, after mass had begun, Mozart proceeded to take his place at the organ. "I was in my best humor," said he. "There is always a voluntary here in the place of the *Benedictus*, so I took a phrase from the *Sanctus* and fugued upon it. There they all stood making faces." Another time he went into the Lutheran church and played for an hour and a half on the organ in a state of ecstacy: "It came right from the heart," said he. His criticism on a new mass, by

one Vogler, is curious. "I stayed," says he, "no longer than the *Kyrie*. Such music I never before heard in my life; for not only is the harmony frequently wrong, but he goes into keys as if he would tear one in by the hair of the head; not in an artist-like manner, or in any way that would repay the trouble, but plump and without preparation."

Mozart was admired at court, but he found court patronage so beggarly an affair at best, then and always, that he contemplated leaving Mannheim for Paris, to gain his living by teaching. But he made a last effort to obtain work from the Elector,—for "work," said the ardent composer, "is my pleasure." The Elector, however, would do nothing for him, except invite him to play at court, and accept original compositions from the composer, which he forgot to pay for. At last, Mozart, finding his prospects vain, set out for Paris. But the change was even for the worse. Mozart hated Paris. He found the Parisians artificial, heartless, vicious, and without any feeling or love for music. The French paid Mozart in compliments only; he succeeded in obtaining three pupils, one of them the daughter of a duke, but had he relied on teaching, he would have starved; he composed symphonies for open-air concerts, but, though well received, they produced but little. At this time his mother died; an earnest invitation from his father reached him to return to Salzburg, where the Archbishop was willing to engage him as his concert-master, at the liberal salary of £42 a year! The Archbishop, however, accompanied his invitation with the insulting remark that "he could not endure the wandering about on begging expeditions," which was a hint to the Mozarts that they must confine themselves to Salzburg and the Archbishop's miserable parsimony. On these prospects the young Mozart consented to return to Salzburg.

It was from this period of settling down at Salzburg as the Archbishop's concert-master that the grand genius of Mozart fairly burst forth. Heretofore he had appeared rather in the light of a musical prodigy, possessed of remarkably precocious powers, both of composition and execution, than as a great original creator in music. The first work which he composed after returning to Salzburg was the mass, known as No. 1 of the English editions. It was a thoroughly original and striking work, and exhibited a marked advance in his genius within a very few months. But his first grand work in the field in which he afterwards became the most extensively known—

we mean the operatic—was his *Idomeneo*, a work which is throughout stamped with the genius of a master. He was engaged to compose this work by the Elector of Bavaria, and it was to be performed at the next carnival at Munich. The Archbishop allowed him leave of absence for a few weeks to bring out the piece. He composed it with an amazing rapidity, the most important parts having been deferred until he knew the calibre of the singers. This was his almost universal practice. His father wrote to him,—“Consider that for every dozen real connoisseurs, there are a hundred wholly ignorant; therefore, do not overlook the popular in your style of composition, nor forget to tickle the long ears.” To which the son answered,—“Don’t be apprehensive respecting the favor of the crowd; there will be music for all sorts of people in my opera, but *nothing for long ears*.” And it was so. The opera was written in the highest style; and though it delighted the classical ear, it also secured the applause of the crowd. It was produced amidst the wildest enthusiasm. Never was there such a triumph. With this work, so important in its influence on music, Mozart crowned his twenty-fifth year.

We next find him at Vienna, in the train of his Archbishop. He is set down at table with cooks and valets, and treated as the veriest menial. Such was the ordinary conduct of princes towards their gifted followers in those days. Poor Michael Haydn, the composer, was one day ordered by his princely employer, Esterhazy, to produce duets for the violin and viola before a certain day, and was threatened with the loss of his salary in case of failure. Haydn was at the time too ill to work, so Mozart took them in hand, completed them, and they were presented in Haydn’s name. They were remarkably successful, but Mozart never claimed them. The gifted genius at length, however, revolted against the beggarly insults which his employer put upon him, and he determined to assert his independence at all hazards. He threw up his degrading office, began to take pupils at five shillings a lesson, and set up as a musical professor and composer on his own account, throwing himself upon the public for fame and support. It was, however, rather too early in the world’s history for that, and Mozart endured a long struggle with poverty and difficulties. To add to them, he married a wife—Constance Weber—to whom he had been long attached. Mozart was beset by the clamors of creditors, whose demands

he could not satisfy, and often he was in extremity for the means of supplying his present urgent wants. The Emperor Joseph heard of this, and one day said to Mozart, “Why did you not marry a rich wife?” To which the composer, with that dignity and self-reliance which characterize all his answers to the great, immediately replied, “Sire, I trust that my genius will always enable me to support the woman I love.”

In 1782, Mozart produced his fine opera *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, which proved completely successful, and put some money in his purse. In this opera he struck out so entirely new a path, that it could scarcely be believed to have proceeded from the same pen as *Idomeneo*. He now lived in a delirium of invention, often working so hard that, as he expresses it, he scarcely knows whether his head is on or off. This led to extreme reaction, from which he sought relief in dissipation and extravagant amusements, meanwhile composing masses, concertos, and operas, almost without number. His holidays were days of jovial abandonment, in which he jested and played the harlequin, danced and sang, drank, and revelled to his own serious after-cost. Had Mozart been contented to settle quietly down in Vienna as a music teacher, he might have avoided these penalties; but then we should have lost the fruits of his magnificent genius. Let us be content, and deal gently with the errors and vagaries of the great composer. Mozart, in his fits of composition, lived in a state of the most feverish anxiety, and in his later years, when his constitution was less able to answer the demands made upon it by the irregularity of his life, it was no unusual thing for him to faint at his desk.

Mozart’s next great works were, his *Figaro*, which was produced at Vienna in 1783, but proved so unremunerative to the author, and was so discouraging to him in all respects, that he resolved never more to produce an opera at Vienna; his *Symphony in D*—a great work, well known in England; and his famous *Quartettes in C major and D minor*. His *Figaro*, which had fallen comparatively flat on the ears of the cognoscenti of Vienna, excited such extraordinary enthusiasm at Prague, where it was next produced, that Mozart was encouraged to proceed with the composition of another opera, his equally celebrated *Don Giovanni*, which was produced at the same city in 1787, with immense éclat. It is cited as an extraordinary instance



of the wonderful power of Mozart in composition, that the fine overture to the opera was not in existence on the night previous to the production of the piece. It was only commenced about midnight, and with the aid of strong punch it was written out by the morning. The copyists had it in hand up to the hour at which the opera was to commence, and the sheets were placed before the musicians in the orchestra while the ink was still damp. The overture, as well as the opera itself, proved completely successful. But Mozart only received about one hundred ducats for this great work.

The Emperor of Austria, in order to draw Mozart—whose fame was now so great—back to Vienna, offered him the post of Chamber Composer to the Court, at the munificent salary of £66 per annum, which Mozart was glad to accept! Such was the low rate of remuneration paid to the greatest of musical geniuses in those days. In this office he composed multitudes of minuets, waltzes, and country-dance tunes—most of them insignificant, but done “to order.” About the same time he produced some of his grandest symphonies; as, for instance, the *Jupiter*, showing that his hand still retained its cunning, and his mind its power. Yet these grander compositions of his were altogether unappreciated by the public of his day. They were considered quite *outré* and extravagant, at variance with all the established laws of music. Mozart was, indeed, far before his age, and it took nearly half a century before the world came up to where he had left off. The music publishers’ shops were closed to him, and they refused to accept his compositions unless he would write them in a popular style. To such an appeal he once answered, with unusual bitterness—“Then I can make no more by my pen, and I had better starve and go to destruction at once.” He began to think of death, and to long for it. His thoughts became desperate, and his habits reckless. Any change of scene was welcome to him, and he indulged in the wildest vagaries. His income became more irregular in consequence, but he did not cease his dissipations; and his life threatened to become a wreck. Overworked and ill-rewarded, he sought to throw off the cares of vulgar existence by resorting to balls, masquerades, and dancing parties of all sorts. He composed pantomimes and ballets, and danced in them himself. At the carnival balls he generally assumed the character of Harlequin or Pierrot, in which he is said to have been incomparable. Notwithstanding

this dangerous round of excitements, with which our colder northern notions cannot sympathize, he preserved a steady attachment to his own home; and in spite of his poverty, he was always liberal of his time and labor for the benefit of his poorer brethren in the musical profession. “Nothing,” says one of his biographers, “could extinguish his compassion for the unfortunate.”

Mozart paid a visit to Berlin in 1789, on which occasion the Prussian monarch was urgent that he should settle in that city, and he offered him the temptation of a good salary. But Mozart’s reply was, “Can I leave my good emperor?”—the good emperor being the Austrian Francis, whose treatment of Mozart throughout, though kindly in manner, was shabby in the extreme. After his return to Vienna, in the following year, he produced his comic opera, *Così fan tutte*. It could have brought him little money, or, if so, it was soon spent; for shortly after, on making a professional visit to Frankfort, his finances were reduced so low that his wife was obliged to sell the most valuable articles of her toilet to enable him to set out. Debts began to accumulate about him, and he was often thrown into fits of deep dejection on their account. Yet, even at this time, if any person called on him with a tale of distress, he would willingly give up all the money in his purse. In worldly business, like so many other men of genius, Mozart was as helpless as a child.

During his later years his genius became so generally acknowledged throughout Germany, Holland, and France, and so many commissions for original works flowed in upon him, that he began to indulge in the prospects of competency for his family—only, alas! when too late. The last works which he composed were the *Zauberflöte*, *Clemenza di Tito*, and the *Requiem*. It was while composing the *Zauberflöte* that his constitution began to exhibit symptoms of breaking up. During its composition, which he worked at by day and night, he sank into frequent swoons, in which he remained for some time before consciousness returned. He suspended his labors for a time, producing in the interval, at Baden, his beautiful *Ave Verum*. The *Clemenza di Tito* was composed for the coronation of the Emperor Leopold at Prague. He composed it in eighteen days, and during the whole time he was ill, and taking medicine incessantly. The *Requiem* was also engrossing his thoughts, and he had the conviction from the first, that he was writing it for himself. Such

was the excitement its composition caused, that his wife took away the score of the *Requiem*, and he seemed to rally again. Some time after, it was restored to him, and his illness came on again. His hands and feet began to swell, and the power of voluntary motion almost left him. His intellectual faculties, however, remained unimpaired, and he could not restrain his passionate exclamations as to the unprotected state in which his death would leave his wife and children. "Now must I go," he would exclaim, "just as I should be able to live in peace—now leave my art when, no longer the slave of fashion, nor the tool of speculators, I could follow the dictates of my own feeling, and write whatever my heart prompts: I must leave my family—my poor children—at the very instant in which I should have been able to provide for their welfare."

The *Requiem* lay almost constantly on his bed; and he excited himself in explaining, to certain musicians who visited him, the particular effects which he wished to produce

in certain passages. Once they sang the *Requiem* round the dying composer's bed, himself taking the alto part. While singing the first bars of the *Lacrymosa*, Mozart was seized with a violent fit of weeping, and the score was put aside. It was his last expiring effort; the light was already flickering in the socket. That night he died, the *Requiem* laid on the counterpane.

Mozart was only thirty-five when he died; yet how many great and enduring works has he left us! His funeral was arranged by Baron von Leviaten; but it was shabby to the extent of meanness. He was laid by his royal patrons in a common grave in a common burying-ground near Vienna, and was left there without a mark upon his resting-place; and twenty years after, when an inquiry was made of the sexton as to where Mozart was buried, it was found that all traces of his grave had been lost amidst the surrounding heaps of undistinguished dead. The only monument of the great composer is his works.

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From the Quarterly Review.

## THE HOLY PLACES.\*

By one of those sudden turns of history which from time to time take the world by surprise, the whole attention of Europe, after an interval of more than five centuries, has once more been fixed on the "Holy Places" of the Eastern world. That "mournful and solitary silence" which, with the brief exception of 1799 and 1840, has for more than five hundred years "prevailed along the shore" of Palestine, is once more broken by the sound of "the world's debate," by the mighty controversy which, beginning from the wrangles of Greek and Latin monks

over the key of the Convent of Bethlehem, and the dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, has now enclosed within its circle the statesmen of all the greatest powers in Europe.

Into that controversy we do not purpose to enter. To unfold its history at length, even without regard to those recent phases which have now embroiled the world, would require a volume. Yet a few words may suffice to put our readers in possession of the leading facts of the past on which it rests. The dispute of the "Holy Places" is a result and an epitome of that Crusade within the Crusades which forms so curious an episode in that eventful drama. We are there reminded of what else we are apt to forget, that the chivalry of Europe were engaged, not only in the mighty conflict with the followers of Mahomet, but also in a constant under-struggle with the emperors of the

\* 1. *Solution Nouvelle de la Question des Lieux Saints*. Par M. l'Abbé J. M. Michon. Paris. 1852.

2. *Bethlehem in Palestina*. Von Dr. Titus Tobler. S. Gall. 1849.

3. *Golgotha. Seine Kirchen und Klöster*. Von Dr. Titus Tobler. S. Gall. 1851.

4. *Die Siloahquelle und der Oelberg*. Von Dr. Titus Tobler. S. Gall. 1852.

great city they encountered in their midway progress. The capture of Constantinople by the Latins in the fourth Crusade was but the same hard measure to the Byzantine Empire which on a smaller scale they had already dealt to the Byzantine Church, then, as now, the national church of Palestine, as it is generally of the East. The Crusaders, by virtue of their conquest, occupied the Holy Places which had previously been in the hands of the Greeks; and the Greeks in turn, when the Crusaders were ultimately expelled by the Turks, took advantage of the influence of wealth and neighborhood to regain from the conquerors that share in the sanctuaries of which the European princes had deprived them. Copt and Cyrian, Georgian and Armenian, have, it is true, their own claims to maintain, as dissenters from the main Byzantine establishment from which they have successively separated. But the one standing conflict has always been between the descendants of the crusading invaders, supported by France or Spain, and the descendants of the original Greek occupants, supported by the great Northern Power which assumes to have succeeded to the name and privileges of the Eastern Cæsars. Neither party can ever forget that once the whole sanctuary was exclusively theirs; and although France and Russia have doubtless interposed on behalf of their respective national creeds from political or commercial motives, yet the religious pretexts have arisen from the previous juxtaposition of two great and hostile churches—here brought together within narrower bounds than any two sects elsewhere in the world. Once only besides has their controversy been waged in equal proximity; namely, when the Latin Church, headed by Augustine, found itself, in our own island, brought into abrupt collision with the customs and traditions of the Greeks, in the ancient British church founded by Eastern missionaries. What in the extreme West was decided once for all by a short and bloody struggle, in Palestine has dragged on its weary length for many centuries. And this long conflict has been further complicated by the numerous treaties which, from the memorable epoch when Francis I. startled Christendom by declaring himself an ally of the Sultan, have been concluded between France and the Porte for the protection of the Frank settlers in Syria; and yet again, by the vacillations of the Turkish Government, partly from ignorance, and partly from weakness,

as it has been pressed on one side or the other by the claims of two powerful parties in a question to the rights of which it is by its own position entirely indifferent.

Meanwhile, it may be of more general interest to give a summary account of places whose names, though long familiar, are thus invested for the moment with a fresh interest, and to describe briefly what is and what is not the importance belonging to the "Holy Places" of Palestine. Many even amongst our own countrymen still regard them with an exaggerated reverence, which is a serious obstacle to the progress of a calm and candid inquiry into the history and geography of a country which can never lose its attractions whilst there is a heart in Christendom to feel, or a head to think. Many, in their disgust at the folly and ignorance with which those sanctuaries are infested, not only deny to them their legitimate place, but extend their aversion to the region in which they are situated, perhaps even to the religion they represent. Many are ignorant altogether of their nature, their claims, or their peculiar relation to each other, or to the rest of the world.

Those who wish to study the subject at length cannot do better than peruse the volumes which we have placed at the head of this article. The Abbé Michon's little work gives the most perspicuous, as it certainly is the most condensed, account of the Holy Places which we have met; and his "New Solution" gives us a favorable impression both of the candor and the charity of the author. The works of Tobler—a German physician from the shores of the Lake of Constance—exhibit the usual qualities of German industry, which almost always make their antiquarian researches useful to the student even when unreadable by the public at large. To the well-known authorities on these subjects in our own language we shall refer as occasion serves.

The term "Holy Places," which, applied in its most extended sense to the scenes of events commemorated in sacred history, would be only another word for the geography of Syria and Arabia, is limited in modern phraseology to the special localities which the Greek and Latin Church, singly or conjointly, have selected for the objects of religious pilgrimage. Some scenes which the bulk of the Christian world would regard as most sacred are almost wholly neglected by the mass of devotees. Others, which rank high in the estimation of local and ecclesiastical

tical tradition, are probably unknown beyond the immediate sphere of those who worship in them.

The Abbé Michon succinctly notices twelve such places. They are as follows:—1. Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem (common). 2. Church of the Annunciation at Nazareth (Latin). 3. Church of Jacob's Well at Shechem (destroyed). 4. Church at Cana (Greek). 5. Church of St. Peter at Tiberias (Latin). 6. Church of the Presentation at Jerusalem (Mussulman). 7. Church of the Flagellation (Latin). 8. Grotto (not the garden of Gethsemane (Latin). 9. Tomb of the Virgin (common). 10. Church of the Ascension (Mussulman). 11. Church of the Apostles (Mussulman). 12. Church of the Holy Sepulchre (common.) But, as some of those have been long deserted, and others depend for their support entirely on the greater sanctuaries in their neighborhood, we shall confine ourselves to those which exist in Bethlehem, Nazareth, and Jerusalem.

I. Whether from being usually the first seen, or from its own intrinsic solemnity, there is probably none of the Holy Places which produce a greater impression at first sight than the Convent of the Nativity at Bethlehem. The enormous edifice, which extends along the narrow crest of the hill from west to east, consists of the Church of the Nativity, with the three convents, Latin, Greek, and Armenian, abutting respectively upon its north-eastern, south-eastern, and south-western extremities. Externally, there is nothing to command attention beyond its size—the more imposing from the meanness and smallness of the village, which hangs as it were on its western skirts. But the venerable nave of the Church—now deserted, bare, discrowned—is probably the most ancient monument of Christian architecture in Palestine, we may almost say in the world; for it is the remnant of the Basilica, built by Helena herself, and the prototype of the Basilicas erected by her imperial son—at Jerusalem beside the Holy Sepulchre, at Rome over the graves of St. Paul and St. Peter. The buildings of Constantine have perished: but that of Helena\* still in part remains; and those who have visited the two Churches of St. Apollinaris at Ravenna, constructed on

the same model two centuries later by the Byzantine Emperors, can form some notion of what it must have been in the days of its splendor. The long double lines of Corinthian pillars, the faded mosaics, dimly visible on the walls above, the rough yet stately ceiling, of beams of cedar from Lebanon, probably the last great building to which those venerable forests yielded their rafters, still preserve the outlines of the church, which was once\* rich with marble and blazing with gold.

From the nave, which is the only interesting portion of the upper church, we descend to the subterranean compartment, on account of which the whole structure was erected. At the entrance of a long winding passage, excavated out of the limestone rock of which the hill of Bethlehem is composed, the pilgrim finds himself in an irregular chapel, dimly lighted with silver lamps, and containing two small and nearly opposite recesses. In the northernmost of these is a marble slab, which marks the supposed spot of the Nativity. In the southern recess, three steps deeper in the chapel, is the alleged stall in which, according to the Latin tradition, was discovered the wooden manger or "præsepe," now deposited in the magnificent Basilica of S. Maria Maggiore at Rome, and there displayed to the faithful, under the auspices of the Pope, on Christmas Day.

Let us pause for a moment in the dim vault between these two recesses; let us dismiss the consideration of the lesser memorials which surround us—the altar of the Magi, of the Shepherds, of Joseph, of the Innocents—to which few would now attach any other than an imaginative or devotional importance, and ask what ground there is for accepting the belief which invites us to confine the awful associations of the village of Bethlehem within these rocky walls. Of all the local traditions of Palestine, this alone indisputably reaches beyond the time of Constantine. Already in the second century, "a cave near Bethlehem" was fixed upon as the spot in which—"there being no place in the village where he could lodge"—Joseph abode, and where accordingly Christ was born and laid in a manger." The same tradition seems

\* Tobler, Bethlehem, p. 110.

\* Tobler has proved that a great part of the Church of Helena has been superseded by the successive edifices of Justinian and Emanuel Commenus (p. 104, 105). But there seems no sufficient reason for disputing the antiquity of the nave.

† ἐπειδὴ Ἰωσήφ οὐκ εἶχεν ἐν τῇ κώμῃ ἐκεῖνῃ που καταλῦσαι, ἐν δὲ σπηλαίῳ τινι σύναγωγος τῆς κώμης κατέργασε καὶ τότε αὐτῶν ὄντων ἐκεῖ, ἐτέτοκεν ἡ Μάρια τὸν Χριστὸν καὶ ἐν φάτνῃ αὐτὸν ἐπέθείκεν. —Justin. Dial. cum Trypt. 78.



to have been constant in the next generation,\* even amongst those who were not Christians, and to have been uniformly maintained in the strange documents† which, under the name of the Apocryphal Gospels, long exercised so powerful an influence over the popular belief of the humbler classes of the Christian world, both in the East and the West. But even this, the most venerable of ecclesiastical traditions, is not without its difficulties. No one can overlook the deviations from the Gospel narrative; and though ingenuity may force a harmony, the plain impression left by the account of Justin is not that the Holy Family were driven from the inn to the manger, but from the crowded village to a cave in its environs.‡ The story looks as if it had been varied to fit the locality. The circumstance that excavations in the rock were commonly used in Palestine for stabling horses and cattle is of little weight in the argument. Maundrell has justly remarked upon the suspicion which attaches to the constant connection of remarkable events with the grottoes and caves of the Holy Land. These abide when the fragile tenements of man have fallen to decay; and if the genuine caravanserai and its stable had been swept away in the convulsions of the Jewish war, and the residents at Bethlehem had wished to give a local habitation to the event which made their village illustrious, they would inevitably have fixed on such a strongly marked feature as the grotto at Bethlehem. A second motive for the choice transpires in the passage of Justin—the wish to obtain support for a fancied prediction of the Messiah's birth in the words of Isaiah, xxxiii. 16, "He shall dwell on high; his place of defense shall be the munitions of rocks." (LXX. ἐν ὑψηλῷ σπηλαίῳ ἰσχυρᾶς πέτρας.)

Perhaps a still graver objection to the

identity of the scene remains to be mentioned. During the troubled period of the invasion of Ibrahim Pasha, the Arab population of Bethlehem took possession of the convent, and dismantled the recess of the gilding and marble which has proved the bane of so many sanctuaries. The removal of the casing disclosed, as we have been credibly informed, an ancient sepulchre hewn in the rock; and it is hardly possible that a cave devoted to sepulchral purposes should have been employed by Jews, whose scruples on the subject are too well known to require comment, either as a stable or an inn.

Still there remains the remarkable fact that here alone we have a spot known to be revered by Christians in connection with the Gospel History two centuries before the conversion of the Empire, and before the burst of local religion which is commonly ascribed to the visit of Helena. The sanctuary of Bethlehem is, if not the most authentic, at least the most ancient of "the Holy Places." Yet there is a subordinate train of associations which has grown out of the earliest and the most sacred of its recollections; and which has at least the advantage of being unquestionably grounded on fact. If the traveller follows the windings of the long subterranean gallery, he will find himself at its close in a rough chamber hewn out of the rock. It was in this cell that, in all probability, lived and died the most illustrious pilgrim who was ever attracted to the cave of Bethlehem—the only one of the many hermits and monks who from the time of Constantine to the present day have been sheltered within its rocky sides, whose name has travelled beyond the limits of the Holy Land. Here, for more than thirty years, beside what he believed to be literally the cradle of the Christian faith, Jerome fasted, prayed, dreamed, and studied—here he gathered round him the small communities which formed the beginnings of conventual life in Palestine—here, the fiery spirit which he had brought with him from his Dalmatian birthplace, and which had been first roused to religious fervor on the banks of the Moselle, vented itself in the flood of treatises, letters, and commentaries, which he poured forth from his retirement, to terrify, exasperate, and enlighten the Western world—here also he composed the famous translation of the Scriptures which is still the "Biblia Vulgata" of the Latin Church; and here took place that pathetic scene, his last communion and death—at which all the world has been permitted to be present in the wonderful picture of Domeni-

\* Origen, c. Cels. i. 51.

† The Apocryphal Gospel of St. James, c. xviii, xix., and the Gospel of the Infancy, c. ii., iii., iv., represent Joseph as going at once to the cave before entering the village, and speak of all the subsequent events recorded in the early chapters of St. Matthew and St. Luke as occurring in the cave. In the Gospel of the Nativity of Mary, c. iv., the birth is described as taking place in the cave, and the manger as being outside the cave. The quotations and arguments are well summed up in Thilo's *Codex Apocryphus*, p. 382, 383.

‡ If, adopting the tradition which Justin appears to have followed, and which has unquestionably prevailed since the time of Jerome, we suppose the adoration of the Magi to have been offered on the same spot, the locality would then be absolutely irreconcilable with the words of St. Matthew, that they came into "the house where the young child was."

chino, which represents, in colors never to be surpassed, the attenuated frame of the weak and sinking flesh, and the resignation and devotion of the almost enfranchised spirit.

II. The interest of Nazareth is of a kind different from that of Bethlehem. Its chief sanctuary is the Latin Convent at the south-eastern extremity of the village, so well known from the hospitable reception it affords to travellers caught in the storms of the hills of Gilboa, or attacked by the Bedouins of the plain of Esdraelon; and also, we may add, for the impressiveness of its religious services, acknowledged even by the stern Presbyterianism of Dr. Robinson, and the exclusive philosophy of Miss Martineau; where wild figures, in the rough drapery of the Bedouin dress, join in the responses of Christian worship, and the chants of the Latin Church are succeeded by a sermon addressed to these strange converts in their native Arabic with all the earnestness and solemnity of the preachers of Italy. There is no place in Palestine where the religious services seem so worthy of the sacredness of the recollections. But neither is there any where the traditional pretensions are exposed to a severer shock.\* However discreditable may be the contests of the various sects, they have yet for the most part agreed (and indeed this very agreement is the occasion of their conflicts) as to the spots they are to venerate. At Nazareth, on the contrary, there are three counter-theories—each irreconcilable with the other—with regard to the scene which is selected for special reverence.

From the entrance of the Franciscan church a flight of steps descends to an altar, which stands within a recess, partly cased in marble, but partly showing the natural rock out of which it is formed. In front of the altar, a marble slab, worn with the kisses of many pilgrims, bears the inscription "*Verbum caro hic factum est*," and is intended to mark the spot on which the Virgin stood when she received the angelic visitation. Close by is a broken pillar,†

\* Besides the difficulties which we are about to notice, there is the clumsy legend of the "Mountain of Precipitation," too well known to need further comment or refutation. See Robinson, iii. p. 187.

† This pillar is one out of numerous instances of what may be called the extinction of a traditional miracle, in deference to the spirit of the time. To all the early travellers it was shown as a supernatural suspension of a stone. To all later travellers it is exhibited merely as what it is, a broken column, —fractured probably in one of the many assaults which the convent has suffered.

which is pointed out as indicating the space occupied by the celestial visitant, who is supposed to have entered through a hole in the rocky wall which forms the western front of the cave, close by the opening which now unites it with the church. The back, or eastern side of the grotto, behind the altar, leads by a narrow passage into a further cave, left much more nearly in its natural state, and said by an innocent and pleasing tradition, which no one probably would care either to assert or to refute, to have been the residence of a neighbor who looked after the adjacent house when Mary was absent on her visit to Elizabeth in Judæa.

With the rivalry which prevails in the East on the subject of the Holy Places, it is not surprising that the Greeks excluded from the Latin convent should have established a "Church of the Annunciation" for themselves at the opposite end of the town. But it would be an injustice to them to suppose that the contradiction was exclusively the result of jealousy. Without a word in the Scripture narrative to define the scene—without the slightest indication whether it took place by day or night, in house or field—the Greeks may be pardoned for clinging to the faint tradition which lingers in the apocryphal Gospel of St. James, where we are told that the first salutation of the angel came to Mary\* as she was drawing water from the spring in the neighborhood of the town. This spring—and there is but one—still bears her name, and in the open meadow by its side stands the Greek Church, a dull and mournful contrast in its closed doors and barbarous architecture to the solemn yet animated worship of the Franciscan Convent—though undoubtedly with the better claim of the two to be considered an authentic memorial of the Annunciation.

But the tradition of the Latin Church has to undergo a ruder trial than any which arises from the contiguous sanctuary of the rival Greeks. There is a third scene of the Annunciation, not at the opposite extremity of the little town of Nazareth, but in another continent—not maintained by a hostile sect, but fostered by the Supreme Head of the Roman Church itself. On the slope of the

\* *Protev. Jacobi*, c. xi. No special locality was known in the time of Jerome. Paula, he tells us, "*percurrit Nazareth nutriculam Domini*:" evidently implying that the village generally, and not any particular object within it, was the object of her pilgrimage. (*Hieron. Epitaph. Paul.*) Even as late as 1185 the grotto alone was known as the sanctuary of the Church of Nazareth, as appears from the *Itinerary of Phocas*.

eastern Apennines, overlooking the Adriatic Gulf, stands what may without exaggeration be called (if we adopt the Papal belief) the European Nazareth. Fortified by huge bastions against the approach of Saracenic pirates, a vast church, which is still gorgeous with the offerings of the faithful, contains the "Santa Casa," the "Holy House," in which the Virgin lived, and (as is attested by the same inscription as at Nazareth) received the angel Gabriel. The ridicule of one half the world, and the devotion of the other half, has made every one acquainted with the strange story of the House of Loretto, which is written in all the languages of Europe round the walls of the sanctuary: how, in the close of the 13th century, it was first conveyed by angels to the heights above Fiume, at the head of the Adriatic Gulf, then to the plain of Loretto, and lastly to its present hill. But, though "the wondrous fitting" of the "Santa Casa" is with us the most prominent feature in its history, it is far otherwise with the pilgrims who frequent it. To them it is simply a portion of the Holy Land—the actual spot on which the mystery of the Incarnation was announced and begun. In proportion to the sincerity of the belief is the veneration which attaches to what is undoubtedly the most frequented sanctuary of Christendom. Not to mention the adoration displayed on the great festivals of the Virgin, or at the commemoration of its miraculous descent into Italy, the devotion of pilgrims on ordinary week-days exceeds any thing that can be witnessed at the holy places in Palestine, if we except the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Easter.

Every morning, while it is yet dark, the doors of the church at Loretto are opened. A few lights round the sacred spot break the gloom, and disclose the kneeling Capuchins, who have been there through the night. Two soldiers, sword in hand, take their place by the entrance of the "House," to guard it from injury. One of the hundred priests who are in daily attendance commences at the high altar the first of the hundred and twenty masses that are daily repeated. The "Santa Casa" itself is then lighted, the pilgrims crowd in, and from that hour till sunset come and go in a perpetual stream. The "House" is crowded with kneeling or prostrate figures; the pavement round it is deeply worn with the passage of devotees, who, from the humblest peasant of the Abruzzi up to the King of Naples, crawl round it on their knees, while the nave is filled with bands of worshippers, who, having visited the sacred

spot, are retiring from it backwards, as from some royal presence. On the Santa Casa alone depends the sacredness of the whole locality in which it stands. Loretto—whether the name is derived from the sacred grove (Lauretum) or the lady (Loreta) upon whose land the house is believed to have descended—had no existence before the rise of this extraordinary sanctuary. The long street with its venders of rosaries, the palace of the Governor, the strong walls built by Pope Sixtus IV., the whole property of the rich plain far and near, are mere appendages to the humble edifice which stands within the Church. And its genuineness and sacredness has been affirmed by a long succession of pontiffs, from Boniface VIII. down to Pius IX.

No one who has witnessed the devotion of the Italian people on this singular spot could wish to speak lightly of the feelings it inspires. Yet its connection with the question of the Holy Places of Palestine, as well as with the pretensions of the Church which fosters the double claim of Loretto and of Nazareth, demands an investigation that, under other circumstances, might be deemed gratuitous. The difficulty is not evaded by the distinction that the one is a house, and the other a grotto, because both house and grotto are asserted to enclose the exact locality of the angelic visitation—to be each the scene of a single event which can only have happened in one. But this is not all. If it were practicable for either, being once committed, to abate its pretensions, it is palpable to every traveller who compares the sanctuaries that by no possibility can they ever have been amalgamated. The "Santa Casa" at Loretto is an edifice of 36 feet by 17: its walls, though externally cased in marble, can be seen in their original state from the inside, and appear to be of a dark-red polished stone. The west face has one square window, through which it is affirmed the angel flew; the east contains a rude chimney, in front of which is a block of masonry, supposed to be the altar on which St. Peter said mass, when the Apostles, after the Ascension, turned the house into a church. On the north side is (or rather was) a door, now walled up.\* Notwithstanding that the monks of Loretto and of Nazareth have but a dim knowledge of the sacred localities of each other, the ecclesiastics of Palestine could not be altogether ignorant of

\* We have omitted, for the sake of perspicuity, all the confessedly modern alterations.

the distant but mighty sanctuary patronized by the highest authority of their Church. They therefore show to any inquiring traveller the space which was occupied by the Holy House before its flight—the only space certainly on which it could have stood if either the Italian or Syrian tradition were to be maintained. This space is a vestibule in front of the grotto, into which the house is alleged to have opened. The alterations which the church of Nazareth have undergone render it impossible to lay any stress on the variation of measurements. But the position of the grotto is, and must always have been, absolutely incompatible with any such appendage as the Santa Casa. Whichever way the house is supposed to abut on the rock, it would have closed up, with blank walls, the very passages by which alone the communication could be effected. A comparison of the masonry of the so-called workshop of Joseph at Nazareth, with the material of the House of Loretto, may be considered no less fatal to the theory. Whilst the latter is of a kind wholly unlike any thing in Palestine, the former is composed, as might be expected, of the gray limestone of the country, of which, no doubt, the houses of Nazareth were in all times built.

To many it may seem superfluous to attempt a serious refutation of the most incredible of ecclesiastical legends. But the claims of Loretto have been so strongly maintained by French and Italian (we happily cannot yet say English) writers of our own times—the faith of the See of Rome is so deeply pledged to its genuineness by bulls and indulgences, as well as by custom and tradition, that an interest attaches to it far beyond its intrinsic importance. Even if the story were accepted, the embarrassment remains, for there is still the rival sanctuary, which is equally under the Papal authority. If the question of the genuineness of such a relic, and the truth of such a miracle, can be left undecided, it either follows that the system of local sanctuaries is of no practical importance, or that on momentous points of practical importance the Church of Rome is as little capable of infallibly guiding its members as the Church of England or the Church of Geneva.

But the explanation of the origin of the legend has also a value as a general illustration of the history of "Holy Places." Nazareth was taken by Sultan Khalil in 1291, when he stormed the last refuge of the Crusaders in the neighboring city of Acre. From that time, not Nazareth only, but the whole

of Palestine, was closed to the devotions of Europe. The natural longing to see the scenes of the events of the Sacred History—the superstitious craving to win for prayer the favor of consecrated localities—did not expire with the Crusades. The demand remained, though the supply was gone. Can we wonder that, under such circumstances, there should have arisen first the desire, and next the belief, that if Mahomet could not go to the mountain, the mountain must come to Mahomet? The House of Loretto is the petrification, so to speak, of the "Last sigh of the Crusades;" its particular form suggested, possibly, by the Holy House of St. Francis at Assisi, then first acquiring its European celebrity. It is not, indeed, a matter of conjecture that in Italy, where the temperament of the people most craves such stimulants, there were devotees who actually endeavored to reproduce within their own immediate neighborhood the very scenes of Palestine. One such example is the Church of St. Stephen at Bologna, within whose walls are crowded together various chapels and courts, representing not only, as in the actual Church of the Sepulchre, the several scenes of the Crucifixion, but also the Trial and Passion; and which is entitled, in a long inscription affixed to its cloister, the "*Sancta Sanctorum*;" nay, literally, "*the Jerusalem*" of Italy.\* Another still more curious instance may be seen at Varallo, in the kingdom of Piedmont. Bernardino Caimo, returning from a pilgrimage to Palestine at the close of the fifteenth century, resolved to select the spot in Lombardy which most resembled the Holy Land, in order that his countrymen might enjoy the advantages without undergoing the privations he had suffered himself. Accordingly, in one of the beautiful valleys leading down from the roots of Monte Rosa, he chose (it must be confessed that the resemblance is somewhat like that between Monmouth and Macedon) three hills, which should represent respectively Tabor, Olivet, and Calvary; and two mountain streams, which should in like manner personate the Kedron and Jordan. Of these the central hill, Calvary, became the "Holy Place" of Lombardy. It was frequented by S. Carlo Borromeo, and under his auspices was studded with chapels, in which the

\* This church was, at least in its foundation, considerably earlier than that of Loretto, having been first erected in the fifth century. There is an excellent account of it in Professor Willis's *Essay on the Architectural History of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre*.



scenes of the Passion are embodied in waxen figures of the size of life. The entire country round continues to this hour to send its peasants by thousands as pilgrims to the sacred mount. As the feelings which actuated Bernardino Caimo would naturally have existed in a more fervid state two centuries earlier, when the loss of Palestine was more keenly felt, and the capture of Nazareth was fresh in every one's mind, we can easily imagine that the same tendency which produced a second Jerusalem at Bologna, and a second Palestine at Varallo, would, on the secluded shores of the Adriatic, by some peasant's dream, or the return of some Croatian chief from the last Crusade, or the story of some Eastern voyager landing on the coast of Romagna, produce a second Nazareth at Fiume and Loretto. What in a more ignorant and poetical age was ascribed, in the case of the Holy House, to the hands of angels, was intended in the case of the Holy Sepulchre to have been literally accomplished by Sixtus V., by a treaty with the Sublime Porte for its bodily transference to Rome, that so Italy might glory in possessing the actual sites of the conception, the birth, and the burial of our Saviour.

III. Every one has read of the multitude of Holy Places which cluster within and around the walls of Jerusalem. Ever since the occupation of the city by the Crusaders, the same localities have, age after age, been pointed out to pilgrims and travellers with singular uniformity. Here and there a tradition has been misplaced by accident, or transposed for convenience, or suppressed in fear of ridicule, or, may be, from honest doubts; but, on the whole, what was shown to Maundeville in the fourteenth century, was, with a few omissions, shown to Maundrell in the seventeenth; and what Maundrell has described with the dry humor characteristic of his age, may still be verified by travellers who take the trouble of procuring an intelligent guide. Such localities are curious as relics of that remarkable period when, for the first and only time, Palestine became a European province—as the scenes, if they may be so called, of some of the most celebrated works of European art, and as the fountain-head of some of the most extensive of European superstitions. No one could see without, at least, a passing emotion, the various points in the Via Dolorosa, which have been repeated again and again, in pictures and in legends, throughout the western world; the spot where Veronica is said to have received the sacred cloth, for which

Lucca, Turin, and Rome contend—the threshold where is believed to have stood the Scala Santa, now worn by the ceaseless toil of Roman pilgrims in front of St. John Lateran. On these lesser sites it is useless to dwell in detail. But they possess one common feature which it is worth while briefly to notice. Some countries, such as Greece—some cities, such as Rome—lend themselves with great facility to the growth of legends. The stalactite figures of the Corycian cave at once explain the origin of the nymphs who are said to have dwelt there. The deserted halls, the subterranean houses, the endless catacombs of Rome, afford an ample field for the localization of the numerous persons and events with which the early Roman ecclesiastical history abounds. But in Jerusalem it is not so. The featureless rocks without the walls, the mere dust and ashes of the city within, repel the attempt to amalgamate them with the fables which are affixed to them, and which, by the very fact of their almost imperceptible connection with the spots in question, betray their foreign parentage. A fragment of old sculpture lying at a house door is sufficient to mark the abode of Veronica—a broken column, separated from its companions in a colonnade in the next street, is pointed out as that to which the decree of Pilate was affixed, or on which the cock crew—a faint line on the surface of a rock is the mark of the girdle which the Virgin dropt to convince Thomas. There is no attempt at subtle fraud, or even at probability. The only handle, perhaps, even for a legendary superstructure, afforded by the scenes themselves, is the red and white color of the limestone rock, which, if the Scala Santa or any part of it were ever at Jerusalem, may have suggested the marks. Criticism and belief are alike disarmed by the child-like, and almost playful spirit, in which the early pilgrims and crusaders must have gone to and fro, seeking for places in which to realize the dreams of their own imaginations.\*

From these lesser memorials—the mere sport and exuberance of monastic traditions—we pass to the greater, though still not the greatest, of the Holy Places of Jerusalem. They are—the Church, or rather Mosque, of

\* An instructive example of the readiness with which several localities were invented may be seen in Sewulf's unconscious account of the accommodation of the Mahomedan relics in the Mosque of Omar to Christian history during that short period in the twelfth century when it was in the hands of the Crusaders. (Early English Travellers, p. 40.)

the Ascension, on the top of Mount Olivet; the Church containing the tomb of the Virgin, at its foot; and the "Cœnaculum," or Church of the Apostles, on Mount Zion.

1. The present edifice of the Church of the Ascension has no claims to antiquity. It is a small octagon chapel situated in the court of a mosque, the minaret of which is ascended by every traveller for the sake of the celebrated view, to which the world can offer no equal. Within the chapel is the rock which has been pointed out to pilgrims, at least since\* the seventh century, as imprinted with the footstep of our Saviour. There is no memorial to which we more joyfully apply our observations upon the slightness of ground with which many of the sacred localities were selected. It would be painful to witness any symptom of fraud, or even the adoption of some fantastic trick of nature, in connection with such an event as is here commemorated. A deep repulsion would be created in all but the coarsest minds, were there, for example, any such impression as that which is shown in the Chapel of Domine Quo Vadis at Rome, or of St. Radegonde at Poitiers, where well-defined footmarks in the stone indicate the spots in which our Saviour is alleged to have appeared to St. Peter and St. Radegonde. Here there is only a simple cavity in the rock, which has no more resemblance to a human foot than to any thing else. It must have been chosen in default of any thing better; and could never, of itself, have suggested the connection.

It is not improbable that the Church of the Ascension marks the site on which Helena built one of the only two churches which Eusebius ascribes to her—the church "on the top of the hill" whose glittering cross was the first thing that caught the eye of the pilgrims† who, in the age of Constantine and of Jerome, approached Jerusalem from the south and west. At the same time, ‡ a circumstance on which Eusebius lays great stress has been strangely overlooked by most of those who have treated on the subject, and which, though it may not invalidate the identity of the position of the ancient church with the present mosque, certainly throws a new light upon the object for which it was erected. "A true tradition," he tells us, "maintains that our Lord had initiated his

disciples in his secret mysteries" before the Ascension, in a cave to which, on that account, pilgrimages were in his time made from all parts of the Empire; and it was to honor this cave, which Constantine himself also adorned, that Helena built a church, in memory of the Ascension, on the summit of the mountain. It is almost certain that Eusebius must refer to the singular catacomb, commonly called the Tombs of the Prophets, which is a short distance below the third summit of Mount Olivet, and was first distinctly noticed by Arculf in the seventh century, to whom were shown within it "four stone tables, where our Lord and the Apostles ate."\* In the next century the same "four tables of His Supper" were seen by Bernard the Wise, who speaks of a church being erected there to commemorate the Betrayal.† From that period it remained unnoticed till attention was again called to it by the travellers of the seventeenth century, in whose time it had assumed its present name.

It is possible that what Bernard calls the church may have been the remains of the buildings which Constantine erected, and that the ruins, still discernible on the third summit, may be the vestiges of the sacred edifice of Helena. It is, however, possible also (and the expression "summit of the whole mountain" rather leads to this conclusion) that, though in connection with the cave, her church was built on the site which is usually assigned to it within the precincts of the present mosque. But, whichever be the case, it is clear from the language of Eusebius that the spot which she meant to honor was not the scene of the Ascension itself, but the scene of the conversations which preceded that event, and which were believed to have occurred in the cave. Had this been clearly perceived, much useless controversy would have been spared. There is no proof from Eusebius that the place from which our Lord might be presumed to have ascended was ever specified at all. Here was (as usual) the tradition of the cave, and nothing besides, and Helena fixed upon the site of her church partly (no doubt) from its commanding position, partly from its vicinity to the rocky labyrinth in which the instructions immediately preceding the Ascension were supposed to have been delivered. It was reserved for observant travellers of our own time to perceive the impossibility of

\* Arculf. (Early English Travellers, p. 5.) He speaks of the "dust" on which the impression remains; but probably he meant the same thing.

† Hieronym. Epitaph. Paul.

‡ Euseb. Vit. Const., iii. 41, 43; Demonst. Evang., vi. 18, p. 288.

\* Early Travels in Palestine, p. 4.

† Ibid., p. 24.

reconciling what is at present alleged to be the scene of the Ascension with the words of St. Luke, to which we must add its palpable contradiction to the whole character of the event. Even if the Evangelist had been less explicit in stating that "Jesus led out the disciples as far as Bethany," we should still have maintained that the secluded hills\* which overhang the village on the eastern slope of Olivet are as evidently appropriate to the entire tenor of the narrative, as the startling, we might almost say offensive, publicity of a spot in full view of the city of Jerusalem is wholly inconsistent with it, and (in the absence, as it now appears, of even traditional support) in every sense untenable.

2. There are probably not many Englishmen who, before the diplomatical controversy which it has provoked, knew any thing of the tomb of the Virgin Mary, the least known, but most romantic, sanctuary of any that is to be found in Palestine. Yet there are few travellers whose attention is not arrested by the sight of a venerable chapel, approached by a flight of steps, which lead from the rocky roots of Olivet among which it stands, and entered by yet again another and deeper descent, under the low-browed arches of a Gothic roof, producing on a smaller scale the same impression of awful gloom that is so remarkable in the subterranean church of Assisi. "You must know," says Maundeville,† "that this church is very low in the earth, and a part is quite within the earth. But I imagine that it was not founded so; but since Jerusalem has been so often destroyed, and the walls broken down, and levelled with the valley, and that they have so been filled again and the ground raised, for that reason the church is so low in the earth. Nevertheless, men say there commonly, that the earth hath been so ever since the time that our Lady was buried there, and men also say there that it grows and increases every day without doubt." Its history is comparatively recent. It is not mentioned by Jerome amongst the sacred places visited by Paula, and, if on such matters the authority of the Third General Council‡ is supposed to have weight, the tomb of the Virgin ought not to be found at Jerusalem, but at Ephesus. The authority, however, of a General Council has been unable

to hold its ground against the later legend, which placed her death and burial at the Holy City. Even the Greek peasants of Ephesus itself, though still pointing to the ruined edifice on the heights of Coressus, as the tomb of the Panaghia, have been taught to consider it as commemorating another Panaghia than the "Theotocos," in whom their great Council exulted. Greeks and Latins, unhappily for the peace of Europe, unite in contending for the possession of the rocky sepulchre at the foot of Olivet—the scene, according to the belief of both churches, of that "Assumption" which has been immortalized by the genius of Titian and Raphael, and which, in our later ages, has passed from the region of poetry and devotion into a literal doctrine.

Close, however, to the Church of the Virgin is a spot which, as it is omitted in Abbé Michon's catalogue of Holy Places, we ought in consistency to pass over. Yet a few words—and perhaps the fewer the better—must be devoted to the Garden of Gethsemane. That the tradition reaches back to the age of Constantine is certain. How far it agrees with the slight indications of its position in the Gospel narrative will be judged by the impression of each individual traveller. Some will think it too public. Others will see an argument in its favor from its close proximity to the brook Kedron. None probably will be disposed to receive the traditional sites which surround it—the Grotto of the Agony, the rocky bank of the three Apostles, the "terra damnata" of the Betrayal. But in spite of all the doubts that can be raised against their antiquity and the genuineness of their site, the eight aged olive trees—now indeed less striking in the modern garden-enclosure than when they stood free and unprotected on the rough hill-side—will remain, so long as their already protracted life is spared, the most venerable of their race on the surface of the earth; of all the sacred memorials in or about Jerusalem, the most affecting, and, except the everlasting hills themselves, most nearly carrying back the thoughts to the events which they commemorate.

3. On the brow of Mount Zion a conspicuous minaret is pointed out from a distance to the traveller approaching Jerusalem from the south, as marking the Mosque of the Tomb of David. Within the precincts of that mosque is a vaulted Gothic chamber, which contains within its four walls a greater confluence of traditions than any other place in Palestine, after the Holy Sepulchre. It is

\* That especially to which Tobler assigns the name of Djebel Sajach. (Silvahquelle und Oelberg, p. 84.)

† Early Travels in Palestine, p. 176.

‡ Concil. Hardouin, tom. i. p. 143. The history of the tradition is well given in Mr. Williams's Holy City, 2d ed. vol. ii. p. 434.

said to occupy the site of the edifice,—it cannot of course be the very church itself,—which Epiphanius mentions as having survived the capture of Jerusalem by Titus. That in the days of Cyril there was some such building, in which he delivered his famous lectures, is evident from his own allusions. But it is startling to hear that this is the upper chamber of the Last Supper, of the meeting after the Resurrection, of the day of Pentecost, of the residence and death of the Virgin, of the burial of Stephen. If it were not for the antiquity of some of these pretensions—dating as far back as the fourth century, and the interest of all of them—it would be hardly worth while to allude to assumptions which rest on a foundation too fragile to bear discussion. A conjecture might almost be hazarded, that the building, being in ruins or of palpably earlier date than the rest of the city as rebuilt by Hadrian, had served as a convenient receptacle for every memorable event which remained unattached. It is impossible at least that it should be both the scene of the “Coenaculum,” and stand within the precincts, or rather above the vault of the Tomb of David. The belief that here is the burial-place of the Royal Psalmist, although entertained by Christians, Jews, and Mussulmen alike, has given it a special sanctity only in the eyes of the last, and M. De Saulcy has endeavored, in a very elaborate argument, to set up in preference the catacomb on the north of the city, commonly called the Tombs of the Kings. But the old site is maintained by many zealous upholders of the local traditions, as, for example, by Mr. Williams, in his “Holy City,”\* and all that we assert is the incompatibility of the claim to be at once the scene of David’s burial and of the Last Supper. The Jewish feeling, at the commencement of the Gospel history, could never have permitted a residence to exist in juxtaposition with the Royal Sepulchre.

4. We now approach the most sacred of the Holy Places; in comparison of which, if genuine, all the rest sink into insignificance, and which, even if spurious, is among the most interesting spots in the world. It is needless to attempt on the present occasion to unravel once more the tangled controversy of the identity of the Holy Sepulchre.†

\* Vol. ii. p. 608.

† The question has already been discussed by us in an article on Dr. Robinson’s “Biblical Researches.” (Q. R. vol. 69, pp. 169–176.) A summary of both sides of the question is given in the eighth number of the “Museum of Classical Antiquities,” April, 1853.

Every thing, we believe, which can be urged against the claim will be found in the “Biblical Researches” of Dr. Robinson—every thing which can be said in its favor in the “Holy City” of Mr. Williams, including, as it does, the able discussion by Professor Willis on the architectural history of the church. It is enough to remind our readers that the decision mainly turns upon the solution of two questions, one historical, the other topographical. It is commonly confessed that the present edifice stands on the site of that which was constructed by Constantine, and the historical question is the value to be attached to the allegation that the spot was marked out in the time of the latter by a temple or statue of Venus, which the Emperor Hadrian had erected for the purpose of polluting the spot believed to be the Holy Sepulchre by the Christians of his age. The Crucifixion, as we all know on the highest authority, being without the city, and the tomb in a garden nigh at hand, the topographical question is, whether it is possible, from its position, that the selected locality could have been on the outer side of the ancient walls of Jerusalem. On the historical branch of the inquiry we will merely remark that the advocates of the Sepulchre have never fairly met the difficulty well urged by the learned Dean of St. Paul’s,\* that it is hardly conceivable that Hadrian could have had any motive in defiling the spot with heathen abominations, when his whole object in establishing his Roman colony at Jerusalem was to insult the Jews, and not the Christians, who were emphatically divided from them. It is equally affirmed that Hadrian established the worship of Venus upon the scene of the Nativity, and it throws a further suspicion upon both stories that there is no allusion, either by Justin or by Origen, to the desecration at Bethlehem, though speaking of the very cave over which the Pagan temple is said to have been erected, and within a century of its erection. In the topographical question, while admitting the weight of the objection drawn from the proximity, to say the least, of the present site to the inhabited portion of old Jerusalem, we yet do not think that the opponents of the Sepulchre have ever done justice to the argument stated by Lord Nugent, and pointedly brought out by Professor Willis, which is derived from the so-called tombs of Joseph and Nicodemus. Underneath the western galleries of the church are two ex-

\* Milman’s History of Christianity, vol. i. p. 417.



cavations in the face of the rock, which as clearly form an ancient Jewish sepulchre as any that can be seen in the Valley of Hinnom or in the Tombs of the Kings. That they should have been so long overlooked both by the advocates and opponents of the identity of the Holy Sepulchre, can only be explained by the perverse dulness of the conventual guides, who call attention instead to two graves sunk in the floor,\* which may possibly, like similar excavations at Petra, be of ancient origin, but which, as Dr. Schulz suggests, may have been dug at a later period to represent the graves, when the real object of the ancient sepulchres had ceased to be intelligible—as the tombs of some Mussulman saints are fictitious monuments erected over the rude sepulchres hewn in the rock beneath. The names assigned to these sepulchres are fanciful of course, but their existence seems a conclusive proof that at some period the site of the present church must have been without the walls, and lends considerable probability to the belief that the rocky excavation, which exists in part perhaps still, and once existed entire, within the marble casing of the chapel of the Sepulchre, was a really ancient tomb, and not, as is often rashly asserted, a modern imitation.

Farther than this we believe that in our present state of knowledge no merely topographical considerations can bring us. Even if these tombs should prove the site of the present church to have been outside some wall, they do not prove it to have been the wall of Herod; for it may have been the earlier wall of the ancient monarchy; and although it was satisfactorily established that the church was outside the wall of Herod, it would only prove the possibility, and not the probability, of its identity with the site of the Crucifixion. But, granting to the full the doubts—and it may be more than doubts—which must always hang over the highest claims of the Church of the Sepulchre, we do not envy the feelings of the man who can look unmoved on what has, from the time of Constantine, been revered by the larger part of the Christian world as the scene of the greatest events that ever occurred upon

earth, and has itself become, for that reason, the centre of a second cycle of events, which, if of incomparably less magnitude, are yet of a romantic interest almost unequalled in human annals. It may be too much to expect that the traveller, who sees the uncertainty of the whole tradition, should partake those ardent feelings to which even a man so skeptical as Dr. Clarke of the genuineness of the localities confesses, in the striking passage in which he describes the entrance of himself and his companion into the Chapel of the Sepulchre; but its later associations at least may be felt by every student of history without the faintest fear of superstition or irreverence.

Look at it as its site was first fixed\* by the extraordinary man who from so many different sides deeply affected the fortunes of Christendom. Whether Golgotha were here or far away, there is no question that we can still trace, as Constantine or his mother first beheld it, the sweep of rocky hill, in the face of which the sepulchre stood. If the rough limestone be disputed, which some maintain can still be felt in the interior of the Chapel of the Sepulchre, there can be no doubt of the rock which contains the "tombs of Joseph and Nicodemus;" none of that which in the "prison" and in the "entombment of Adam's head" marks the foot of the cliff of the present Golgotha; or of that which is seen at its summit in the so-called fissure of the "rocks rent by the earthquake;" none, lastly, of that through which a long descent conducts the pilgrim to the subterraneous chapel of the "Invention of the Cross." In all these places enough can be seen to show what the natural features of the place must have been before the native stone had been "violated by the marble" of Constantine; enough to show that we have at least the satisfaction of knowing that the church is built on the native hills of the old Jerusalem.† On these cliffs have clustered the successive edifices of the venerable pile which now rises in almost solitary grandeur from the fallen city. The two domes, between

\* Even Mr. Curzon, whilst arguing for the antiquity of these tombs, in his graphic account of the church, speaks of them as "in the floor." (*Eastern Monasteries*, p. 166.) Another slight inaccuracy may be noticed, (p. 203) because it confuses the tenor of a very interesting narrative. He confounds "the stone where the women stood during the anointing" with "the stone where the Virgin stood during the Crucifixion." The two spots are wide apart.

\* We are, of course, not ignorant of Mr. Ferguson's ingenious, we may almost say, brilliant attempt to disprove even the Constantinian origin of the present site; but till he has shown (as his argument requires) that the market-place of Jerusalem was at that time in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, (to omit all other objections,) we cannot think that he has made out any case.

† Perhaps the most valuable part of Professor Willis's masterly discussion of the whole subject is his attempt to restore the original form of the ground.—(Sections 7 and 9.)

which the Turkish sheykh was established by Saladin to watch the pilgrims within—the lesser dome surmounting the Greek church which occupies the place of Constantine's Basilica; the larger that which covers the Holy Sepulchre itself, and for the privilege of repairing which the world has so nearly been roused to arms—the Gothic front of the Crusaders, its European features strangely blending with the Oriental imagery which closes it on every side; the minaret of Omar\* beside the Christian belfry, telling its well-known story of Arabian devotion and magnanimity; the open court thronged with buyers and sellers of relics to be carried home to the most distant regions of the earth; the bridges and walls and stairs by which the monks of the adjacent convents climb into the galleries; the chambers of all kinds which run through the sacred edifice; all these, and many like appearances, unfold more clearly than any book the long series of recollections which hang around the tattered and incongruous mass. Enter the church, and the impression is the same. There is the place in which to study the diverse rites and forms of the older churches of the world. There alone (except at Bethlehem) are gathered together all the altars of all the sects which existed before the Reformation. There is the barbaric splendor of the Greek Church, exulting in its possession of Constantine's Basilica and of the rock of Calvary. There is the deep poverty of the Coptic and Syrian sects, each now confined to one paltry chapel, and which forcibly contrast with the large portions of the edifice which have been gained by the Armenians through the revenues in which that church of merchants—the Quakers of the East, as they have been justly called—so richly abounds. There is the more chastened and familiar worship of the Latins, here reduced from the gigantic proportions which it bears in its native seat to a humble settlement in a foreign land, yet still securing for itself a footing, with its usual energy, even on localities which its rivals seemed most firmly to have occupied. High on the plat-

form of Calvary, beside the Greek sanctuary of the Crucifixion, it has claimed a separate altar for the Exaltation of the Cross. Deep in the Armenian chapel of St. Helena it has seated itself in the corner where the throne of Helena was placed during the "Invention." In the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre itself, whilst the Greek Church, with its characteristic formality, confines its masses to the antechapel, where its priests can celebrate towards the East, the Latin Church, with the no less characteristic boldness of the West, has rushed into the vacant space in the inner shrine, and, regardless of all the points of the compass, has adopted for its altar the Holy Tomb itself. For good or for evil, for union or for disunion, the older forms of Christendom are gathered together, as no where else in Europe or in Asia, within those sacred walls.

It would be an easy though a melancholy task to dwell on the bitter dissensions which have thence arisen—to tell how the Armenians stole the angel's stone from the antechapel of the Sepulchre—how the Latins procured a firman to stop the repairs of the dome by the Greeks—how the Greeks demolished the tombs of the Latin kings, Godfrey and Baldwin, in the resting-place which those two heroic chiefs had chosen for themselves at the foot of Calvary—how the English traveller was taunted by the Latin monks with eating the bread of their house, and not fighting for them in their bloody conflicts with the Greeks at Easter—how the Abyssinian convent was left vacant for the latter in the panic raised when a drunken Abyssinian monk shot the muezzin going his rounds on the top of Omar's minaret—how, after the great fire of 1808, which the Latins charge to the ambition of their rivals, two years of time, and two-thirds of the cost of the restoration were consumed in the endeavors of each party, by bribes and litigations, to overrule and eject the others from the places they had respectively occupied in the ancient arrangement of the churches—and how each party regards the infidel Turk as his best and only protector from his Christian foe. These dissensions, however painful, are not without their importance, as exhibiting in a palpable form the contentions and jealousies which from the earliest times to the present day have been the bane of the Christian Church; making mutual enemies dearer than rival brethren, and the common good insignificant in comparison with the special privileges of each segment of the circle. Yet let us not so part. Grievous as

\* The minaret is said to stand on the spot where Omar prayed, as near the Church as was compatible with his abstaining from its appropriation by offering up his prayers within it. The story is curiously illustrated by the account which Michon (p. 72) gives of the occupation of the "Cenaculum" by the Mahometans. A few Mussulmen in the last century, who were determined to get possession of the convent, entered it on the plea of its being the tomb of David, said their prayers there, and from that moment it became a Mahometan sanctuary.

are these contentions, we cannot but think that their extent has been somewhat exaggerated. Ecclesiastical history is not all controversy, nor is the area of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at all times and in all places a battle-field of sects. On ordinary occasions it exhibits only the singular sight of different nations, kindreds, and languages worshipping, each with its peculiar rites, round what they unite in believing to be the tomb of their common Lord—a sight edifying by the very reason of its singularity, and suggestive of a higher, and we trust the day may come when it may be added, a truer image of the Christian Church than that which is now too often derived from the history both of holy places and holy things.

There is one more aspect in which the Church of the Holy Sepulchre must be regarded. It is not only the church of all the ancient communions—it is also in a special manner the Cathedral of Palestine and of the East, and it is there that the local religion which attaches to all the Holy Places reaches its highest pitch, receiving its color from the eastern and barbarous nations who are the principal elements in the congregation. Most of our readers will have derived their conception of the Greek Easter at Jerusalem from Mr. Curzon's graphic description of the celebrated catastrophe of 1834; but as the extraordinary occurrences of that year would convey a mistaken impression of the usual routine, it may be well to subjoin an account of the more customary celebration of the festival. The time to which our readers must transport themselves is the morning of Easter Eve, which by a strange anticipation, here, as in Spain, eclipses Easter Sunday. The place is the gallery of the Latins, whence all Frank travellers view the spectacle,—on the northern side of the great Rotunda—the model of so many European churches, and of which the most remarkable, perhaps, that of Aix-la-Chapelle, was built in express imitation of the famous original. Above is the dome with its rents and patches waiting to be repaired, and the sky seen through the opening in the centre, which, as in the Pantheon, admits the light and air of day. Below is the Chapel of the Sepulchre—a shapeless edifice of brown marble; on its shabby roof a meagre cupola, tawdry vases with tawdry flowers, and a forest of slender tapers; whilst a blue curtain is drawn across its top to intercept the rain admitted through the dome. It is divided into two chapels—that on the west containing the Sepulchre, that on the east

containing the "Stone of the Angel." Of these, the eastern chapel is occupied by the Greeks and Armenians, and has a round hole on its north side, from which the Holy Fire is to issue for the Greeks, and a corresponding aperture for the Armenians on the south. At the western extremity of the Sepulchre, but attached to it from the outside, is the little wooden chapel, which is the only portion of the edifice allotted to the Copts. Yet farther west, but parted from the Sepulchre, is the chapel, equally humble, of the Syrians, whose poverty has probably been the means of saving from marble and decoration the so-called tombs of Joseph and Nicodemus which lie in their precincts. The Chapel of the Sepulchre itself rises from a dense mass of pilgrims who sit or stand wedged together; whilst round them, and between another equally dense mass which lines the walls of the church, a circular lane is formed by two circumferences of Turkish soldiers, who are there to keep order. For the first two hours all is tranquil. Nothing indicates what is coming, except that the two or three pilgrims who have got close to the aperture whence the fire is to spring keep their hands fixed in it with a clench, which is never an instant relaxed. About noon, this circular lane is suddenly broken through by a tangled group rushing violently round till they are caught by one of the Turkish soldiers. It seems to be the belief of the Arab Greeks that unless they run the circuit of the Sepulchre a certain number of times, the fire will not appear. Accordingly, for two hours, or more, a succession of gambols takes place, which an Englishman can only compare to a mixture of prisoner's base, football, and leapfrog.\* He sees a medley of twenty, thirty, fifty men, some of them dressed in sheepskins, some almost naked, racing and catching hold of each other, lifting one of their companions on their shoul-

\* It is possible that in these performances there may be some reminiscence of the ancient funeral games, such as those which took place round the pile of Patroclus. An illustration which comes more home may be found in Tischendorf's description of the races at the tomb of the great Bedouin saint, Sheykh Saleh, in the Peninsula of Sinai, (*Reisen*, ii. p. 207-314), and in Jerome's account of the wild fanatics who performed gambols exactly similar to those of the Greek Easter before the reputed sepulchres of John the Baptist and Elisha, at Samaria—*ululare more luporum, vocibus latrare canum—alios rotare caput, et post tergum terram vertice tangere.* (*Epitaph. Paul.*, p. 113.) Possibly it was in parody of some such spectacles that the Latins held their dances in St. Sophia, in the capture of Constantinople, at the fourth Crusade.

ders, sometimes on their heads, and rushing on with him till he leaps on the ground, when a second succeeds. A fugleman usually precedes the rest, clapping his hands, to which the others respond by the like action, adding wild howls, of which the burden is, "This is the tomb of Jesus Christ—God save the Sultan"—"Jesus Christ has redeemed us." What begins in the lesser groups soon grows in magnitude and extent, till at last the whole of the passage between the troops is continuously occupied by a race, a whirl, a torrent of these wild figures, wheeling round and round like the Sabbath of the Witches in Faust. Gradually the frenzy subsides or is checked; the race-course is cleared, and out of the Greek Church, on the east of the Rotunda, a long procession, with embroidered banners, supplying in their ritual the want of images, defiles round the Sepulchre.

The excitement, which had before been confined to the runners and dancers, now becomes universal. Hedged in by the soldiers, the two huge masses of pilgrims remain in their places, but all join in a wild succession of yells, through which are caught, from time to time, strangely and almost affectingly mingled, the chants of the procession—the stately chants of the church of Basil and Chrysostom—mingled with the yell of savages. Thrice the procession paces round; and at the third circuit the two lines of Turkish soldiers join and fall in behind. The crisis of the day is approaching, and one great movement sways the multitude from side to side. The presence of the Turks is believed to prevent the descent of the fire, and at this point they are driven, or consent to be driven, out of the church. It is difficult to describe the appearance, as of a battle and a victory, which at this moment pervades the church. In every direction the raging mob bursts in upon the troops, who pour out of the building at the south-east corner. The procession is broken through—the banners stagger, waver, and fall, amidst the flight of priests, bishops, and standard-bearers before the tremendous rush. In a small but compact band, the Bishop of Petra (who is on this occasion the Bishop of "the Fire," the representative of the Patriarch) is hurried to the chapel of the Sepulchre, and the door is closed behind him. The whole church is now one heaving sea of heads, resounding with an uproar which can be compared to nothing less than that of the Guildhall of London at a nomination for the City. A single vacant space is left—a nar-

row lane from the fire-hole in the northern side of the chapel to the wall of the church. By the aperture itself stands a priest to catch the flame; and on each side of the lane, so far as the eye can reach, hundreds of bare arms are stretched out like the branches of a leafless forest—like the branches of a forest quivering in some violent tempest.

In earlier and bolder times, the expectation of the Divine presence was raised at this juncture to a still higher pitch by the appearance of a dove hovering above the cupola of the chapel—to indicate, so Maundrell was told,\* and doubtless truly, the visible descent of the Holy Ghost. This extraordinary act, whether of extravagant symbolism or of daring profaneness, has now been discontinued; but the belief remains—and it is only from the knowledge of that belief that the full horror of the scene, and intense excitement of the next few moments, can be adequately conceived. Silent—awfully silent—in the midst of the frantic uproar, stands the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre. If any one could at such a moment be convinced of its genuineness, or could expect a display of miraculous power, assuredly it would be that its very stones would cry out against the wild fanaticism without, and the fraud which is preparing within. At last it comes. A bright flame as of burning wood appears inside the hole—the light, as every educated Greek knows and acknowledges, kindled by the Bishop in the chapel—the light, as every pilgrim believes, of the descent of God himself upon the Holy Tomb. Slowly, gradually, the fire spreads from hand to hand, from taper to taper, till at last the entire edifice, from gallery to gallery, as well as through the whole of the area below, is blazing with thousands of burning candles. It is now that, according to some accounts, the Bishop or Patriarch is carried in triumph out of the Chapel, on the shoulders of the people, in a fainting state, "to give the impression that he is overcome by the glory of the Almighty, from whose immediate presence he is believed to have come."† It is now that a mounted horseman, stationed at the gates of the Church, gallops off with a lighted taper to communicate the sacred fire to the lamps of the Greek Church in the Convent at Bethlehem. It is now that the great rush to escape from the rolling smoke and suffocating heat, and to carry the consecrated tapers into the

\* With this and one or two other alighter variations the account of Maundrell, in the 17th century, is an almost exact transcript of what is still seen.

† Curzon's Monasteries, p. 208.



streets and houses of Jerusalem, leads at times to the violent pressure at the single outlet of the church, which, in 1834, cost the lives of hundreds. For a short time the pilgrims run to and fro—rubbing their faces and breasts against the fire to attest its reputed harmlessness. But the wild enthusiasm terminates the moment after the fire is communicated; and not the least extraordinary part of the spectacle is the rapid and total subsidence of a frenzy so intense—the contrast of the furious agitation of the morning with the profound repose of the evening, when the church is again filled through the area of the Rotunda, through the chapels of Copt and Syrian, through the subterranean Church of Helena, the great nave of Constantine's Basilica, the stairs and platform of Calvary itself; filled in every part, except the one Chapel of the Latin Church, by a mass of pilgrims, who are wrapt in deep sleep, awaiting the midnight service.

Such is the celebration of the Greek Easter—probably the greatest moral argument against the identity of the spot which it professes to honor, and considering the place, the time, and the intention of the professed miracle, the most offensive imposture to be found in the world. It is impossible to give a precise account of the origin of the rite. The explanation often offered, that it has arisen from a misunderstanding of a symbolical ceremony, is hardly compatible with its remote antiquity. As early as the ninth century it was believed that "an angel came and lighted the lamps which hung over the Sepulchre, of which light the Patriarch gave his share to the bishops and the rest of the people, that each might illuminate his own house."\* It was in all probability an imitation of an alleged miraculous appearance of fire in ancient times—suggested perhaps by some actual phenomenon in the neighborhood, such as that which is mentioned in Ammianus's account of Julian's rebuilding the Temple, and assisted by the belief so common in the East, that on every Friday a supernatural light which dazzles the beholders, and supersedes the necessity for lamps, blazes in the sepulchres of Mussulman saints. It is a remarkable instance of a great—it may almost be said awful—superstition gradually deserted by its supporters. Originally all the sects partook in the ceremony, but one

by one they have fallen away. The Roman Catholics, after their exclusion from the church by the Greeks, denounced it as an imposture, and have never resumed it since. Indeed, next to the delight of the Greek pilgrims at receiving the fire, is now the delight of the Latins in deriding what in the "Annals of the Propagation of the Faith" for this very year they describe (forgetful of the past and of S. Januarius at Naples) as a "ridiculous and superstitious ceremony." "Ah! vedete la fantasia," exclaim the happy Franciscans in the Latin gallery, "Ah! qual fantasia!—ecco gli bruti Greci—noi non facciamo così." Later, the grave Armenians deserted, or only with reluctance acquiesced in the fraud; and lastly, unless they are greatly misrepresented, the enlightened members of the Greek Church itself, including, it is said, no less a person than the Emperor Nicholas, would gladly discontinue the ceremony, could they but venture on such a shock to the devotion of thousands who yearly come from far and near, over land and sea, for this sole and special object.

It is doubtless a wretched thought that for such an end as this Constantine and Helena should have planned and builded—for such a worship Godfrey and Tancred, Richard and St. Louis, have fought and died. Yet, in justice to the Greek clergy, it must be remembered that it is but an extreme and instructive example of what every church suffers which has to bear with the weakness and fanaticism of its members, whether brought about by its own corruption or by long and inveterate ignorance. And however repulsive to our European minds may be the frantic orgies of the Arab pilgrims, we ought rather, perhaps, to wonder that these wild creatures should be Christians at all, than that, being such, they should take this mode of expressing their devotion at this great anniversary. The very violence of the paroxysm proves its temporary character. On every other occasion their conduct is sober and decorous, even to dullness, as though—according to the happy expression of one of the most observant of Eastern travellers\*—they were not "working out," but *transacting* the great business of salvation.

It may seem to some a painful, and perhaps an unexpected result of our inquiry, that so great an uncertainty should hang over spots thus intimately connected with the great events of the Christian religion,—that in none the chain of tradition should be un-

\* Bernard the Wise, A.D. 867. *Early Travels in Palestine*, p. 26. There is a story of a miraculous supply of oil for the lighting of the lamps on Easter Eve at Jerusalem, as early as the 2d century.—*Euseb. H. E. vi. 9.*

\* Rothen, p. 137-143.

broken, and in most cases hardly reach beyond the age of Constantine. Is it possible, it is frequently asked, that the disciples of the first age should have neglected to mark and commemorate the scenes of such events? And the answer, though often given, cannot be too often repeated, that it not only was possible, but precisely what we should infer from the absence of any allusion to local sanctity in the writings of the Evangelists and Apostles, who were too profoundly absorbed in the events themselves to think of their localities, too wrapt in the spirit to pay regard to the letter or the place. The loss of the Holy Sepulchre, thus regarded, is a testimony to the greatness of the Resurrection. The loss of the manger of Bethlehem is a witness to the universal significance of the Incarnation. The sites which the earliest followers of our Lord would not adore, their successors could not. The obliteration of the very marks which identified the Holy Places was effected a little later by what may, without presumption, be called the providential events of the time. The Christians of the second generation of believers, even had they been anxious to preserve the recollection of sites which were familiar to their fathers, would have found it in many respects an impossible task after the defacing ruin which attended the capture of Jerusalem by Titus. The same judgment which tore up by the roots the local religion of the old dispensation, deprived of secure basis what has since grown up as the local religion of the new. The total obliteration of the scenes in some instances is at least a proof that no Divine Providence, as is sometimes urged, could have watched over them in others. The desolation of the lake of Gennesareth has swept out of memory places more sacred than any (with the one exception of those at Jerusalem) that are alleged to have been preserved. The cave of Bethlehem and the house of Nazareth, where our Lord passed an unconscious infancy and an unknown youth, cannot be compared for sanctity with that "house" of Capernaum which was the home of his manhood, and the chief scene of his words and works. Yet of that sacred habitation every vestige has perished as though it had never been.

But the doubts which envelop the lesser things do not extend to the greater,—they attach to the "Holy Places," but not to the "Holy Land." The clouds which cover the special localities are only specks in the clear light which invests the general geography of Palestine. Not only are the sites of Jerusalem, Nazareth, and Bethlehem absolutely

indisputable, but there is hardly a town or village of note mentioned in the Old and New Testament which cannot still be identified with a certainty which often extends to the very spots which are signalized in the history. If Sixtus V. had succeeded in his project of carrying off the Holy Sepulchre, the essential interest of Jerusalem would have suffered as little as that of Bethlehem by the alleged transference of the manger to S. Maria Maggiore, or as that of Nazareth, were we to share the belief that its holy house were standing far away on the hill of Loretto. The very notion of the transference being thought desirable or possible, is a proof of the slight connection existing in the minds of those who entertain it between the sanctuaries themselves and the enduring charm which must always attach to the real scenes of great events. It shows the difference (which is often confounded) between the local superstition of touching and handling—of making topography a matter of religion—and that reasonable and religious instinct which leads us to investigate the natural features of historical scenes, sacred or secular, as one of the best helps to judging of the events of which they were the stage.

These "Holy Places" have, indeed, a history of their own, which, whatever be their origin, must always give them a position amongst the celebrated spots which have influenced the fortunes of the globe. The convent of Bethlehem can never lose the associations of Jerome, nor can the Church of the Holy Sepulchre ever cease to be bound up with the recollections of the Crusades, or with the tears and prayers of thousands of pilgrims, which of themselves, amidst whatever fanaticism and ignorance, almost consecrate the walls within which they are offered.

But these reminiscences, and the instruction which they convey, bear the same relation to those awakened by the original and still living geography of Palestine as the later course of ecclesiastical history bears to its divine source. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, in this, as in other aspects, is a type of the history of the Church itself, and the contrast thus suggested is more consoling than melancholy. Alike in sacred topography and in sacred history, there is a wide and free atmosphere of truth above, a firm ground of reality beneath, which no doubts, controversies, or scandals, concerning this or that particular spot, this or that particular opinion or sect, can affect or disturb. The churches of the Holy Sepulchre or of the Holy House

may be closed against us, but we have still the Mount of Olives and the Sea of Galilee : the sky, the flowers, the trees, the fields, which suggested the Parables,—the holy hills, which cannot be moved, but stand fast for ever.

[From Chambers's Journal.]

## THE PARTNER—RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE-OFFICER.

I HAD virtually, though not formally, left the force, when a young man, of gentlemanly but somewhat dissipated aspect, and looking very pale and agitated, called upon me with a note from one of the commissioners, enjoining me to assist the bearer, Mr. Edmund Webster, to the utmost of my ability, if, upon examination, I saw reason to place reliance upon his statement relative to the painful and extraordinary circumstances in which he was involved.

"Mr. Edmund Webster," I exclaimed after glancing at the note. "You are the person, then, accused of robbing Mr. Hutton, the corn-merchant, [the reader will, of course, understand that I make use of fictitious names,] and whom that gentleman refuses to prosecute?"

"The same, Mr. Waters. But although the disgraceful charge, so far as regards legal pursuit, appears to be withdrawn, or rather is not pressed, I and my family shall not be the less shamed and ruined thereby, unless my perfect innocence can be made manifest before the world. It is with that view we have been advised to seek your assistance; and my father desires me to say, that he will hesitate at no expense necessary for the thorough prosecution of the inquiry."

"Very well, Mr. Webster. The intimation of the commissioner is, however, of itself all-potent with me, although I hoped to be concerned in no more such investigations. Have the goodness, therefore, to sit down, and favor me minutely and distinctly with your version of the affair, omitting, if you please, no circumstance, however apparently trivial, in connection with it. I may tell you," I added, opening the note-book from which I am now transcribing, and placing it before me in readiness to begin—"I may tell you, by way of some slight encouragement, that the defense you volunteered at the police-office was, in my

opinion, too improbable to be an invention; and I, as you know, have had large experience in such matters. That also, I suspect, is Mr. Hutton's opinion; and hence not only his refusal to prosecute, but the expense and trouble he has been at, to my knowledge, in preventing either his own or your name from appearing in the papers. Now, Sir, if you please."

"I shall relate every circumstance, Mr. Waters, as clearly and truthfully as possible, for my own sake, in order that you may not be working in the dark; and first, I must beg your attention to one or two family matters, essential to a thorough appreciation of the position in which I am placed."

"Go on, Sir: it is my duty to hear all you have to say."

"My father," proceeded Mr. Edmund Webster, "who, as you are aware, resides in the Regent's Park, retired about five years ago from the business in Mark Lane, which has since been carried on by the former junior partner, Mr. Hutton. Till within the last six months, I believed myself destined for the army, the purchase-money of a cornetcy having been lodged at the Horse Guards a few days after I came of age. Suddenly, however, my father changed his mind, insisted that I should become a partner of Hutton's in the corn-trade, and forthwith withdrew the money lodged for the commission. I am not even yet cognizant of all his motives for this seeming caprice; but those he alleged were, first, my spendthrift, idle habits—an imputation for which, I confess, there was too much foundation; though as to whether the discipline of the counting-house would, as he believed, effect a beneficial change, there might be two opinions. Another, and, I have no doubt, much more powerfully inducing motive with him was, that I had formed an attachment for Miss Ellen Bram-

ton, the second daughter of Captain Bramston, of the East India Company's service, residing at Hampstead upon his half-pay. My father strongly disapproved of the proposed alliance: like most of the successful City men I have known or heard of, he more heartily despises poverty with a laced coat on its back than in rags; and he knew no more effectual plan could be hit upon for frustrating my wishes, than by transforming my expected cornetcy into a partnership in the corn-trade, my imaginary sword for a goose-quill; Captain Bramston, who is distantly related to an earl, being even prouder than he is poor, and a man that would rather see his daughter in her coffin than married to a trader. "It was condescension enough," he angrily remarked, "that he had permitted Ellen Bramston to encourage the addresses of the son of a City parvenue, but it was utterly preposterous to suppose she could wed an actual corn-chandler."

"Corn-chandler!"

"That was Captain Bramston's pleasant phrase, when I informed him of my father's sudden change of purpose. The proposed partnership was as distasteful to myself as to Captain Bramston; but my father proved inexorable—fiercely so, I may say—to my entreaties, and those of my sisters; and I was placed in the dilemma, either of immediate banishment from home, and probable forfeiture of my inheritance, or the loss of Ellen Bramston, to whom, with all my follies, I was and am devotedly attached. After much anxious cogitation, I hit upon a scheme, requiring for a time the exercise of a considerable amount of deceit and dissimulation, which would, I flattered myself, ultimately reconcile interest with inclination: give me Ellen, and not lose my father."

"To which deceit and dissimulation you are doubtless indebted for your present unfortunate position."

"You have rightly anticipated. But to proceed. Mr. Hutton himself, I must tell you, was strongly adverse to receiving me as a partner, though for some reason or other, he durst not openly oppose the project; his son, John Hutton, also bitterly objected to it"—

"His son, John Hutton! I know the character of Hutton senior pretty well; pray what is that of his son?"

"Well, like myself, he is rather fast, perhaps, but not the less a good sort of young fellow enough. He sailed the week before last for Riga, on business."

"Before you were apprehended?"

"On the morning of the same day. Let me see, where was I? Oh—Mr. Hutton's aversion to the partnership, the knowledge of which suggested my plan of operation. I induced him to represent to my father that I should pass at least two or three months in the counting-house, before the matter was irreversibly concluded, for his, Mr. Hutton's sake, in order that it might be ascertained if there was any possibility of taming me into habits of method and application; and I hypocritically enforced his argument—you see I am perfectly candid—by promising ultimate dutiful submission to my father's wishes, provided the final decision were thus respite. The main object I thought to obtain by this apparent compliance was the effectual loosening, before many weeks had passed, of the old gentleman's purse-strings, which had of late been over-tightly drawn. I had several pressing debts of honor, as they are called—debts of dishonor would, according to my experience, be the apter phrase—which it was absolutely necessary to discharge; and the success, moreover, of my matrimonial project entirely depended upon my ability to secure a very considerable sum of money."

"Your matrimonial project?"

"Yes: it was at last arranged, not without much reluctance on the part of Ellen, but I have good reason for believing with the covert approbation of Captain Bramston, that we should effect a stolen marriage, immediately set off for the Continent, and remain there till the parental storm, which on my father's part would, I knew, be tremendous, had blown over. I did not feel much disquieted as to the final result. I was an only son: my sisters would be indefatigable intercessors; and we all, consequently, were pretty confident that a general reconciliation, such as usually accompanies the ringing down of the green curtain at the wind-up of a stage-comedy, would, after no great interval of time, take place. Money, however, was indispensable—money for the wedding expenses, the flight to France, and living there for a considerable time perhaps; and no likelier mode of obtaining it occurred to me than that of cajoling my father into good-humor, by affecting to acquiesce in his wishes. And here I may remark, in passing, that had I been capable of the infamous deed I am accused of, abundant opportunities of plundering Mr. Hutton presented themselves from the first hour I entered his counting-house. Over and over again has he left me alone in his private room, with the keys in the lock of his iron safe, where large sums were fre-



quently deposited, not in bank notes only, but untraceable gold."

"That looks like a singular want of caution in so precise and wary a man as Mr. Hutton," I remarked, half under my breath.

"Nothing of the sort," rejoined Mr. Edmund Webster with some heat, and his pallid face brightly flushing. "It only shows that, with all my faults and follies, it was impossible for any one that knew me to imagine I could be capable of perpetrating a felony."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Webster; I meant nothing offensive to you; the remark was merely the partly involuntary expression of a thought which suddenly glanced across my mind."

"I have little more of preliminary detail to relate," he went on to say. "Contrary to our hopes and expectations, my father became not a whit more liberal with his purse than before—the reverse rather; and I soon found that he intended to keep the screw on till the accomplishment of the hated partnership placed an insuperable bar between me and Ellen Bramston. I used to converse frequently upon these matters with Mr. Hutton, as unreservedly as I do now with you; and I must say that, although extremely anxious to avoid any appearance of opposition to my father, he always expressed the warmest sympathy with my aims and wishes; so much so, in fact, that I at last ventured to ask him for the loan of about five hundred pounds, that being the least sum which would enable me to pay off the most pressing of the claims by which I was harassed, and carry out my wedding project. That favor, however, he flatly refused, under the plea that his having done so would sooner or later come to my father's knowledge."

"And did Mr. Hutton, after that refusal, continue to afford you opportunities of helping yourself, had you been so minded?"

"Yes; unquestionably he did: but what of that?" sharply replied the young man, his pale face again suffused with an angry flush.

"Nothing, Sir; nothing. Go on: I am all attention."

"Well, I made application to several money-lenders with the like ill success, till last Monday fortnight, when I was accosted at Mr. Hutton's place of business in the Corn-market, where I happened to be for a few minutes alone, by a respectable-looking middle-aged man, who asked me if I was the Mr. Edmund Webster who had left a note at Mr. Curtis's, of Bishopgate street, on the

previous Saturday, requesting the loan of five hundred pounds, upon my own acceptance at six months' date. I eagerly replied in the affirmative; upon which Mr. Brown, as the man called himself, asked if I had the promissory-note for five hundred and fifty pounds, as I had proposed, ready drawn; as, if so, he would give me the cash at once. I answered in a flurry of joyous excitement, that I had not the note drawn nor a stamp with me, but if he would wait a few minutes till Mr. Hutton or a clerk came in, I would get one and write the acceptance immediately. He hesitated for a moment, and then said: 'I am in a hurry this morning, but I will wait for you in the coffee-room of the Bay Tree Tavern: have the kindness to be as quick as you can, and draw the note in favor of Mr. Brown.' He had not been gone above three or four minutes, when a clerk came in. I instantly hurried to a stationer's, wrote the note in his shop, and speeded on with it to the Bay Tree Tavern. The coffee-room was full, except the box where sat Mr. Brown, who, after glancing at the acceptance, and putting it quickly up, placed a roll of notes in my hand. 'Do not display your money,' he said, 'before all these people. You can count the notes under the table.' I did so: they were quite correct—ten fifties; and I forthwith ordered a bottle of wine. Mr. Brown, however, alleging business as an excuse, did not wait till it was brought—bade me good-day, and disappeared, taking, in his hurry, my hat instead of his own.

"I was, you will readily believe, exceedingly jubilant at this lucky turn of affairs; and, strange as it must appear to you, and does now to myself, it did not strike me at the time as at all extraordinary or unbusiness-like, that I should have five hundred pounds suddenly placed in my hands by a man to whom I was personally unknown, and who could not, therefore, be certain that I was the Edmund Webster he professed to be in search of. What with the effect of the wine I drank, and natural exultation, I was, I well remember, in a state of great excitement when I left the tavern, and hardly seemed to feel my feet as I hurried away to Mark Lane, to inform Mr. Hutton of my good-luck, and bid his counting-house and the corn-trade a final farewell. He was not at home, and I went in and seated myself in his private room to await his return. I have no doubt that, as the clerk has since deposed, I *did* look flustered, agitated; and it is quite true also, that after vainly waiting for upwards of an hour, I suddenly left the place, and, as it

happened, unnoticed by any body. Immediately upon leaving Mark Lane, I hastened to Hampstead, saw Miss Bramston; and as every thing, with the exception of the money, had been for some time in readiness, it was soon decided that we should take wing at dawn, on the following morning, for Scotland, and thence pass over to France. I next betook myself to Regent's Park, where I dined, and confided every thing to my sisters except as to *how* I had obtained the necessary funds. At about eight in the evening, I took a cab as far as the Haymarket for the purpose of hiring a post-chaise-and-four, and of paying a few debts of honor in that neighborhood. I was personally unknown to the postmaster; it was therefore necessary to prepay the chaise as far as St. Alban's, and I presented him with one of the fifty-pound notes for that purpose. He did not appear surprised at the largeness of the sum, but requested me to place my name and address at the back of the note before he changed it. In my absurd anxiety to prevent the possibility of our flight being traced, I endorsed the note as 'Charles Hart, Great Wimpole street,' and the man left the yard.

"He was gone a considerable time, and I was getting exceedingly impatient, when, to my surprise and consternation, he reëntered the yard accompanied by a police-officer. 'You are the gentleman from whom Mr. Evans received this fifty-pound note a few minutes ago—are you not?' 'Yes, to be sure,' I answered, stammering and coloring, why, I scarcely knew. 'Then step this way, if you please,' said the man. 'That note, with nine others of the same value, is advertised in the evening papers as having been stolen from a gentleman's counting-house in Mark Lane.' I thought I should have fainted; and when a paragraph in the *Globe* was pointed out to me, offering a reward, on the part of Mr. Hutton, for the apprehension of the person or persons who had that day stolen ten fifty-pound Bank-of-England notes—the dates and numbers of which were given—from his office, I was so completely stunned, that but for the police-officer I should have dropped upon the floor. 'This perhaps may be cleared up,' said the officer, 'so far as you, Mr. Hart, are concerned; and I will, if you like, go with you at once to your address at Great Wimpole street.' It was of course necessary to acknowledge that my name was not Hart, and that I had given a false address. This was enough. I was at once secured and taken off to the station-house, searched, and the

other nine notes being found upon me, no doubt was entertained of my guilt. I obstinately declined giving my real name—very foolishly so, as I now perceive, since Mr. Hutton's clerk, the moment he saw me the next day at the police-court, disclosed it as a matter of course. The result you know. Mr. Hutton, when he heard *who* it was that had been taken into custody, kept resolutely out of the way; and, after several remands, I was set at liberty, the magistrate remarking, that he knew of no case which showed, in a more striking light, the need of a public prosecutor in this country. My account of the way in which I became possessed of the notes was, as you know, scouted, and quite naturally; Mr. Curtis, of Bishopsgate street, having denied all knowledge of Mr. Brown, or that he had commissioned any one to present me with five hundred pounds in exchange for my acceptance. Thus stigmatized and disgraced, I returned home to find my father struck down, in what was at first thought would prove mortal illness, by the blow—Captain Bramston's door shut against me—and the settled marriage of my eldest sister, Jane, with an amiable young man, peremptorily broken off by his relatives on account of the assumed criminality of her brother."

"This is indeed a sad, mysterious business, Mr. Webster," I remarked, when the young man had ceased speaking; "but pray tell me, did either Mr. Hutton or his son know of your application to Mr. Curtis?"

"I cannot say that either of them did, though it is more than probable that I mentioned it to both of them."

"Well, Mr. Webster, I have confidence in your veracity; but it is essential that I should see your father before engaging in this business."

"He is anxious you should do so, and as early as possible."

It was then arranged that I should call on Webster, senior, at three o'clock the same afternoon, and announce myself to the servants as Mr. Thompson. I was punctual to the time appointed, and was forthwith ushered by one of the daughters into her father's presence. He was not yet sufficiently recovered to leave his bed; and I had hardly exchanged half-a-dozen sentences with him, when the same young lady by whom I had been introduced, hastily returned to say Mr. Hutton was below, and requested an immediate interview. Mr. Webster bade his daughter tell Mr. Hutton he was engaged, and could not be interrupted; and she was

turning away to do so, when I said hastily : "Excuse me, Mr. Webster, but I should exceedingly like to hear, with my own ears, what Mr. Hutton has to say, unobserved by him."

"You may do so with all my heart," he replied ; "but how shall we manage to conceal you?"

"Easily enough under the bed;" and suiting the action to the word, I was in a moment out of sight. Miss Webster was then told to ask Mr. Hutton to walk up, and in a few minutes that worthy gentleman entered the room. After a few hypocritical condolences upon the invalid's state of health, Mr. Hutton came to the point at once, and with a vengeance.

"I am come, Mr. Webster," he began, in a determined tone, "to say that I will endure this shilly-shallying no longer. Either you give up the bonds you hold of mine, for borrowed moneys"—

"Eleven thousand pounds and upwards!" groaned the sick man.

"About that sum, I am aware, including interest; in discharge of which load of debt I was, you know, to have given a third share of my business to your admirable son. Well, agree at once to cancel those bonds, or I forthwith prosecute your son, who will as certainly be convicted, and transported for life."

"I tell you again," retorted the excited invalid, "that I will not purchase mere forbearance to prosecute at the cost of a single shilling. The accusation would always be hanging over his head, and we should remain for ever disgraced, as we are now, in the eyes of the world."

"I have turned that over in my mind," replied Hutton, "and I think I can meet your wishes. Undertake to cancel the debt I owe you, and I will wait publicly to-morrow upon the magistrate with a letter in my hand purporting to be from my son, and stating that it was he who took the notes from my desk, and employed a man of the name of Brown to exchange them for your son's acceptance, he being anxious that Mr. Edmund Webster should not become his father's partner; a purpose that would necessarily be frustrated if he, Edmund Webster, was enabled to marry and leave this country."

There was no answer to this audacious proposal for a minute or two, and then Mr. Webster said slowly: "That my son is innocent, I am thoroughly convinced"—

"Innocent!" exclaimed Mr. Hutton with savage derision. "Have you taken leave of your senses?"

"Still," continued the invalid, unmindful of the interruption, "it might be impossible to prove him so; and your proposition has a certain plausibility about it. I must, however, have time to consider of it."

"Certainly; let us say till this day week. You cannot choose but comply; for if you do not, as certainly as I stand here a living man, your son shall, immediately after the expiration of that time, be on the high-road to the hulks." Having said this, Mr. Hutton went away, and I emerged from my very undignified lurking-place.

"I begin to see a little clearer through this black affair," I said in reply to the old gentleman's questioning look; "and I trust we may yet be able to turn the tables upon the very confident gentleman who has just left us. Now, if you please," I added, addressing Miss Webster, who had again returned, "I shall be glad of a few moments' conversation with your brother." She led the way down stairs, and I found Mr. Edmund Webster in the dining-room. "Have the kindness," I said, "to let me see the hat Mr. Brown left behind at the tavern in exchange for yours." The young man seemed surprised at the apparent oddness of the request, but immediately complied with it. "And pray, what maker or seller's name was pasted inside the crown of your hat, Mr. Webster."

"Lewis, of Bond street," he replied: "I always purchase my hats there."

"Very good. And now as to Mr. Brown's personal appearance. What is he at all like?"

"A stoutish middle-aged man, with very light hair, prominent nose, and a pale face, considerably pock-marked."

"That will do for the present, Mr. Webster; and let me beg that, till you see me again, not a soul receives a hint that we are moving in this business."

I then left the house. The hat had furnished an important piece of information, the printed label inside being, "Perkins, Guilford, Surrey;" and at the Rose and Crown Inn, Guilford, Surrey, I alighted the very next day at about two o'clock, in the strong hope of meeting in its steep streets or adjacent lanes with a stoutish gentleman, distinguished by very light hair, a long nose, and a white, pock-marked face. The chance was, at all events, worth a trial; and I very diligently set to work to realize it, by walking about from dawn till dark, peering at every head I passed, and spending the evenings in the most frequented parlors of the town. Many a bootless chase I was led by a distant glimpse of light or red hair; and one fellow

with a sandy poll, and a pair of the longest legs I ever saw, kept me almost at a run for two mortal hours one sultry hot morning, on the road to Chertsey, before I headed him, and confronted a pair of fat cheeks, as round and red as an apple, between which lay, scarcely visible, a short snub-nose. Patience and perseverance at length, however, met with their reward. I recognized my man as he was cheapening a joint of meat in the market-place. He answered precisely to the description given me, and wore, moreover, a fashionable hat, strongly suggestive of Bond street. After awhile he parted from his wife, and made towards a public-house, into the parlor of which I entered close after him. I had now leisure to observe him more closely. He appeared to be a respectable sort of man, but a care-worn expression flitted at times over his face, which to me, an adept in such signs, indicated with sufficient plainness much anxiety of mind, arising, probably, from pecuniary embarrassment, not, I judged, from a burdened conscience. I presently obtained further and decisive proof, though that was scarcely needed, that Mr. Skinner, as the waiter called him, was my Mr. Brown: in rising to leave the room, I took his hat, which he had hung up, in apparent mistake for my own, and in the half-minute that elapsed before I replaced it, saw, plainly enough, "Lewis, Bond street, London," on the inside label. The only question now was, how to best avail myself of the lucky turning up of Mr. Brown; and whilst I was meditating several modes of action, the sight of a board, upon which was painted, "This ground to be let in Building Leases; Apply to Mr. Skinner, Builder," at once decided me. I called upon Mr. Skinner, who lived about half a mile out of Guilford, the next morning, inquired as to the conditions of the said leases, walked with him over the ground in question, calculated together how much a handsome country-house would cost, and finally adjourned to the Rose and Crown to discuss the matter further over a bottle of wine. Skinner was as free a soul, I found, as ever liquor betrayed into indiscretion; and I soon heard that he had lately been to London, and had a rich brother-in-law there of the name of Hutton, with other less interesting particulars. This charming confidence, he seemed to think, required a return in kind, and after he had essayed half-a-dozen indirect questions, I came frankly out with: "There's no occasion to beat about the bush, Mr. Skinner: you wish to know who I am, and especially if I am able to pay for the fine house we

have been talking of. Well, then, I am a money-dealer. I lend cash, sometimes, on security."

"A pawnbroker?" queried Mr. Skinner doubtfully.

"Not exactly that: I oftener take persons in pledge, than goods. What I mean by money-dealer, is a man who discounts the signatures of fast men with good expectations, who don't mind paying handsomely in the end for present accommodation."

"I understand; a bill discounter?"

"Precisely. But come, drink, and pass the decanter."

A gleam that shot out of the man's gray eyes strengthened a hope I had hardly dared entertain, that I was on the eve of a great success; but the trout, it was clear, required to be cautiously played. Mr. Skinner presently fell into a brown study which I did not interrupt, contenting myself with refilling his glass as fast as he mechanically emptied it. "A bill discounter," said he at last, putting down his pipe, and turning towards me with a settled purpose in his look. "Is amount and length of time to run of any consequence?"

"None whatever, if the parties are safe."

"Cash down on the nail?"

"Cash down on the nail, *minus* of course the interest."

"Of course. Well, then, Mr. Thompson, I have a promissory-note signed by a Mr. Edmund Webster of London, for five hundred and fifty pounds, at six months' date, which I should like to discount."

"Webster of the Minorities?"

"No; his father is a retired corn-merchant residing in the Regent's Park. The bill's as safe as a Bank-of-England note."

"I know the party. But why doesn't the rich brother-in-law you spoke of cash it for you?"

"Well," replied Skinner, "no doubt he would; but the fact is, there is a dispute between us about this very note. I owe him a goodish bit of money; and if he got it into his hands, he'd of course be for deducting the amount; and I've been obliged to put him off by pretending it was accidentally burned soon after I obtained it."

"A queer story, my friend; but if the signature's genuine, I don't mind that, and you shall have the cash at once."

"Here it is, then," said Skinner, unclasping a stout leather pocket-book. "I don't mind throwing back the odd fifty pounds."

I eagerly grasped the precious document, glanced at it, saw it was all right, placed it



in my pocket, and then suddenly changing my tone, and rising from the table, said—“Now then, Skinner, *alias* Brown, I have to inform you that I am a detective police-officer, and that you are my prisoner.”

“Police! prisoner!” shouted the astounded man, as he leaped to his feet: “what are you talking of?”

“I will tell you. Your brother-in-law employed you to discount the note now in my possession. You did so, pretending to be a Mr. Brown, the agent of a Mr. Curtis; but the villainous sequel of the transaction—the charging young Mr. Webster with having stolen the very fifty-pound notes you gave him in the coffee-room of the Bay Tree Tavern—I do not believe, thanks to Master Hutton’s success in suppressing the names in the police reports, you can be aware of.”

The bewildered man shook as with ague in every limb, and, when I ceased speaking, protested earnestly that he had had no evil design in complying with his brother-in-law’s wishes.

“I am willing to think so,” I replied; “but, at all events, you must go with me to London—quietly were best.”

To this he at last, though very reluctantly, consented; and half an hour afterwards we were in the train, and on our road to London.

The next morning, Mr. Webster’s solicitors applied to Mr. Hutton for the immediate liquidation of the bonds held by their client. This, as we had calculated, rendered him furious; and Edmund Webster was again arrested on the former charge, and taken to the Marlborough street police-office, where his father, Captain Bramston, and other friends, impatiently awaited his appearance. Mr. Hutton this time appeared as prosecutor,

and deposed to the safe custody of the notes on the morning of the robbery.

“And you swear,” said Mr. Webster’s solicitor, “that you did not with your own hands give the pretendedly stolen notes to Brown, and request him to take them in Mr. Curtis’s name to young Mr. Webster?”

Hutton, greatly startled, glanced keenly in the questioner’s face, and did not immediately answer. “No, I did not,” he at last replied, in a low, shaking voice.

“Let me refresh your memory. Did you not say to Brown, or rather Skinner, your brother-in-law?”

A slight scream escaped the quivering lips of the detected conspirator, and a blaze of frenzied anguish and alarm swept over his countenance, leaving it as white as marble. No further answer could be obtained from him; and as soon as possible he left the office, followed by the groans and hisses of the excited auditory. Skinner was then brought forward: he made a full and ample confession, and Edmund Webster was at once discharged, amid the warm felicitations of the magistrate and the uproarious gratulations of his friends. It was intended to indict Mr. Hutton for perjury; but the unhappy man chose to appear before a higher tribunal than that of the Old Bailey. He was found dead in his bedroom early the next morning. His affairs were found to be in a state of insolvency, though the deficit was not large—15*s.* in the pound having been, I understood, ultimately paid to the creditors. Miss Ellen Bramston, I must not in conclusion omit to state, became Mrs. Edmund Webster shortly after the triumphant vindication of her lover’s character; and, I believe, Miss Webster was made a wife on the same day.

CORBIÈRES.—Monsieur de Corbières, Minister of the Interior, under the Restoration of the Bourbons, having risen from the humbler ranks of life, and frequented only the society of the middle classes, was, though an able man, naturally ignorant of a thousand minor points of etiquette which emigrated, with the royal family, from Versailles to Hartwell, and returned with them from Hartwell to the Tuileries. The Breton lawyer was, consequently, perpetually committing himself by lapses of politeness, which afforded much laughter to the King and court. But his ready wit never failed to get him out of the scrape.

One day, while submitting some important plans to Louis XVIII., so pre-occupied was he by the subject under discussion, that, after taking a pinch of snuff, he placed his snuff-box on the table among the papers; and, immediately afterwards, laid his pocket-handkerchief by its side.

“You seem to be emptying your pockets, Monsieur de Corbières,” remonstrated the King, with offended dignity.

“A fault on the right side on the part of a minister, Sire!” was the ready retort. “I should be far more sorry if your Majesty had accused me of *filling* them!”

From Fraser's Magazine.

## THE HOUSE OF BRUNSWICK IN GERMANY AND ENGLAND.\*

THE pen of the learned Gibbon was employed upon the antiquities of the noble House of Brunswick, of which the royal family of England are a younger branch. During the middle ages, the Guelphs fought a good fight against the Ghibelline party, which was, however, the successful one, and for a long time the Guelphs had to feel the oppression of their foes. But their star was once more in the ascendant during the reign of Ernest Augustus, the first Elector of Hanover, whose marriage with Sophia Stuart, the daughter of Frederick, the unfortunate King of Bohemia, and of Elizabeth Stuart, opened to the small House of Hanover the succession to the English throne.

Sophia Stuart's youth was passed in the stormy times of the Thirty Years' War. She was born in Holland in 1630, the year when Gustavus Adolphus entered Germany, and was educated in England. She was one of the few among princes who turned the misfortunes and miseries of her youth to good account. Her greatest friend in after-life was Leibnitz, who never called her by any other name than "our great Electress." Her shining qualities completely cast her husband into the shade. The Great Electress, however, never lived to enjoy the honor she so much coveted, of having engraved on her tombstone, "Sophia, Queen of England." She died on the 8th June, 1714, but two short months before the death of Queen Anne opened the succession to her. She was struck by apoplexy in her garden at Herrenhausen, in her eighty-sixth year. It was an unusually fine evening, and she had, as was her custom, been walking with her son George, the Elector, in full health; a shower came on, and after running in, she sank on the ground, and in a few minutes was dead.

We will not follow Dr. Vehse in his account of the intrigues and counter-intrigues of the two rival factions into which England was split at the time when George I. ascended the throne,

more especially as his authorities are all accessible to the English reader. Dr. Vehse has laid *Walpole's Memoirs and Letters*, *Wrazall's Memoirs*, the *Lexington Correspondence*, and various other subsequent English works, good, bad, and indifferent, under heavy contribution, and has produced an amusing, gossiping book out of these materials. His estimate of the German House of Hanover is high, but his picture of the English is flattering enough to our national vanity; much of the interest of the book is derived from seeing ourselves so favorably portrayed through German spectacles.

The precautions taken by the Earl of Shewsbury and his party in the Government, prevented the slightest disturbances when Queen Anne died, on the 12th August, 1714, and the Elector of Hanover was proclaimed King of Great Britain and Ireland.

Lord Clarendon, the English Minister at the Court of Hanover, was the first to convey this piece of news to George I.

It was an important, but by no means a pleasant announcement, says Dr. Vehse, the intelligence that the people of England expected him as their king. We possess testimony to this effect in a confidential letter written by Marshal Schulenburg to Baron Steinghens, the envoy of the Palatinate in London, in which, under the date of the 10th August, 1714, only two days before the death of Queen Anne, he says,—“It is quite evident that George is profoundly indifferent as to the upshot of this question of succession; nay, I would even bet that when it really comes to the point he will be in despair at having to give up his place of residence, where he amuses himself with trifles, in order to assume a post of honor and dignity. He is endowed with all the qualities requisite to make a finished nobleman, but he lacks all those that make a king.” George's instinct taught him that he would play a sorry part in England. He, a petty German prince, among a nation of princes, the great lords and the rich gentry. He came from a country where the prince was almost absolute, and would go into a land where the people treated him almost on the footing of equality; where the whole of the best society, which had the *entré* at court, consisted of people who united the courtier with the republican, the noble with the roturier. He was not so far wrong in

\* *Geschichte de Höfe des Hauses Braunschweig in Deutschland und England.* By Dr. Edward Vehse. 4 vols. Hamburg, 1853.

looking forward to his entry into such a country with some anxiety. People of quality were not to his taste, ceremony was not to his liking.

However, spite of his unwillingness, go he must. He put off his departure for a whole month. On the 11th of September he left Herrenhausen, accompanied by his son, and Caroline of Anspach, his daughter-in-law. Their children followed in October.

George I. (says Dr. Vehse) appeared to the English to be a type of the Stuarts, after the German fashion. He was obstinate and tyrannical, but he had no spark of that romantic spirit which cost Mary Stuart and Charles I. their heads, and James II. his throne. George I. was passionate, but after his own peculiar manner; he was even cruel and hateful: but he was all this, as it seemed to the English, after a middle-class vulgar fashion, without any trace of that elegance or grace which the nobility and gentry of England possessed, and expected to find in those who were called to reign over them. But George was a Protestant, and old England was determined to remain Protestant, at any price. It therefore put up with him. Not less than fifty-four members of reigning houses in Europe, who all had a better title to it than George I., were excluded from the English throne. . . . Sophia Stuart, George's mother, the daughter of the beautiful Elizabeth of Bohemia, the only sister of the beheaded Charles, came, according to actual law, after all these, but she was the only one who happened to be a Protestant.

George was deficient in intellectual qualities, in tact and dignity, in short, in all the attributes which should adorn a king, or even a subject; but he had the one qualification needed, he was opposed to Catholicism, and an enemy to France and Louis XIV. So he was selected before scores of others, who had a better right to the throne than he.

George appeared in England with a seraglio of hideous old women, some of whom came with him, and others joined him afterwards. There was the Countess Kielmansegge, nick-named the "Elephant," and the "May-pole," Schulenburg, who had her two nieces, as they were called, with her. The King of England shut himself up with them every evening. The London mob surrounded the coaches of these German women, and hissed them, partly for their total want of beauty, partly because it was soon discovered that they sold their influence with the King for money. A host of broadsides and caricatures issued from the press.

The first Elector, Ernest Augustus, had introduced into Hanover the French custom of royal mistresses. He, his son George I., and his grandson, took their favorites from one and the same family. For nearly one hundred years, the family of Platen supplied this article of royal luxury. First, there was the "wicked Countess Platen," to whom we shall presently have occasion to return; her

daughter, the Countess Kielmansegge, who subsequently was created Countess of Darlington; her step-daughter, the younger Countess Platen; Frau von der Bussche, a sister of the wicked Countess Platen; and a fifth lady, Countess Walmoden, afterwards created Countess of Yarmouth, who was grand-niece of the same "wicked Platen."

In 1682, George I., then Crown Prince of Hanover, had married his cousin, Sophia Dorothea, the daughter of George, Duke of Zell, of whose memoirs an English version appeared in 1845. This publication was chiefly founded upon a biography of Sophia Dorothea, entitled *A short Account of my Fate and Prison*, by the Princess Dora of Aquilon, published in Hamburg, in 1840; and the original of this again was written in French, and called *Précis de mon Destin et de ma Prison*. The memoirs, published in London, contain this autobiography, and an account, written by the Princess's intimate friend and faithful servant, Fraulein von Knesbeck, to the Crown Princess of Prussia, the daughter of Sophia Dorothea. The second volume contains the "Diary of Conversations." The biography commences with the first appearance of Count Königsmark in Hanover, in the year 1685, and ends with the last days of Sophia Dorothea's imprisonment in the fortress of Ahlden, in 1726. From this place she took the name of Princess of Ahlden. This work treats the Princess as a martyr, but these illusions, says Dr. Vehse, have been dispelled by some letters between the Princess and her lover, Königsmark, published by Professor Palmblad, in Upsala, in 1847, which leave scarcely any doubt as to the intimate connection subsisting between them. The Princess of Ahlden obviously meant to add the sanction of marriage to her connection with Königsmark, if she could have escaped from her husband; but the catastrophe took place shortly before the preparations for flight were finally arranged.

Sophia Dorothea, the Crown Princess of Hanover, born in the year 1666, the daughter of George William, Duke of Zell, and his French wife, Eleonora d'Olbreuse, was married at sixteen, in 1682, to her cousin George of Hanover. The French blood that flowed in her veins, and the education she received at the gay court of Zell, had their effect. "Her mother," says her cousin, the Duchess of Orleans, "brought her up to coquetry and gallantry." She was clever, excitable, and full of imagination. She was of the middle size, and of exquisite form, with fair

brown hair, her face oval, and her complexion good. This lively young girl was ill-suited to her silent, dull husband; and their married life was not happy. George was often absent in the wars, and his return did not improve matters. She loved pleasure, he nothing but hunting and his favorites—Frau von der Bussche, Melusina Schulenburg, afterwards Duchess of Kendal, and Countess Kielmansegge. Sophia Dorothea soon bestowed her affections upon Count Philip of Königsmark, the handsome brother of Aurora, the famous mistress of Augustus the Strong, King of Poland, and the mother of Marshal Saxe.

Philip, Count Königsmark, was descended from an old Brandenburg family. Some of the race had settled in Sweden. Philip's grandfather, Hans Christopher, had made himself a name during the Thirty Years' War, as a partisan-leader under Gustavus Adolphus and Wrangel. After the peace of Westphalia, he became Governor of Bremen and Verden, which were garrisoned by Swedish troops. He left his children an immense fortune, won by his right hand. At the taking of Prague he acquired great booty. This Count Hans Christopher, like all his race, was herculean in form, and of a wild, savage temper: when inflamed with passion, his face assumed the most hideous aspect, his hair stood on end like the bristles of a wild boar, and he inspired terror among his enemies.

His grandson, Philip of Königsmark, was born in 1662, and inherited his mother's beauty. She was a daughter of the Swedish house of Wrangel, famous for their beauty. Philip was brought up at the Court of Zell, and passed much of his youth with Sophia Dorothea, for whom he entertained a youthful passion. *Depuis que je vous ai vue*, he writes to her during one of his campaigns on the Rhine, *mon cœur s'est senti touché sans oser le dire, et quoique l'enfance, où j'étais, m'empêchait de vous déclarer ma passion, je ne vous ai pas moins aimé*. From Zell young Königsmark was sent to finish his education in England, at the corrupt court of Charles II. In this country, he was involved with his elder brother Charles John, in a scandalous matter—the murder of Thomas Thynne, "Tom of ten thousand," as he was called, who had married the heiress of the Percy family, whom Königsmark wanted for himself. This murder was committed on the 12th February, 1682, in the public streets, in Pall-Mall, nearly opposite the opera-house colonnade. Thynne was shot by three hired mur-

derers, George Borosky, Christopher Vraats, and John Storn, who were subsequently all executed for the murder: the principal, Charles John Count Königsmark, fled, but was taken at Gravesend; Vraats was offered a free pardon if he would peach against the Königsmarks; but Vraats held his peace, and was executed. Charles John Count Königsmark was killed fighting against the Turks in the Morea, in 1686; and the subsequent catastrophe of Philip, Count Königsmark, was looked upon as a just punishment for the share he had in this transaction, and in the sacrifice of Vraats's life.

Philip of Königsmark next took service, in 1685, under the Elector Ernest Augustus of Hanover, and renewed his old acquaintance with the lively Crown Princess, who lived, as we have said, unhappily with her cold and uncongenial husband.

It appears from the correspondence quoted by Dr. Vehse that the lovers met in secret: the Princess even went to Königsmark's lodgings, which, according to tradition, were in the present "Hotel de Strelitz," on the "Neumarkt." In one of his letters, Königsmark writes: *Demain à dix heures je serai au rendezvous*. In another: *Mon oncle, c'est pour toi seule, que je vis et que je respire*. At an evening party Count Königsmark lost out of his hat a *billet doux*, written to him by the Princess; great was his consternation: he did not fear for himself—but to lose her for ever! The Princess consoles him by telling him that if he thought that the fear of exposure or of losing her reputation (these words were written in cipher) prevented her from seeing him, he did her great injustice. She steadfastly hoped some day to marry him, and to withdraw into some remote corner of the world, while Königsmark dreamt of winning her and a position, by some chivalrous enterprise. He was jealous when she spoke to any one else—particularly to an Austrian, Count Von Piemont. All this did not escape the lynx eyes of others. The "wicked Countess of Platen" (whose advances Count Königsmark had repelled) saw in this the means of wreaking her vengeance on one who had spurned her love, and on a hated rival. The "wicked Countess Platen" simulated the warmest interest in the confiding Princess, and pretended to favor the intrigue, while she drew the net tighter round her two victims. Königsmark's indiscretion, in boasting at a dinner-table of his connection with the Princess, and of his scorn for Countess Platen—the *aperta injuria formæ*—words which were



transmitted forthwith to Countess Platen, brought matters to a crisis: the scorned one vowed to ruin Königsmark and the Princess.

The Crown Prince was about to proceed to Berlin, and this seemed a good opportunity for the two lovers to carry their long-cherished plan for flight into execution; it was proposed by Königsmark to escape by way of Hamburg into France; the Princess preferred seeking shelter at the court of Duke Antony Ulrich of Brunswick.

On the 1st of July, 1694, between ten and eleven at night, Königsmark paid his last visit to the Princess in the palace at Hanover. He had disguised himself in "a pair of old gray linen trousers, an old white shirt, (camisol,) and a brown overcoat." This visit was to talk over the arrangements for their flight, Königsmark's servants and carriages being all ready for instant departure to Dresden or elsewhere.

The interview lasted longer than was prudent; the Princess's faithful attendant, Fraulein von Knesbeck, frequently urged them to bring it to a close. At length Königsmark went away, and the rest of the night was passed by the Princess in packing up such valuables as she meant to take with her.

The wicked Countess Platen had received notice from her spies that Königsmark was with the Princess, and had obtained the Elector's authority to have him arrested, under the plea of saving the honor of the princely house.

The Crown Princess lived in that part of the palace at Hanover which now forms the state apartments. A corridor leads out of these apartments by the Rittersaal, a large hall which joined the rooms occupied by the Princess to those inhabited by the Crown Prince. Königsmark went along this corridor, humming a tune, till he came to a small door, leading down some steps into the garden—a door which was usually left open; but this time he found it locked. He then went along another corridor, running along the length of the Rittersaal, and came to an ante-room built over the court chapel, where there was a large chimney built to receive the smoke from the apparatus to heat the chapel. Four halberdiers had been posted in this dark corner. Countess Platen had charged these halberdiers to take Königsmark prisoner, but in the event of his offering any resistance, they were to use their weapons. It appears from the statement afterwards made by one of these halberdiers to a

clergyman of the name of Cramer, that Königsmark was not without suspicions of unfair play, as he had unsheathed his sword, and, when attacked, defended himself bravely, wounding several of his opponents, until, his sword breaking, he was overpowered. He was borne, mortally wounded, into a room close by, where his old enemy Countess Platen was; on seeing her, he collected his last remaining strength to pour his execrations upon her, to which she replied by stamping with her feet upon his bleeding face. Königsmark was then taken into a small cellar, which could be filled with water by means of a pipe; there he was drowned. The following morning his body was burned in an oven, and this was walled up.

For a long time no one knew what had become of Königsmark; the most extraordinary rumors were current about him; all the inquiries set on foot by the Court of Dresden, at the instigation of Aurora, Königsmark's sister, the reigning favorite of the new Elector of Saxony, were fruitless. Aurora was told by the Elector of Hanover that he was not her brother's keeper.

The Princess, on hearing the news of this horrible catastrophe, gave way to the most violent expressions of grief; "whereby," says Fräulein Knesbeck, "she exposed herself to the suspicion that the murdered Count was something more than a common friend." She declared loudly that she would no longer live among barbarians and murderers. She was even said to have attempted self-destruction. The breach between her husband and her father-in-law and herself was made wider; the scandal was notorious, and could no longer be concealed. Proceedings were therefore instituted against the Princess; the reasons given for the separation were her attempts at flight, and the Princess was condemned to imprisonment for life. The circumstance that the Princess swore in the most solemn manner that she had kept her marriage vow, and that her lady-in-waiting confirmed this statement, rendered the matter of the Princess's guilt highly problematical, till the publication of the letters by Palmblad and others. In her own autobiography, the Princess is no longer the ardent, incautious lover of former years. The separation took effect at Hanover on the 28th October, 1694, and the Princess, who was then eight-and-twenty, was carried to Ahlden, a small place about four German miles from Zell, the residence of her father and mother.

The Princess's friend and companion, Fraulein von Knesbeck, was imprisoned in the fortress of Schwarzfels, in the Harz; but escaped, after three years' duration. She was aided in her escape by a faithful old servant, disguised as a tiler. This man let himself down from the roof in front of her window, entered her room, and, placing her in a sort of rope cradle, let her down into the moat, and himself after her. Horses had been prepared, with which they escaped, first to Wolfenbüttel, and then to Berlin, where Fraulein von Knesbeck entered the service of the Queen of Prussia. The Commander of the fortress of Schwarzfels reported to the Elector of Hanover that the Devil, in the shape of a tiler, had carried off the Fraulein through a hole in the roof. He could not account for her escape in any other way.

Sophia Dorothea passed two-and-thirty years in her prison. The death of her father in 1705, and of her mother in 1723, gave her a very tolerable income. The company she saw consisted of two ladies and a gentleman-in-waiting, and the Commandant of Ahlden, who dined regularly every day with her. She was allowed free intercourse with mechanics and tradesmen, but not with people of the higher class. She employed herself during her imprisonment in the management of her domains—the inspection of her household accounts—needle-work—reading, and in works of charity and the offices of religion.

It was said that when George I. ascended the English throne, it was proposed to her to quit her retreat; but that she replied, if she were guilty she was unworthy to be a Queen; and if innocent, the King was unfit to be her husband; and thus she remained at Ahlden. At first, she was kept a close prisoner; but afterwards she was allowed to drive out some miles from the town, but always with an escort. She corresponded with her son and daughter, and frequently saw her mother.

The Princess once made an attempt to escape, which was unsuccessful; a certain Count von Bar, of an Osnabruck family, re-

ceived 125,000 florins to aid her in her flight. This man kept the money, in spite of an action at law. The treason of one in whom she trusted affected the Princess to such a degree as to bring on a fever, which carried her off at the age of sixty.

George I. survived her one year. There was a sort of prophecy that he would not outlive her a year, and her death made a great impression upon him. He fell into a deep melancholy, and expressed a strong anxiety to see Hanover once more. On his way thither, with the Duchess of Kendal, he fell ill at Bentheim; he proceeded, however, on his journey, and was struck with apoplexy at Ippenburen, in Westphalia. His eyes became glassy, and his tongue hung from his mouth; he reached Osnabruck a corpse.

According to vulgar report, Sophia Dorothea, on her death-bed, summoned her husband to appear before the judgment-seat of God within a year and a day. This letter was not delivered to him in England, but was kept for his arrival in Germany. He opened it in the carriage, and was seized with fainting fits, which ended in a stroke of apoplexy. The appearance of his face caused the report to be spread abroad that the Devil had twisted his neck round.

The wicked Countess Platen, the murderer of Count Königsmark, was blind for several years before her death, which took place in 1706. During her last illness she was haunted by Königsmark's ghost perpetually seated at her bed-side.

We have now disposed of most of the *dramatis personæ* who played a part in the catastrophe of the Princess of Ahlden and Count Königsmark, and can only refer such of our readers who like gossip and amusing scandal, culled from various sources, to Dr. Vehse's work. The learned Doctor promises to go seriatim through all the petty courts of Germany. Let them look well to it, for nothing seems to escape him. He has a keen nose and the patience of the sleuth-hound for the discovery and recording of royal delinquencies.

From the Retrospective Review.

## THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE AND HER WORKS.\*

WHEN the peculiarities of individual eccentricity are thrust upon the notice of the world by the boldness of authorship, it is at least well for those whose attention is thus publicly arrested when honesty of purpose and a high tone of virtuous sentiment are found to have directed the feelings and intellect of the writer. Nor are we sure that in cases where a spirit of truthfulness is manifestly predominant, a conformity with the received and conventional notions of the day, or even with those of the world at large, is the most propitious vehicle for its conveyance to the reader's conscience or judgment. It is not among the uneccentric and conformable that we may hope to meet with the most earnest and genuine expression of character and feeling. We have been led into these observations by a consideration of the character of the remarkable woman whose autobiography forms the subject of the present notice. Vain, pedantic, utterly wanting in taste and judgment, and so bitten with the *Cacoethes scribendi* as to have brought down upon herself, with some show of justice, the unmitigated contempt and ridicule of Walpole, she has nevertheless in some of her numerous productions exhibited an exalted tone of moral feeling which challenges our admiration and respect, while its utterance has, in our judgment, derived additional piquancy and life from those very foibles whose fuller development exposed her to ridicule. More especially, we think, does this prove to be the case when, as in the work here noticed, she undertakes to describe the details of her own character and the realities of her own history. In an honestly written autobiography, the facts of which it must be constructed serve as checks upon those often involuntary falsifiers of the character, pride, ambition, and vanity, while these very weaknesses in their turn not unfrequently engender a sensitiveness to all appertaining to self, which

supplies the memory with details, and the feelings with warmth to depict them. Sullied virtues must be acknowledged to be virtues still, and he is no wise man who rejects the sterling metal for the tarnish that may happen to obscure its brilliancy. Of such metal do we esteem the authoress of this autobiography to have been made. She was, it is true, as proud, as vain, and as ambitious as any among the daughters of ambitious Eve, nor can we even say that her ambition or her pride were of an exalted order, inasmuch as they appear to have been the servants, rather than the accomplices, of her vanity: nevertheless we are bold to assert that this same unworthy vice of vanity, being itself in her the bondmaid of truth, was forced into most beneficial service when she put her hand to paper to write "The true Relation of the birth, breeding, and life of Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle." Hear in what explicit terms of submission the Vice makes her surrender to the victorious Virtue. "I fear ambition," says the Duchess, "inclines to vain-glory; for I am very ambitious; yet it is neither for beauty, wit, titles, wealth, or power, but as they are steps to raise me to Fancy's Tower, which is to live by remembrance in after ages."

But as, spite of the numerous productions by which she aimed at securing to herself this "remembrance in after ages," it is probable that many of our readers may not have met with any of her works, except perhaps a few lines, descriptive of Melancholy, quoted with commendation in the "Connoisseur," No. 60, or possibly not have met with any notice of her biography beyond the few incidental remarks on her eccentricities which occur in contemporaneous history, we will at once, and briefly, introduce them to her ladyship's acquaintance. Margaret Cavendish, second wife to William, the first Duke of Newcastle, was the youngest daughter of Sir Charles Lucas, of St. John's, near Colchester. The date of her birth is never specified, but Anthony à Wood (art. Charlton) makes her fifty when she died; hence she was born in 1623. To use her own words, "her father

\*A true Relation of the Birth, Breeding, and Life of Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle. Written by herself, extracted from her folio volume entitled 'Nature's Pictures drawn by Fancy's Pencil to the Life.' Fol. London: 1656.

was a gentleman, which title is grounded and given by merit, not by princes, and 'tis the act of time, not favor;" a remark, as Sir Egerton Brydges observes, which had already been used by Lord Bacon, with regard to old nobility; "and though my father was not a peer of the realm, yet there were few peers who had much greater estates, or lived more noble therewith; yet at that time great titles were to be sold, and not at so high rates, but that his estate might have easily purchased, and was prest for to take; but my father did not esteem titles, unless they were gained by heroic actions, and the kingdom being in a happy peace with all other nations, and in itself being governed by a wise king (King James), there was no employments for heroic spirits." Towards the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign her father had been compelled to flee the country, and the severity of the Queen, for having killed, in a duel, one Mr. Brooks, a brother of Lord Cobham, "a great man with Queen Elizabeth;" but, on the accession of King James, he obtained his pardon and leave to return home, where "he lived happily and died peaceably, leaving a wife and eight children, three sons and five daughters," our authoress being an infant when he died.

This state of seclusion and restriction naturally engendered a reserve which, when a separation took place upon her becoming one of the maids of honor to Queen Henrietta Maria, in 1643, showed itself in so distressing a degree of *mauvaise honte*, that "she durst neither look up with her eyes, nor speak, nor be any way sociable, inasmuch as she was thought a natural fool." The *naïveté* of her account of her going into the world, and her subsequent attachment and marriage to the Marquis of Newcastle, is truly exquisite. It is most curious to contrast the excessive reserve therein described, doubtless the result of her secluded education, with the bold eccentricity of demeanor exhibited in the later years of her life and subsequent to the date of this autobiography. It is hence most important to observe the dates at which these different manifestations of the character of this strange woman are presented to our notice, and thus we may find a clue to its apparent inconsistencies. We are inclined to believe that excessive reserve is almost always based upon a deep-seated and often an unconscious pride, and when we read the following brief snatches of description occurring incidentally in Pepys' graphic "Diary," we think that an explanation must be looked for in the fact that the Duchess's vanity may have increased and her

reserve decreased with the advance of life, and especially with the prosperity of her later years.

The following are the extracts from Pepys to which we allude:

"11th April, 1667.—To White Hall, thinking there to have seen the Duchesse of Newcastle coming this night to Court to make a visit to the Queene, the King having been with her yesterday, to make her a visit since her coming to Town. The whole story of this lady is a romance, and all she does is romantic. Her footmen in velvet coats, and herself in an antique dress, as they say; and was the other day at her own play 'The Humorous Lovers' the most ridiculous thing that ever was wrote, and yet she and her Lord mightily pleased with it, and she at the end made her respects to the players from her box, and did give them thanks. There is as much expectation of her coming to Court, that so people may come to see her, as if it were the Queene of Sheba; but I lost my labour, for she did not come this night.

"26th of April, 1667.—Met my Lady Newcastle going with her coaches and footmen all in velvet; herself whom I never saw before, as I have heard her often described, for all the town-talk is now-a-days of her extravagancies, with her velvet cap, her hair about her ears, many black patches, because of pimples about her mouth, naked necked, without any thing about it, and a black just-au-corps. She seemed to me a very comely woman; but I hope to see more of her on May-day.

"1st May, 1667.—Thence Sir W. Pen and I in his coach, Tiburn way into the Park, where a horrid dust and number of coaches, without pleasure or order. That which we and almost all went for, was to see my Lady Newcastle; which we could not, she being followed and crowded upon by coaches all the way she went, that nobody could come near her; only I could see she was in a large black coach adorned in silver instead of gold, and so white curtains, and everything black and white, and herself in her cap.

"10th May, 1667.—Drove hard towards Clerkenwell, thinking to have overtaken my Lady Newcastle whom I saw before us in her coach, with 100 boys and girls running looking upon her, but I could not, and so she got home before I could come up to her. But I will get a time to see her."

This affectation is confirmed by Granger, who describes a portrait of her at Welbeck, one of the Duke's mansions, attired in a theatrical habit, which she usually wore. And Evelyn also states that when he went to make court to the Duke and Duchess at their house in Clerkenwell, "he was much pleased with the extraordinary fanciful habit, garb, and discourse of the Duchess." And on a subsequent occasion, he says, "went againe with my wife to the Dutchess of Newcastle, who received her in a kind of transport, suitable to her extravagant humor and dresse which was very singular."



There is an excess of bizarrerie exhibited in this description which we feel inclined to think attached to the later and more prosperous years of her life; but while contrasting it with the reserve of her early days, it is remarkable to notice that she herself, with apparent unconsciousness of their incongruity, relates these two peculiarities in her character in almost the same breath, as follows:

"For my part I had rather sit at home and write or walk in my chamber and contemplate. But I hold it necessary sometimes to appear abroad; besides I do find that several objects do bring new materials for my thoughts and fancies to build upon. Yet I must say this in the behalf of my thoughts, that I never found them idle; for if the senses bring no work in, they will work of themselves, like silk-worms that spin out of their own bowels. Neither can I say I think the time tedious when I am alone, so I be near my Lord and know he is well. I always took delight in a singularity, even in accoutrements of habits; but whatsoever I was addicted to either in fashions of cloths, contemplation of thoughts, actions of life, they were lawful, honest, honorable, and modest; of which I can avouch to the world with a great confidence, because it is a pure truth."

If there be vanity in the following frank delineation of personal character, we must acknowledge that we are supplied with a picture of manifest truthfulness which we might hope for in vain from the hand of a would-be modest person.

"As for my disposition, it is more inclining to be melancholy than merry, but not crabbed or peevish melancholy: and I am apt to weep rather than laugh; not that I do often either of them. Also, I am tender natured; for it troubles my conscience to kill a fly, and the groans of a dying beast strike my soul. Also, where I place a particular affection, I love extraordinarily and constantly, yet not fondly, but soberly and observingly; not to hang about them as a trouble, but to wait upon them as a servant; but this affection will take no root, but where I think or find merit, and have leave both from Divine and Moral laws; yet I find this passion so troublesome, as it is the only torment of my life, for fear any evil misfortune, or accident, or sickness, or death should come unto them, inasmuch as I am never freely at rest. Likewise I am grateful, for I never received a courtesy but I am impatient and troubled until I can return it; also I am chaste, both by nature and education, inasmuch as I do abhor an unchaste thought; likewise I am seldom angry, as my servants may witness for me, for I rather chose to suffer some inconveniences than disturb my thoughts, which makes me wink many times at their faults; but I am easily pacified, if it be not such an injury as may create a hate; likewise I am neither spiteful, envious, nor malicious; I repine not at the gifts that nature or fortune

bestows upon others, yet I am a great emulator; for though I wish none worse than they are, yet it is lawful for me to wish myself the best, and to do my honest endeavour thereunto; for I think it no crime to wish myself the exactest of Nature's works, my thread of life the longest, my chain of destiny the strongest, my mind the peaceablest, my life the pleasantest, my death the easiest, and [myself] the greatest Saint in heaven."

Her marriage with the Marquis of Newcastle, at that time a widower, took place in 1645 at Paris, whither she had accompanied Queen Henrietta Maria. This was during the Marquis's exile, he having abruptly left the country after the fatal battle of Marston Moor, in which he had shown his usual gallantry in the cause of the King, but the event of which was the almost total destruction of his infantry. During the long period of his exile, in which he often labored under great pecuniary distress, no less than after his return with his royal master and restoration to wealth and honor in his native country, his Duchess presented an example of conjugal devotedness and affection to which, unless perhaps we mention Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson, we should scarcely be able to adduce a comparison.

The following passage upon her marriage is, as Sir Egerton Brydges justly remarks, in spite of the awkward construction of some of its parts, both in sentiment and the spirit of the language, highly admirable, eloquent, and affecting.

"My Lord Marquis of Newcastle did approve of those bashful fears which many condemned, and would choose such a wife as he might bring to his own humours, and not such an one as was wedded to self-conceit, or one that had been tempered to the humours of another; for which he wooed me for his wife; and though I did dread marriage, and shunned men's companies as much as I could, yet I could not, nor had not the power to refuse him, by reason my affections were fixed on him, and he was the only person I ever was in love with. Neither was I ashamed to own it, but glorified therein, for it was not amorous love; I never was infected therewith; it is a disease, or a passion, or both, I only know by relation, not by experience; neither could title, wealth, power, or person entice me to love; but my love was honest and honorable, being placed upon merit, with affection joyed at the fame of his worth, pleased with delight in his wit, proud of the respect he used to me, and triumphing in the affections he professed for me, which affections he hath confirmed to me by a deed of time, sealed by constancy, and assigned by an unalterable decree of his promise; which makes me happy in despite of Fortune's frowns, for though misfortunes may and do oft dissolve base, wild, loose, and ungrounded affections, yet she hath no power of those that are

united either by merit, justice, gratitude, duty, fidelity, or the like; and though my lord hath lost his estate, and banished out of his country for his loyalty to his king and country, yet neither dispirited Poverty, nor pinching Necessity could make him break the bonds of friendship, or weaken his loyal duty to his king or country."

The losses which the Marquis sustained by the civil war were computed by the Marchioness at the enormous sum, especially for those times, of £941,303.

Nor was it in her wedded life alone that the Marchioness suffered through the unhappy wars of the period. Her mother and brothers, by reason of their unflinching adherence to the royal cause, were plundered of their "goods, plate, jewels, money, corn, cattle, and the like," and her two younger brothers, Sir Thomas and Sir Charles Lucas, killed. The latter was shot in cold blood, together with Sir George Lisle, from a spirit of vengeance for the persevering bravery with which they maintained the defense of Colchester, the last city which held out in the Royalist cause. In connection with these sufferings the Marchioness uses a tone of reverence and affection in describing her mother's person and fortitude under affliction which engages our deepest respect and admiration, not only for the person described, but for her who could dictate the description.

"But not only the family I am linkt to is ruined but the family from which I sprung, by these unhappy wars; which ruin my mother lived to see, and then died, having lived a widow many years, for she never forgot my father so as to marry again; indeed, he remained so lively in her memory, and her grief was so lasting, as she never mentioned his name, though she spoke often of him, but love and grief caused tears to flow, and tender sighs to rise, mourning in sad complaints: she made her house her cloyster, inclosing herself as it were therein, for she seldom went abroad, unless to church; but these unhappy wars forced her out, by reason she and her children were loyal to the king; for which they plundered her and my brothers of all their goods, plate, jewels, money, corn, cattle, and the like; cut down their woods, pulled down their houses, and sequestered them from their lands and livings; but in such misfortunes my mother was of an heroic spirit, in suffering patiently where there is no remedy, or to be industrious where she thought she could help; she was of a grave behaviour, and had such a majestic grandeur as it were continually hung about her, that it would strike a kind of an awe to the beholders, and command respect from the rudest; I mean the rudest of civilized people, I mean not such barbarous people as plundered her and used her cruelly, for they would have pulled God out of heaven, had they had power, as they did Royalty out of his throne: also her

beauty was beyond the ruin of Time, for she had a well-favoured loveliness in her face, a pleasing sweetness in her countenance, and a well-tempered complexion, as neither too red nor too pale, even to her dying hour, although in years; and by her dying, one might think death was enamoured with her, for he embraced her in a sleep, and so gently, as if he were afraid to hurt her: also she was an affectionate mother, breeding her children with a most industrious care, and tender love; and having eight children, three sons and five daughters, there was not any one crooked, or any ways deformed; neither were they dwarfish, or of a giant-like stature, but every ways proportionable; likewise well featured, clear complexions, brown hairs, but some lighter than others, sound teeth, sweet breaths, plain speeches, tuneable voices, I mean not so much to sing as in speaking, as not stuttering, nor wharling in the throat, or speaking through the nose, or hoarsely, unless they had a cold, or squeakingly, which impediments many have; neither were their voices of too low a strain, or too high, but their notes and words were tuneable and timely; I hope this truth will not offend my readers, and lest they should think I am a partial register, I dare not commend my sisters, as to say they were handsome; although many would say they were very handsome: but this I dare say, their beauty, if any they had, was not so lasting as my mother's, time making sudden ruin in their faces than in hers; likewise my mother was a good mistress to her servants, taking care of her servants in their sickness, not sparing any cost she was able to bestow for their recovery: neither did she exact from them more in their health than what they with ease, or rather like pastime, could do: she would freely pardon a fault, and forget an injury, yet sometimes she would be angry; but never with her children, the sight of them would pacify her, neither would she be angry with others, but when she had cause, as with negligent or knavish servants, that would lavishly or unnecessarily waste, or subtly or thievishly steal; and though she would often complain that her family was too great for her weak management, and often pressed my brother to take it upon him, yet I observe she took a pleasure, and some little pride, in the governing thereof; she was very skilful in leases, and setting of lands, and court-keeping, ordering of stewards, and the like affairs; also I observe that my mother, nor brothers, before these wars, had ever any law-suits, but what an attorney dispatched in a Term with small cost: but if they had, it was more than I knew of: but, as I said, my mother lived to see the ruin of her children, in which was her ruin, and then died."

So straitened were the circumstances of the noble pair during their stay at Antwerp, —in which city, after a short residence of six months in Rotterdam, the Marquis settled himself and family, "choosing it for the most pleasantest and quietest place to retire himself and ruined fortunes in,"—that at last necessity enforced the Marchioness to

visit England, in the hope of rescuing something from the sale of her lord's estate, but on applying at Goldsmiths' Hall, received an absolute refusal, "by reason I was married since my lord was made a delinquent I could have nothing nor should have anything, he being the greatest traitor to the state, which was to be the most loyal subject to his king and country; but I whisperingly spoke to my brother to conduct me out of that ungentlemanly place, so that without speaking to them one word good or bad, I returned to my lodgings, and as that committee was the first so was it the last I ever was at as a petitioner."

Her ladyship remained a year and a half in England, during which she wrote her poems and her "Philosophical Fancies," to which she made large additions after she returned abroad. It was after her return also that she wrote her work entitled "Nature's Pictures, drawn by Fancy's Pencil," to which her autobiography was added as an appendix.

We cannot help feeling that a tone of contempt or derogation is not lightly to be used on the score of subsequent extravagances, when speaking of the character of one who, after enjoying exalted rank and the advantages of a splendid fortune, could submit to poverty, exile, and even political disgrace as regarded her beloved lord, with the expression of such sentiments as the following:

"Heaven hitherto hath kept us, and though fortune hath been cross, yet we do submit, and are both content with what is, and cannot be mended; and are so prepared, that the worst of fortunes shall not afflict our minds; so as to make us unhappy, howsoever it doth pinch our lives with poverty, for if tranquility lives in an honest mind the mind lives in peace, although the body suffer."

Sir Egerton Brydges appropriately remarks, that under the blighting gloom of such oppression, to create wealth and a kingdom "within the mind" shows an intellectual (and, we may add, a moral) energy which ought not to be defrauded of its praise. At the same time we are inclined to believe that with her, as with us all, adversity held a check upon the weaker points of her character, to which her subsequent height of prosperity unpropitiously allowed the most unlimited scope.

Upon the reinstatement of her husband in his fortunes after the Restoration, she devoted the greater portion of her time to the composition of plays, poems, letters, philosophical discourses, orations, &c., and became one of the most voluminous writers of her sex upon record.

That she had a power of intellect beyond that of women in general, rendered prominent, it is likely, mainly from the very exercise she gave it from her thirst for fame, we think is abundantly manifest; but her works exhibit an indiscriminate recklessness and a want of mental discipline, tact, and taste, in condensing and applying her thoughts and her materials to the purpose of her pen, greatly calculated to offend the exacter judgment of later times. We have already suggested reasons why this defect should be less apparent in her autobiography. That she was not deficient in poetical fancy will be seen from the following extract, taken from "The Pastime and Recreation of the Queen of Fairies in Fairyland, the Centre of the Earth:"—

"Queen Mab and all her company  
Dance on a pleasant mole-hill high,  
To small straw-pipes, wherein great pleasure  
They take, and keep just time and measure;  
All hand in hand, around, around,  
They dance upon this fairy ground;  
And when she leaves her dancing-ball,  
She doth for her attendants call,  
To wait upon her to a bower,  
Where she doth sit under a flower,  
To shade her from the moonshine bright,  
Where gnats do ring for her delight;  
The whilst the bat doth fly about  
To keep in order all the rout.  
A dewy waving leaf's made fit  
For the Queen's bath where she doth sit,  
And her white limbs in beauty show,  
Like a new fallen flake of snow;  
Her maids do put her garments on,  
Made of the pure light from the sun,  
Which do so many colors take,  
As various objects shadows make.

"Then to her dinner she goes strait,  
Where fairies all in order wait:  
A cover of a cob-web made,  
Is there upon a mush-room laid;  
Her stool is of a thistle down,  
And for her cup an acorn's crown,  
Which of strong nectar full is fill'd,  
That from sweet flowers is distill'd.  
When dined, she goes to take the air,  
In coach, which is a nut-shell fair;  
The lining's soft and rich within,  
Made of a glistening adder's skin;  
And there six crickets draw her fast,  
When she a journey takes in haste;  
But if she will a hunting go,  
Then she the lizard makes the doe,  
Which is so swift and fleet in chase,  
As her slow coach cannot keep pace;  
Then on a grasshopper she'll ride,  
And gallop in the forest wide:  
Her bow is of a willow branch,  
To shoot the lizard on the haunch;  
Her arrow sharp, much like a blade,  
Of a rose-mary leaf is made;

And when the morn doth hide her head,  
 Their day is gone—she goes to bed.  
 Meteors do serve when they are bright,  
 As torches do, to give her light.  
 Glow-worms, for candles, lighted up,  
 Stand on her table, while she doth sup:—  
 But women, that inconstant kind,  
 Can ne'er fix in one place their mind;  
 For she impatient of long stay,  
 Drives to the upper earth away."

Walpole, who seldom speaks of her with patience, adduces as a proof of her unbounded passion for scribbling, that she seldom revised the copies of her works, lest it should disturb her following conceptions; but whether this charge is fairly tenable may be judged from the fact that copies of some of her most lengthy publications in the British Museum contain manuscript evidence of her revision of them, in her own hand. That her first inditing of them, however, was hasty and ill-digested, is shown by the following statement of Dr. Lort, if only it be correct. "So fond," he says, "was her Grace of these *conceptions*, and so careful lest they should be still-born, that I have heard or read somewhere that her servant John was ordered to lie in a truckle bed in a closet within her Grace's bed-chamber, and whenever at any time she gave the summons by calling out 'John! I conceive!' poor John was to get up and commit to writing the offspring of his mistress's reveries."

A more credible story is related of the Duchess's female attendants being similarly required to arise in the night when the Duchess rung her bell for the purpose here described. Dr. Lort does not seem very accurate in his statements respecting her, as in describing a beautiful print prefixed to one of her works, he says that the Duke and Duchess are sitting at a table with *their children*, which could not be, as they had none, the Duke having had but one child, and that by his former wife. She herself supplies us with a description of her habits of thinking and writing in a tone full of candor and simplicity:—

"I pass my time rather with scribbling than writing, with words than wit; not that I speak much, because I am addicted to contemplation, unless I am with my lord; yet then I rather attentively listen to what he says, than impertinently speak; yet when I am writing, and sad fained stories, or serious humors, or melancholy passions, I am forced many times to express them with the tongue before I can write them with the pen, by reason those thoughts that are sad, serious, and melancholy, are apt to contract and to draw too much back, which oppression doth as it were

overpower or smother the conception in the brain; but when some of those thoughts are sent out in words, they give the rest more liberty to place themselves in a more methodical order, marching more regularly with my pen, on the ground of white paper; but my letters seem rather as a ragged rout, than a well armed body; for the brain being quicker in creating than the hand in writing, or the memory in retaining, many fancies are lost by reason they oftentimes outrun the pen; where I, to keep speed in the race, write so fast as I stay not so long as to write my letters plain, inasmuch as some have taken my hand-writing for some strange character; and being accustomed so to do, I cannot now write very plain, when I strive to write my best; indeed, my ordinary hand-writing is so bad as few can read it, so as to write it fair for the press; but, however, that little wit I have it delights me to scribble it out, and disperse it about, for I being addicted from my childhood to contemplation rather than conversation, to solitariness rather than society, to melancholy rather than mirth, to write with the pen than to work with a needle, passing my time with harmless fancies, their company being pleasing, their conversation innocent, in which I take such pleasure, as I neglect my health; for it is as great a grief to leave their society, as a joy to be in their company; my only trouble is, lest my brain should grow barren, or that the rod of my fancies should become insipid, withering into a dull stupidity for want of maturing subjects to write on; for I being of a lazy nature, and not of an active disposition, as some are that love to journey from town to town, from place to place, from house to house, delighting in variety of company, making still one where the greatest number is; likewise in playing at cards, or any other games, in which I neither have practised, nor have I any skill therein: as for dancing, although it be a graceful art, and becometh unmarried persons well, yet for those that are married, it is too light an action, disagreeing with the gravity thereof; and for revelling I am of too dull a nature to make one in a merry society: as for feasting, it would never agree with my humor or constitution, for my diet is for the most part sparing, as a little boiled chicken, or the like, my drink most commonly water, for though I have an indifferent good appetite, yet I do often fast, out of an opinion that if I should eat much, and exercise little, which I do, only walking a slow pace in my chamber, whilst my thoughts run apace in my brain, so that the motions of my mind hinders the active exercises of my body; for should I dance or run, or walk apace, I should dance my thoughts out of measure, run my fancies out of breath, and tread out the feet of my numbers."

The philosophical speculations of the Duchess certainly constituted the most vulnerable part of her literary character. Anthony à Wood informs us that James Bristow, of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, a man of admirable parts, had begun to translate into Latin some of the "Philosophy of Mar-



garet, Duchess of Newcastle," upon the desire of those whom she had appointed to inquire out a fit person for such a matter; but he, finding great difficulties therein, through the confusedness of the subject, gave over, as being a matter not to be well performed by any. Nor is this to be wondered at, for she confesses that she was near forty when she applied to the reading of philosophical authors, in order to learn those names and words of art that are used in schools. Her desire of a reputation for science was very great. Dr. Birch records a resolution of the Royal Society, May 23, 1667, that the Duchess of Newcastle, having intimated her desire to be present at one of the meetings of the Society, be entertained with some experiments at the next meeting, and that Lord Berkeley and Dr. Charlton be desired to give notice of it to her Grace, and to attend her to the meeting on the Thursday following. Of this visit Pepys gives the following humorous account:—

"30th May, 1667.—After dinner I walked to Arundell House, the way very dusty, the day of the meeting of the [Royal] Society being changed from Wednesday to Thursday, which I knew not before, because the Wednesday is a Council day, and several of the Council are of the Society, and would come but for their attending the King at Council, where I find much company in expectation of the Duchess of Newcastle, who had desired to be invited to the Society, and was, after much debate *pro* and *con*, it seems many being against it; and we do believe the town will be full of ballads of it. Anon comes the Duchess, with her women attending her; among others the Ferabosco,\* of whom so much talk is, that her lady would bid her show her face and kill the gallants. She is indeed black, and hath good black little eyes, but otherwise a very ordinary woman I do think, but they say sings well. The Duchess hath been a good, comely woman, but her dress so antick, and her deportment so ordinary, that I do not like her at all; nor do I hear her say anything that was worth hearing, but that she was full of admiration—all admiration. Several fine experiments were shown her of colors, loadstones, microscopes, and of liquors, among others of one that did, while she was there, turn a piece of roasted mutton into pure blood, which was very rare. Here was Mrs. Moore, of Cambridge, whom I had not seen before, and I was glad to see her, as also a very black boy that run up and down the room, somebody's child in Arundell House. After they had shown her many experiments, and she cried still she was full of admiration, she departed, being led out and in by several Lords that were there, among others Lord

George Berkeley and Earl of Carlisle, and a very pretty young man, the Duke of Somerset."

Perhaps the work in which her best and worst qualities are the most fully portrayed, is the life of her husband the Duke; and while speaking of it, we cannot refrain from smiling at the absurd conceitedness with which she touches both upon his and her own character. No sympathy with the unmitigated devotedness of attachment with which it teems, can avert our amusement at the overweening flattery which sometimes compares him to Julius Cæsar; and *certainly*, right merrily did the worthy couple bandy the ball of flattery from one to the other. Pepys has given us the following droll account of his impressions on reading the work:—

"18th of March, 1668. Thence home and there in favor to my eyes staid at home, reading the ridiculous History of my Lord Newcastle, wrote by his wife, which shows her to be a mad, conceited, ridiculous woman, and he an ass to suffer her to write what she writes to him and of him."

But that our readers may judge of the sterling merit that exists in the work in spite of its eccentric absurdities, we quote the opinion of one whose refined taste and graphic criticism will never cease to claim our respectful and affectionate attention. Charles Lamb, in his "Essays of Elia," when speaking of the binding of a book, observes,

"But where a book is at once both good and rare, where the individual is almost the species, and when that perishes,

We know not where is that Promethean torch  
That can its light relumine.

Such a book, for instance, as the life of the Duke of Newcastle, by his Duchess: no casket is rich enough, no casing sufficiently durable, to honor and keep safe such a jewel."

The romantic character of the Duke, his loyalty and well-tested bravery in the perilous times through which he had passed, his skill as a commander, and his attachment to literature, were well calculated to make him the subject of earnest and glowing laudation from his affectionate Duchess. We think Walpole perfectly just in the following comment on his character. He calls him

"A man extremely known from the course of life into which he was forced, and who would soon have been forgotten in the walk of fame which he chose for himself. Yet as an author he is familiar to those who scarce know any other author—from his book of horsemanship. 'Though 'amorous in poetry and music,' as my Lord

\* Note by Lord Braybrooke. Was she of the family of Alfonso Ferrabosco, who, in 1609, published a book of Ayres, containing a sonnet addressed to the author by Ben Jonson!

Clarendon says, he was fitter to break Pegasus for a manage, than to mount him on the steeps of Parnassus. Of all the riders of that steed, perhaps there have not been a more fantastic couple than his grace or his faithful Duchess, who was never off her pillion."

He published a great number of comedies, one of which was the "Humorous Lovers," which Walpole asserts "was received with great applause, and esteemed one of the best plays of that time." Pepys, however, seemed to think differently, but erroneously ascribed it, as already shown in the extract we have given from his Diary, to the pen of the Duchess.

His "Triumphant Widow" was so much admired by the Laureate Thadwell, that he transcribed part of it into his "Busy Fair," one of his most successful plays. His matter was evidently suggestive, as it has supplied materials to other copyists, Langbaine, among others, acknowledging his obligations to his works. He wrote many scenes for the plays which bear the Duchess's name, and divers of his poems are scattered amongst her works.

The literary labors of such an industrious life as that of the Duchess, especially when her sex is considered, deserve enumeration. To the following list are added some observations which, we believe, have never before appeared in print:

The World's Olio. London, 1655. Folio.

This work was for the most part written at Antwerp, before her ladyship's visit to England. At the end of a copy in the British Museum occur some verses, at the foot of which is written in her own hand,—

"This copy of verses belongs to my 'Philosophical Opinions.'"

In another copy is a beautiful full-length portrait by Diepenbeke, of Antwerp, representing the Duchess standing in a niche.

Orations of Divers Sorts, accommodated to divers places. London, 1662. Folio.

Playes, London, 1662. Folio.

Philosophical Fancies. London, 1653. 12mo.

Philosophical and Physical Opinions. London, 1655. Folio.

To this volume was prefixed by the Duke a copy of verses and an epistle to justify the noble authoress. These were followed up by her Grace by an address to the reader, another to the two universities, an epilogue to her "Philosophical Opinions," an epistle

to her honorable readers, another to the reader for her book of philosophy, &c. These show her Grace's solicitude, as Walpole says, to have the book considered as the produce of her own brain, "being the beloved of all her works and preferring it as her masterpiece."

Another edition, bearing the title, "Grounds of Natural Philosophy," with an Appendix, much altered from the first edition. London, 1663. Folio.

Observations upon Experimental Philosophy; to which is added the Description of a New World. London, [1666] 1668. Folio.

We have already alluded to the attempted translation of these philosophical discourses into Latin by Mr. Bristow.

Philosophical Letters; or Modest Reflections upon some opinions in Natural Philosophy, maintained by several famous and learned authors of this age, expressed by way of Letters. London, 1664. Folio.

Poems and Phancies. London, 1653. Folio.

The copy in the British Museum has MS. Notes in the Duchess's hand. At the end of some prefatory verses is the following:

"Reader, let me intreat you to consider only the fancies in this my book of poems, and not the language, numbers, nor rimes, nor false printing, for if you do, you will be my condemning judge, which will give me much."

Another edition. London, 1664. Folio.

CCXI Sociable Letters. London, 1664. Folio.

Observations upon Experimental Philosophy. London, 1666. Folio.

The Life of William Cavendish, Duke, Marquess, and Earl of Newcastle. London, 1667. Folio.

Another edition. London, 1675. 4to.

Translated into Latin. London, 1668. Folio.

The copy in the British Museum has MS. Notes in the Duchess's hand.

Plays never before printed. London, 1668. Folio.

Her plays alone are nineteen in number, and some of them in two parts. One of them, "The Blazing World," is unfinished. In another, "The Unnatural Tragedy," a whole scene is written against Camden's "Britannia." Walpole suggests that her Grace thought a geographic satire in the middle of a play was mixing the *utile* with the *dulce*. Three unpublished MS. plays are reported by Cibber to have been in the possession of Mr. Thomas Richardson and Bishop Willis.

Last in the list of her productions, as con-

taining the work with which we have at present most to do, is that entitled

"Nature's Picture drawn by Fancy's Pencil" to the Life. London, 1656. Folio.

"In this volume (says the title) are several feigned stories of natural descriptions, as comical, tragical and tragi-comical, poetical, romancical, philosophical, and historical, both in prose and verse, some all verse, some all prose, some mixt, partly prose and partly verse. Also, there are some morals and some dialogues, but they are as the advantage loaf of bread to the baker's dozen, and a true story at the latter end, wherein there is no feigning."

Upon this work Walpole remarks: "One may guess how like this portrait of nature is by the fantastic bill of the features." In the copy of this work in the Grenville Library is the extremely rare and exquisite print by Diepenbeke of Antwerp, done while the noble pair were resident in that city, representing the Duke and Duchess sitting at a table with some children, (not her own, as described by Dr. Lort, for she had none,) to whom the Duchess is telling stories. A proof of this print sold at Sir M. Syke's sale for £64 1s. This copy, as well as another in the British Museum, contains MS. notes in the Duchess's own hand, pointing out the songs and passages written by the Duke, who was then Marquis of Newcastle. It is to this work that the memoir now under notice is attached, and even Lord Orford acknowledges it to be creditable to her in every point of view.

This memoir was reprinted separately in 1814 by Sir Egerton Brydges, at the private press of Lee Priory, the impression being limited to one hundred copies; Sir Egerton, in his critical preface, remarking that these memoirs appear to him very eminently to possess the double merit of entertaining and instructing.

"Whether," says he, "they confirm or refute the character of the literary and moral qualities of her Grace given by Lord Orford, I must leave the reader to judge. The simplicity by which they are marked will, in minds constituted like that of the noble critic, seem to approximate to folly; others, less inclined to sarcasm, and less infected with an artificial taste, will probably think far otherwise.

"That the Duchess was deficient in a cultivated judgment, that her knowledge was more multifarious than exact, and that her powers of fancy and sentiment were more active than her powers of reasoning, I will admit; but that her productions, mingled as they are with great ab-

surdity, are wanting either in talent or in virtue, or even in genius, I cannot concede. There is an ardent ambition which may, perhaps, itself be considered to prove superiority of intellect."

As regards the vanity which may be considered as the most striking defect of her autobiography, we would remind the reader of the remark of Hume, that "it is difficult for a man [and we presume he did not exclude the other sex from the observation] to speak long of himself without vanity," and the Duchess, wishing to defend herself from the accusation, gives us the following exculpation at the close:

"I hope my readers will not think me vain for writing my life, since there have been many that have done the like, as Cæsar, Ovid, and many more, both men and women; and I know no reason I may not do it as well as they: but I verily believe some censoring readers will scornfully say, 'Why hath this lady writ her own life? since none cares to know whose daughter she was, or whose wife she is, or how she was bred, or what fortune she had, or how she lived, or what humor or disposition she was of?' I answer that it is true, that 'tis to no purpose to the readers, but it is to the authoress, because I writ it for my own sake, not theirs: neither did I intend this piece for to delight, but to divulge; not to please the fancy, but to tell the truth, lest after ages should mistake, in not knowing I was daughter to one Master Lucas of St. John's, near Colchester, in Essex, second wife to the Lord Marquis of Newcastle; for my lord having had two wives, I might easily have been mistaken, especially if I should die, and my lord marry again."

It is remarkable that her prognostic was really fulfilled. See "The Lounger's Common Place Book," vol. iii. p. 398.

Her death, which preceded that of the Duke by three years, took place in 1679. She was buried in Westminster Abbey, and upon the sumptuous monument which covers the remains of this well-assorted pair is inscribed the following epitaph, containing that remarkable panegyric on her family noticed by Addison in the *Spectator*:

"Here lyes the Royall Duke of Newcastle and his Dutches, his second wife, by whom he had no issue; her name was Margaret Lucas, youngest sister to the Lord Lucas of Colchester, a noble familie, for all the Brothers were Valiant and all the Sisters Virtuuous. This Dutches was a wise, witty, and learned lady, which her many bookes well testifie. She was a most Virtuuous and a Loveing and carefull wife and was with her Lord all the time of his banishment and miseries, and when he came home never parted from him in his solitary retirements."

From the New Monthly Magazine.

## OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

PROFESSOR HOLMES is distinguished in *materia medica* as well as in lays and lyrics. He is familiar with the highways and byways of those

Realms unperfumed by the breath of song,  
Where flowers ill-flavored shed their sweets  
around,  
And bitterest roots invade the ungenial ground,  
Whose gems are crystal from the Epsom mine,  
Whose vineyards flow with antimonial wine,  
Whose gates admit no mirthful feature in,  
Save one gaunt mocker, the Sardonic grin\*—

and with rare devotion he pursues the sternly prosaic calls of the healing art—unable as his poetic temperament sometimes may be to repress a sigh for the beautiful, or a sonnet on the sublime, and, in passing disgust at the restraints of professional study, to ask himself,

Why dream I here within these caging walls,  
Deaf to her voice while blooming Nature calls;  
Peering and gazing with insatiate looks  
Through blinding lenses, or in wearying books †

But, resisting temptation, and cleaving with full purpose of heart to M.D. mysteries, with leech-like tenacity to the leech's functions, he secures a more stable place in medical annals than many a distinguished medico-literary brother, such as Goldsmith, or Smollett, or Akenside. Nor can the temptation have been slight, to one with so kindly a *penchant* towards the graces of good fellowship, and who can analyze with such sympathetic gusto what he calls "the warm, champagne, old-particular, brandy-punchy feeling"—and who may arrogate a special mastery of the

Quaint trick to cram the pithy line  
That cracks so crisply over bubbling wine.

Evidently, too, he is perfectly alive to the pleasure and pride of social applause, and accepts the "three times three" of round-table glorification as rightly bestowed. Indeed, in more than one of his *morceaux*, he

plumes himself on a certain irresistible power of waggery, and even thinks it expedient to vow never to give his jocosity the full length of its tether, lest its side-shaking violence implicate him in unjustifiable homicide.

His versification is smooth and finished, without being tame or straitlaced. He takes pains with it, because to the poet's paintings

Verse bestows the varnish and the frame—

and study, and a naturally musical ear, have taught him that

Our grating English, whose Teutonic ja,  
Shakes the racked axle of Art's rattling car,  
Fits like mosaic in the lines that gird  
Fast in its place each many-angled word.

In his own "Poetry: a Metrical Essay," he marks how

The proud heroic, with its pulse-like beat,  
Rings like the cymbals clashing as they meet;  
The sweet Spenserian, gathering as it flows,  
Sweeps gently onward to its dying close,  
Where waves on waves in long succession pour,  
Till the ninth billow melts along the shore.

His management of the "proud heroic," in serious and sustained efforts, reminds us more of Campbell than any other poet we can name. But it is in that school of graceful *badinage* and piquant satire, represented among ourselves by such writers as Frere, and Spencer, and Mackworth Praed, that Dr. Holmes is most efficient. Too earnest not to be sometimes a grave censor, too thoughtful not to introduce occasionally didactic passages, too humane and genial a spirit to indulge in the satirist's scowl, and sneer, and snappish moroseness, he has the power to be pungent and mordant in sarcasm to an alarming degree, while his will is to temper his irony with so much good-humor, fun, mercurial fancy, and generous feeling, that the more gentle hearts of the more gentle sex pronounce him excellent, and wish only he would leave physic for song.

\* Urania.

† Astræa.



In some of his poems the Doctor is not without considerable pomp and pretension—we use the terms in no slighting tone. "Poetry: a Metrical Essay," parts of "Terpsichore," "Urania," and "Astræa," "Pittsfield Cemetery," "The Ploughman," and various pieces among the lyrical effusions, are marked by a dignity, precision, and sonorous elevation, often highly effective. The diction occasionally becomes almost too ambitious—verging on the efflorescence of a certain English M.D., yclept Erasmus Darwin—so that we now and then pause to make sure that it is not the satirist in his *bravura*, instead of the bard in his solemnity, that we hear. Such passages as the following come without stint:

If passion's hectic in thy stanzas glow,  
Thy heart's best life-blood ebbing as they flow;  
If with thy verse thy strength and bloom distil,  
Drained by the pulses of the fevered thrill;  
If sound's sweet effluence polarize thy brain,  
And thoughts turn crystals in thy fluid strain—  
Nor rolling ocean, nor the prairie's bloom,  
Nor streaming cliffs, nor rayless cavern's gloom,  
Need'st thou, young poet, to inform thy line;  
Thy own broad signet stamps thy song divine!\*

Fragments of the Lichfield physician's "Botanic Garden," and "Loves of the Plants," seem recalled—revised and corrected, if you will—in lines where the Boston physician so picturesquely discriminates

The scythe's broad meadow with its dusky blush;  
The sickle's harvest with its velvet flush;  
The green-haired maize, her silken tresses laid,  
In soft luxuriance, on her harsh brocade;  
The gourd that swells beneath her tossing plume;  
The coarser wheat that rolls in lakes of bloom—  
Its coral stems and milk-white flowers alive  
With the wide murmurs of the scattered hive;  
The glossy apple with the pencilled streak  
Of morning painted on its southern cheek:  
The pear's long necklace, strung with golden drops,  
Arched, like the banyan, o'er its hasty props;  
&c.†

Many of the more labored efforts of his muse have an imposing eloquence—rather crude and unchastened, however, and to be ranked perhaps with what himself now calls his "questionable extravagances." To the class distinguished by tenderness of feeling, or a quietly pervading pathos, belong—with varying orders of merit—the touching stanzas entitled "Departed Days," the pensive record of "An Evening Thought," "From a Bachelor's Private Journal," "La Grisette," "The Last Reader," and "A Souvenir." How

natural the exclamation in one for the first time conscious of a growing chill in the blood and calmness in the brain, and an ebbing of what *was* the sunny tide of youth:

Oh, when love's first sweet, stolen kiss  
Burned on my boyish brow,  
Was that young forehead worn as this?  
Was that flushed cheek as now?  
Were that wild pulse and throbbing heart  
Like these, which vainly strive,  
In thankless strains of soulless art,  
To dream themselves alive?\*

And again this mournful recognition of life's inexorable onward march, and the "dimming" of what memory most cherishes:

But, like a child in ocean's arms,  
We strive against the stream,  
Each moment farther from the shore,  
Where life's young fountains gleam;  
Each moment fainter wave the fields,  
And wider rolls the sea;  
The mist grows dark—the sun goes down—  
Day breaks—and where are we?†

An interfusion of this pathetic vein with quaint humor is one of Dr. Holmes's most notable "qualities," as in the stanzas called "The Last Leaf," where childhood depicts old age tottering through the streets—contrasting the shrivelled weakness of the decrepit man with the well-vouched tradition of his past comeliness and vigor:

But now he walks the streets,  
And he looks at all he meets  
Sad and wan;  
And he shakes his feeble head,  
That it seems as if he said,  
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest  
On the lips that he has prest  
In their bloom,  
And the names he loved to hear  
Have been carved for many a year  
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said,—  
Poor old lady, she is dead  
Long ago,—  
That he had a Roman nose,  
And his cheek was like a rose  
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,  
And it rests upon his chin  
Like a staff,  
And a crook is in his back,  
And a melancholy crack  
In his laugh.

\* Urania.

† Pittsfield Cemetery.

\* An Evening Thought.

† Departed Days

I know it is a sin  
For me to sit and grin  
At him here ;  
But the old three-cornered hat,  
And the breeches, and all that,  
Are so queer !

And if I should live to be  
The last leaf upon the tree  
In the spring,—  
Let them smile, as I do now,  
At the old forsaken bough  
Where I cling.

These admirable verses—set in so aptly framed a metre too—would alone suffice to make a reputation. In a like spirit, dashed with a few drops of the Thackeray essence, are the lines headed "Questions and Answers,"—among the queries and responses being these sarcastic sentimentalisms :

Where, O where are the visions of morning,  
Fresh as the dews of our prime ?  
Gone, like tenants that quit without warning,  
Down the back entry of time.

Where, O where are life's lilies and roses,  
Nursed in the golden dawn's smile ?  
Dead as the bulrushes round little Moses,  
On the old banks of the Nile.

Where are the Marys, and Anns, and Elizas,  
Loving and lovely of yore ?  
Look in the columns of old Advertisers,—  
Married and dead by the score.

In such alliance of the humorous and fanciful lies a main charm in this writer's productions. Fancy he has in abundance, as he proves on all occasions, grave and gay. Sometimes, indeed, he indulges in similes that may be thought rather curious than felicitous ; as where he speaks of the "half-built tower," which, thanks to Howe's artillery,

Wears on its bosom, as a bride might do,  
The iron breast-pin which the "Rebels" threw.\*

A steamboat is likened to a wild nymph, now veiling her shadowy form, while through the storm sounds the beating of her restless heart—now answering,

—like a courtly dame  
The reddening surges o'er,  
With flying scarf of spangled flame,  
The Pharos of the shore.†

Gazing into a lady's eyes, he sees a matter of

Ten thousand angels spread their wings  
Within those little azure rings.‡

\* Urania. † The Steamboat. Stanza.

The Spirit of Beauty he bids

Come from the bowers where summer's life-blood  
flows  
Through the red lips of June's half-open rose.\*

In his summary of metrical forms :

The glittering lyric bounds elastic by,  
With flashing ringlets and exulting eye,  
While every image, in her airy whirl,  
Gleams like a diamond on a dancing-girl.†

We are told how

Health flows in the rills,  
As their ribbons of silver unwind from the hills.‡

And again, of a

Stream whose silver-braided rills  
Fling their unclasping bracelets from the hills.§

In such guise moves the Ariel fancy of the poet. In its more Puck-like, tricky, mirthful mood, it is correspondingly sportive. A comet wanders

Where darkness might be bottled up and sold for  
"Tyrian dye."||

Of itinerant musicians—the

Discords sting through Burns and Moore, like  
hedgehogs dressed in lace.¶

A post-prandial orator of a pronounced facetious turn, is warned that

All the Jack Horners of metrical buns  
Are prying and fingering to pick out the puns.\*\*

A strayed rustic stares through the wedged crowd,

Where in one cake a throng of faces runs,  
All stuck together like a sheet of buns.††

But we are getting Jack-Hornerish, and must forbear ; not for lack of plums, though.

The wit and humor, the *vers de société* and the *jeux-d'esprit* of Dr. Holmes, bespeak the gentleman. Not that he is prim or particular, by any means ; on the contrary, he loves a bit of racy diction, and has no objection to a sally of slang. Thus, in a lecture on the toilet, he is strict about the article of gloves :

Shave like the goat, if so your fancy bids,  
But be a parent,—don't neglect your kids.‡‡

\* Pittsfield Cemetery. † Poetry.

‡ Song for a Temperance Dinner.

§ Pittsfield Cemetery.

¶ The Music Grinders.

\*\* Verses for After Dinner.

†† Urania.

‡ The Comet.

†† Terpsichore.

A superlative Mr. Jolly Green is shown up,  
Whom schoolboys question if his walk transcends  
The last advices of maternal friends;\*

which polite periphrasis is discarded where  
Achilles' death is mourned :

Accursed heel that killed a hero stout !  
Oh, had your mother known that you were out,  
Death had not entered at the trifling part  
That still defies the small chironurgeon's art  
With corns and bunions.†

The last passage is from a protracted play  
upon words, in which poor Hood is emulated  
—though the author owns that

Hard is the job to launch the desperate pun—  
A pun-job dangerous as the Indian one"—

in unskilful hands turned back on one's self  
by "the current of some stronger wit," so that,

Like the strange missile which the Australian  
throws,  
Your verbal boomerang slaps you on the nose.

A punster, however, Dr. Holmes will be—  
and already we have had a taste of his quality  
in the kid-glove case; so again, the  
"bunions" annexed to the Achilles catastrophe reminds him to explain, that he refers  
not to

The glorious John  
Who wrote the book we all have pondered on,—  
But other bunions, bound in fleecy hose,  
To "Pilgrim's Progress" unrelenting foes ‡

A gourmand, sublimely contemptuous of  
feasts of reason, argues that

Milton to Stilton must give in, and Solomon to  
Salmon,  
And Roger Bacon be a bore, and Francis Bacon  
gammon.§

And the irresistible influence of collegiate  
convivial associations is thus illustrated :

We're all alike ;—Vesuvius flings the scoræ from  
his fountain,  
But down they come in volleying rain back to the  
burning mountain ;  
We leave, like those volcanic stones, our precious  
Alma Mater,  
But will keep dropping in again to see the dear  
old crater.||

As a satirist, to shoot Folly as it flies, Dr.  
Holmes bends a bow of strength. His ar-

rows are polished, neatly pointed, gaily feathered, and whirr through the air with cutting emphasis. And he hath his quiver full of them. But, to his honor be it recorded, he knows how and when to stay his hand, and checks himself if about to use a shaft of undue size and weight, or dipped in gall of bitterness. Then he pauses, and says :

Come, let us breathe ; a something not divine  
Has mingled, bitter, with the flowing line—

for if he might lash and lacerate with Swift,  
he prefers to tickle and titillate with Addison,  
and therefore adds, in such a case,

If the last target took a round of grape  
To knock its beauty something out of shape,  
The next asks only, if the listener please,  
A schoolboy's blowpipe and a gill of pease.\*

Genial and good-natured, accordingly, he  
appears throughout—using his victims as old  
Izaak did his bait, as though he loved them—  
yet taking care that the hook shall do its  
work. Among the irksome shams of the day,  
he is "smart" upon those cant-mongers who

With uncouth phrases tire their tender lungs,  
The same bald phrases on their hundred tongues ;  
"Ever" "The Ages" in their page appear,  
"Always" the bedlamite is called a "Seer ;"  
On every leaf the "earnest" sage may scan,  
Portentous bore ! their "many-sided man,—  
A weak eclectic, groping vague and dim,  
Whose every angle is a half-starved whim,  
Blind as a mole and curious as a lynx,  
Who rides a beetle, which he calls a "Sphinx."†

Here is another home-thrust :

The pseudo-critic-editorial race  
Owns no allegiance but the law of place ;  
Each to his region sticks through thick and thin,  
Stiff as a beetle spiked upon a pin.  
Plant him in Boston, and his sheet he fills  
With all the slipslop of his threefold hills ;  
Talks as if Nature kept her choicest smiles  
Within his radius of a dozen miles,  
And nations waited till his next Review  
Had made it plain what Providence must do.  
Would you believe him, water is not damp  
Except in buckets with the Hingham stamp,  
And Heaven should build the walls of Paradise  
Of Quincy granite lined with Wenham ice.‡

Elsewhere he counsels thus, *festina lente*, his  
impetuous compatriots :

Don't catch the fidgets ; you have found your place  
Just in the focus of a nervous race,  
Fretful to change, and rabid to discuss,  
Full of excitements, always in a fuss ;—

\* *Astræa*. † A Modest Request.

§ *Nux Postconatica*.

† *Ibid.*

\* *Astræa*. † *Terpsichore*.

‡ *Astræa*.

Think of the patriarchs; then compare as men  
These lean-cheeked maniacs of the tongue and  
pen!

Run, if you like, but try to keep your breath;  
Work like a man, but don't be worked to death;  
And with new notions—let me change the rule—  
Don't strike the iron till it's slightly cool.\*

Once more: there is pithy description in a  
list he furnishes of

Poems that shuffle with superfluous legs  
A blindfold minuet over addled eggs,  
Where all the syllables that end in *éd*,  
Like old dragoons, have cuts across the head;  
Essays so dark, Champollion might despair  
To guess what mummy of a thought was there;  
Where our poor English, striped with foreign  
phrases,  
Looks like a Zebra in a parson's chaise. . . .  
Mesmeric pamphlets, which to facts appeal,  
Each fact as slippery as a fresh-caught eel;  
&c., &c.†

There is pleasant and piquant railery in  
the stanzas to "My Aunt," who, mediæval as  
she is, good soul! still "strains the aching  
clasp that binds her virgin zone:"

I know it hurts her,—though she looks as cheerful  
as she can;

Her waist is ampler than her life, for life is but a  
span.

My aunt! my poor deluded aunty! her hair is  
almost gray:

Why will she train that winter curl in such a  
spring-like way?

How can she lay her glasses down, and say she  
reads as well,

When, through a double convex lens, she just  
makes out to spell?

\* Urania.

† Terpsichore.

*Que de jolis vers, et de spirituelles malices!*

And so again in "The Parting Word,"  
which maliciously predicts, stage by stage, in  
gradual but rapid succession, the feelings of  
a shallow-hearted damsel after parting with  
her most devoted—from tearing of jetty  
locks and waking with inflamed eyes, to com-  
placent audience of a new swain, three weeks  
after date. We like Dr. Holmes better in  
this style of graceful banter than when he  
essays the more broadly comic—as in "The  
Spectre Pig," or "The Stethoscope Song."  
The lines "On Lending a Punch-bowl" are  
already widely known and highly esteemed  
by British readers—and of others which de-  
serve to be so, let us add those entitled "Nux  
Postcænatia," "The Music-grinders," "The  
Dorchester Giant," and "Daily Trials,"—  
which chronicles the acoustic afflictions of a  
sensitive man, beginning at daybreak with  
yelping pug-dog's Memnonian sun-ode, clos-  
ing at night with the lonely caterwaul,

Tart solo, sour duet, and general squall

of feline miscreants, and including during the  
day the accumulated eloquence of women's  
tongues, "like polar needles, ever on the jar,"  
and drum-breathing children, and peripatetic  
hurdy-gurdies, and child-crying bell-men—  
an ascending series of torments, a sorites of  
woes!

On the whole, here we have, in the words  
of a French critic, "un poète d'élite et qui  
compte: c'est une nature individuelle très-fine  
et très-marquée"—one to whom we owe  
"des vers gracieux et aimables, vifs et légers,  
d'une gaieté nuancée de sentiment." And  
one that we hope to meet again and again.

SEMONVILLE.—Monsieur de Semonville,  
one of the ablest tacticians of his time, was  
remarkable for the talent with which, amidst  
the crush of revolutions, he always managed  
to maintain his post, and take care of his  
personal interests. He knew exactly to  
whom to address himself for support, and

the right time for availing himself of it!  
When Talleyrand, one of his most intimate  
friends, heard of his death, he reflected for  
a few minutes, and then drily observed,—  
"I can't for the life of me make out what  
interest Semonville had to serve by dying  
just now."



From Colburn's New Monthly.

## THACKERAY'S LECTURES ON THE ENGLISH HUMORISTS.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF MR. THACKERAY.

"HEROES and Hero-worship"—a subject chosen by Mr. Carlyle, when *he* arose to discourse before the sweet-shady-sidesmen of Pall Mall and the fair of Mayfair—is not all the *res vezanda* one would predicate for a course of lectures by Mr. Titmarsh. If the magnificence of the hero grows small by degrees and beautifully less before the microscopic scrutiny of his valet, so might it be expected to end in a *minus* sign, after subjection to the eliminating process of the "Book of Snobs." Yet one passage, at least, there is in the attractive volume\* before us, instinct with hero-worship, and, some will think, (as coming from such a quarter,) surcharged with enthusiasm,—where the lecturer affirms, "I should like to have been Shakspeare's shoeblack—just to have lived in his house, just to have worshipped him—to have run on his errands, and seen that sweet serene face." At which sally, we can imagine *nil admirari* folks exclaiming, (if they be capable of an exclamation,) "Oh, you little snob!" Nevertheless, that sally will go far to propitiate many a reader hitherto steeled against the showman of "Vanity Fair," as an inveterate cynic—however little of real ground he may have given for such a prejudice. Many, we believe, who resorted to the lectures when orally delivered, were agreeably disappointed in finding so much of genial humanity in the matter and manner of the *didaskalos*—

—the best good Christian he,  
Although *they* knew it not.

And the vastly enlarged circle of observers to whom this volume will make the lectures known, will find in it clear, if not copious proof of the man's fine, open, loving nature—

\* The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century: a Series of Lectures delivered in England, Scotland, and the United States of America. By W. M. Thackeray. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1853.

its warmth, and depth, and earnestness—not to be belied by an outward show of captious irony, a pervading presence of keen-witted raillery. There seems a ludicrously false notion rife among not a few, that Mr. Thackeray's creed is of close kin to that of our laureate's "gray and gap-tooth'd man as lean as death, who slowly rode across a wither'd heath, and lighted at a ruin'd inn, and said"—*inter alia*—

Virtue!—to be good and just—  
Every heart, when sifted well,  
Is a clot of warmer dust,  
Mix'd with cunning sparks of hell.

Fill the can, and fill the cup:  
All the windy ways of men  
Are but dust that rises up,  
And is lightly laid again.

Let any infatuated sufferer under such obstinate delusion at once buy and study this series of lectures, and learn to laugh and love with the lecturer, and so satisfy himself that although ever and anon *medio de fonte leporum surgit amari aliquid*, there is heart as well as brain in the writer's composition, and that simplicity, and sincerity, and faith are ever revered, and unhesitatingly preferred to the loftiest intellectual pretensions as such.

As with clerical sermons, so with laic lectures, there are few one pines to see in print. In the present instance, those who were of Mr. Thackeray's audience will probably, in the majority of cases, own to a sense of comparative tameness as the result of deliberate perusal. Nevertheless, the book could be ill spared, as books go. It is full of sound, healthy, manly, vigorous writing—sagacious in observation, independent and thoughtful, earnest in sentiment, in style pointed, clear, and straightforward. The illustrations are aptly selected, and the bulky array of footnotes, (apparently by another hand,) though not drawn up to the best advantage, will

interest the too numerous class to whom "Queen Anne's men" are but clerks in a dead-letter office—out of date, and so out of fashion—out of sight, on upper shelves, and so out of mind, as a thing of naught.

If we cared to dwell upon them, we might, however, make exceptions decided if not plentiful against parts of this volume. That Mr. Thackeray can be pertinaciously one-sided was seen in his "Esmond" draught of the Duke of Marlborough. A like restriction of vision seems here to distort his presentment of Sterne and of Hogarth. We are ready to recognize with Lord Jeffrey\* the flaws of ostentatious absurdity, affected oddity, pert familiarity, broken diction, and exaggerated sentiment, in "Tristram Shandy;" nor have we any delight in the Reverend Lawrence, whether regarded simply as a man, or as a man in cassock and bands. It is indeed as men rather than authors—it is indeed biographically rather than critically, that Mr. Thackeray treats the English humorists who come before him. But his dislike of the "wretched worn-out old scamp," as he calls Sterne, extends fatally to the old scamp's literary as well as social characteristics. We are told how the lecturer was once in the company of a French actor, who began after dinner, and at his own request, to sing "French songs of the sort called *des chansons grivoises*, and which he performed admirably, and to the dissatisfaction of most persons present," and who, having finished these, began a sentimental ballad, and sang it so charmingly that all were touched, and none so much as the singer himself, who was "snivelling and weeping quite genuine tears" before the last bar. And such a maudlin ballad-singer we are instructed was Lawrence Sterne. His sensibility was artistical; it was that of a man who has to bring his tears and laughter, his personal griefs and joys, his private thoughts and feelings, to market, to write them on paper, and sell them for money. "He used to blubber perpetually in his study, and finding his tears infectious, and that they brought him a great popularity, he exercised the lucrative gift of weeping, he utilized it, and cried on every occasion. I own that I don't value or respect much the cheap dribble of those fountains." And so again with the reverend gentleman's jests: "The humor of Swift and Rabelais,†

whom he pretended to succeed, poured from them as naturally as song does from a bird; they lose no manly dignity with it, but laugh their hearty great laugh out of their broad chests, as nature bade them. But this man—who can make you laugh, who can make you cry, too—never lets his reader alone, or will permit his audience to repose; when you are quiet, he fancies he must rouse you, and turns over head and heels, or sidles up and whispers a nasty story. The man is a great jester, not a great humorist. He goes to work systematically and of cold blood; paints his face, puts on his rough and motley clothes, and lays down his carpet and tumbles on it." Sterne is properly rated for whimpering "over that famous dead donkey," for which Mr. Thackeray has no semblance of a tear to spare, but only laughter and contempt; comparing the elegy of "that dead jackass" to the *cuisine* of M. de Soubise's campaign, in such fashion does Sterne dress it, and serve it up quite tender, and with a very piquant sauce. "But tears, and fine feelings, and a white pocket-handkerchief, and a funeral sermon, and horses and feathers, and a procession of mutes, and a hearse with a dead donkey inside! Psha! Mountebank! I'll not give thee one penny more for that trick, donkey and all!" This, and similar passages in the lecture, will jar somewhat on the judgment of those who go only part of the way with Mr. Leigh Hunt, in his affirmation,\* that to accuse Sterne of cant and sentimentality, is itself a cant or an ignorance; or that, at least, if neither of these, it is but to misjudge him from an excess of manner here and there, while the matter always contains the solidest substance of truth and duty. Such readers will probably be unshaken in their allegiance to one of proven sway over their smiles and tears, and murmur to themselves the closing lines of a sonnet in his praise, by the rigorous, keenscented censor† who exposed, unsparingly, his plagiarisms from old Burton and Rabelais:

without excuse, but mere bagatelles when the enormities of the Gaul are considered. "Une dame faisait un jour reproche à Sterne," says M. Sainte Beuve, "des nudités qui se trouvent dans son 'Tristram Shandy;' au même moment, un enfant de trois ans jouait à terre et se montrait en toute innocence: 'Voyez!' dit Sterne, 'mon livre; c'est cet enfant de trois ans qui se roule sur le tapis.' Mais, avec Rabelais, l'enfant a grandi; c'est un homme, c'est un géant, c'est Gargantua, c'est Pantagruel ou pour le moins Panurge, et il continue de ne rien cacher." That Sterne, nevertheless, was inherently a purer-minded man than Rabelais, it might be rash to assert.

\* "Table-Talk."

† Dr. Ferriar.

\* See his review of "Wilhelm Meister."

† This comparison of Sterne with Rabelais reminds us of what a distinguished French critic has said, in allusion to the well-known story of Sterne's apology to a lady for his objectionable freedoms in composition—most offensive, we aver, and quite

But the quick tear that checks our wondering smile,

In sudden pause or unexpected story,

Owens thy true mastery—and Le Fevre's woes,  
Maria's wanderings, and the Prisoner's throes,  
Fix thee conspicuous on the throne of glory.

As for Hogarth, perhaps the most emphatic characterization he meets with from the lecturer lies in the remark: "There is very little mistake about honest Hogarth's satire; if he has to paint a man with his throat cut, he draws him with his head almost off." No man, we are assured, was ever less of a hero; he was but a hearty, plain-spoken fellow, loving his laugh, his friends, his glass, his roast beef of Old England, and hating all things foreign—foreign painters first and foremost. The tender, the touching, the imaginative—never mention anything of *that* sort in connection with his name. Another scandal, to those who respond to Elia's estimate of William Hogarth, to those who, like Southey, make bold to im-paradise, in the seventh heaven of invention,

—Hogarth, who followed no master,  
Nor by pupil shall e'er be approached; alone in  
his greatness.\*

There still survive sturdy Britishers who persist, like Hartley Coleridge,† in setting him high above every name in British art, or rather who would separate him altogether from our painters, to fix his seat among our greatest poets.

Swift, who comes first in the series, is the humorist upon whose portraiture most care seems to have been bestowed. He at least meets with his full deserts, so far as admiration is concerned. Some pretty hard hits are dealt him, notwithstanding. Mr. Thackeray would like, as we have seen, to have been Shakspeare's shoeblack and errand-boy—to have "kept" on the same staircase with Harry Fielding, to help him up to bed if need be, and in the morning shake hands with him, and hear him crack jokes over his mug of small-beer at breakfast—to hob-a-nob with Dick Steele—to sit a fellow-clubman with brave old Samuel Johnson—to go holiday-making with Noll Goldsmith. But Swift?—what says the lecturer to "hail fellow" intimacy with the Dean? Why, this: "If you had been his inferior in parts, (and that, with a great respect for all persons present, I fear is only very likely,) his equal in mere social station, he would have bullied, scorn-

ed, and insulted you; if, undeterred by his great reputation, you had met him like a man, he would have quailed before you, and not had the pluck to reply, and gone home, and years after written a foul epigram about you—watched for you in a sewer, and come out to assail you with a coward's blow and a dirty bludgeon. If you had been a lord with a blue ribbon, who flattered his vanity, or could help his ambition, he would have been the most delightful company in the world. He would have been so manly, so sarcastic, so bright, odd, and original, that you might think he had no object in view but the indulgence of his humor, and that he was the most reckless, simple creature in the world. How he would have torn your enemies to pieces for you! and made fun of the Opposition! His servility was so boisterous that it looked like independence; he would have done your errands, but with the air of patronizing you; and after fighting your battles masked in the street or the press, would have kept on his hat before your wife and daughters in the drawing-room, content to take that sort of pay for his tremendous services as a bravo." Excellent is the conduct of the metaphor by which the Dean is made to stand out as an outlaw, who says, "These are my brains; with these I'll win titles and compete with fortune. These are my bullets; these I'll turn into gold,"—and who takes the road accordingly, like Macheath, and makes society stand and deliver, easing my Lord Bishop of a living, and his Grace of a patent place, and my Lady of a little snug post about the court, and gives them over to followers of his own. "The great prize has not come yet. The coach with the mitre and crosier in it, which he intends to have for his share, has been delayed on the way from St. James'; and he waits and waits until nightfall, when his runners come and tell him that the coach has taken a different road, and escaped him. So he fires his pistols into the air with a curse, and rides away into his own country." A bold but strikingly significant figure of the clerical polemic—the restless, scornful *heautontimoroumenos*, whose youth was bitter, "as that of a great genius bound down by ignoble ties, and powerless in a mean dependence," and whose age was bitter, "like that of a great genius that had fought the battle and nearly won it, and lost it, and thought of it afterwards writhing in a lonely exile."

Mr. Thackeray holds that Swift's was a reverent and pious spirit—the spirit of a man who could love and pray. We incline to

\* "A Vision of Judgment," pt. 10.

† "Essays and Marginalia: Ignoramus on the Fine Arts."

think, with Mr. De Quincey,\* that Swift was essentially irreligious, and that his rigid incapacity for dealing with the grandeurs of spiritual themes is signally illustrated by his astonishment at Anne's refusing to confer a bishopric on one who had treated the deepest mysteries of Christianity, not with mere skepticism, or casual sneer, but with set pompous merriment and farcical buffoonery—who, in full canonicals, had made himself a regular mountebank—who seems to have thought that people differed, not by more and less religion, but by more and less dissimulation. But Mr. Thackeray *does* recognize in his clerical career a "life-long hypocrisy"—he *does* see that Swift, "having put that cassock on, it poisoned him: he was strangled in his bands. He goes through life, tearing, like a man possessed with a devil. Like Abudah in the Arabian story, he is always looking out for the Fury, and knows that the night will come and the inevitable hag with it. What a night, my God, it was!—what a lonely rage and long agony!—what a vulture that tore the heart of that giant!" And it is good to read the comment on the fourth part of "Gulliver," and the denunciation of its "Yahoo language," its gibbering shrieks, and gnashing imprecations against mankind,—tearing down all shreds of modesty, past all sense of manliness and shame; filthy in word, filthy in thought, furious, raging, obscene." Well may it be called a "dreadful allegory," of which the meaning is that man is utterly wicked, desperate, and imbecile, with passions so monstrous, and boasted powers so mean, that he is, and deserves to be, the slave of brutes, and ignorance is better than his vaunted reason. "A frightful self-consciousness it must have been, which looked on mankind so darkly through those keen eyes of Swift." And a bitter reaction on himself was the penalty of his misanthropic wrath—as was said to the Greek tyrant,

Ὁρῶν χάριν δούς, ἡ σ' αἰὶ λυμάνεται.

The lecture on Congreve is Titmarsh all over. The dramatist's comic feast is described as flaring with lights, with the worst company in the world, without a pretense of morals—Mirabel or Belmour heading the table, dressed in the French fashion, and waited on by English imitators of Scapin and Mascarille. The young sparks are born to win youth and beauty, and to trip up old age—for what business have the old fools to

hoard their money, or lock up blushing eighteen? "Money is for youth; love is for youth; away with the old people." Then comes the sigh we all know so well: "But ah! it's a weary feast, that banquet of wit where no love is. It palls very soon; sad indigestions follow it, and lonely blank headaches in the morning." The banquet is, to this observer, but a dance of death: every madly-glancing eye at that orgy is artificial—every tint of bloom is from the rouge-pot, and savors of corruption—

Every face, however full,  
Padded round with flesh and fat,  
Is but modell'd on a skull.\*

With that graphic emphasis which makes him at his best so memorably impressive, the lecturer likens the feelings aroused by a perusal of Congreve's plays to those excited at Pompeii by an inspection of Sallust's house and the relics of a Roman "spread"—"a dried wine-jar or two, a charred supper-table, the breast of a dancing-girl pressed against the ashes, the laughing skull of a jester, a perfect stillness round about, as the Cicerone twangs his moral, and the blue sky shines calmly over the ruin. The Congreve muse is dead, and her song choked in Time's ashes. We gaze at the skeleton, and wonder at the life which once revelled in its mad veins. We take the skull up, and muse over the frolic and daring, the wit, scorn, passion, hope, desire, with which that empty bowl once fermented. We think of the glances that allured, the tears that melted, of the bright eyes that shone in those vacant sockets, and of lips whispering love, and cheeks dimpling with smiles, that once covered yon ghastly framework. They used to call those teeth pearls once. See! there's the cup she drank from, the gold chain she wore on her neck, the vase which held the rouge for her cheeks, her looking-glass, and the harp she used to dance to. Instead of a feast, we find a grave-stone, and in place of a mistress, a few bones!" How tellingly expressive, and how like the moralist, whose brightest sallies so often speak of saddest thought!

Addison meets with warmer eulogy than might have been anticipated. He is invariably mentioned with loving deference. He is pictured as one of the finest gentlemen the world ever saw—at all moments of life serene and courteous, cheerful and calm—admirably wiser, wittier, calmer, and more instructed than almost every man he met with

\* See his review of Schlosser's "Literary History of the Eighteenth Century." *Tait*. 1847.

\* Tennyson: "Vision of Sin."



—one who could scarcely ever have had a degrading thought—and as for that “little weakness for wine”—why, without it, as we could scarcely have found a fault with him, so neither could we have liked him as we do. The criticism on his papers in the *Spectator* is delightfully genial and true; and the peroration of the lecture has a sweetness and natural solemnity of affecting reality, where allusion is made to Addison’s heavenly ode, (“The spacious firmament on high,”) whose “sacred music,” known and endeared from childhood, none can hear “without love and awe”—verses that shine like the stars, “out of a deep great calm”—verses enriched with the holy serene rapture that fills Addison’s pure heart, and shines from his kind face, when his eye seeks converse with things above: for, “when he turns to heaven, a Sabbath comes over that man’s mind: and his face lights up from it with a glory of thanks and prayer.” We have not the heart to inquire, here, whether the portrait, as a whole-length, is not too flattering in its proportions, and too bright in coloring. But doubtless the lecturer might, and many, we surmise, expected that he would, take a strangely opposite view of Pope’s “Atticus.”

Steele is one of Mr. Thackeray’s darlings. We have an imaginary record of Corporal Dick’s boyhood—his experiences at the flogging-block of Charterhouse School—his everlastingly renewed debts to the tart-woman, and I.O.U. correspondence with lollipop-venders and piemen—his precocious passion for drinking mum and sack—and his early instinct for borrowing from all his comrades who had money to lend. In brief, “Dick Steele, the schoolboy, must have been one of the most generous, good-for-nothing, amiable little creatures that ever conjugated the verb *tupto*, I beat, *tuptomai*, I am whipped, in any school in Great Britain.” His recklessness and good-humor to the last are fondly dwelt on—his cordial naturalness is eagerly appreciated—his tenderness and humanity gracefully enforced. “A man is seldom more manly,” we are well reminded, “than when he is what you call unmannered—the source of his emotion is championship, pity, and courage; the instinctive desire to cherish those who are innocent and unhappy, and defend those who are tender and weak. If Steele is not our friend, he is nothing. He is by no means the most brilliant of wits, nor the deepest of thinkers: but he is our friend: we love him, as children love their love with an A., because he is amiable. Who likes a man best because he is the cleverest or the wisest of

mankind; or a woman because she is the most virtuous, or talks French, or plays the piano better than the rest of her sex? I own to liking Dick Steele the man, and Dick Steele the author, much better than much better men and much better authors.” In the same manner, that sad rake and spend-thrift, Henry Fielding, is sure of a kind word. The great novelist is not made a hero of, but shown as he is; not robed in a marble toga, and draped and polished in an heroic attitude, but with inked ruffles, and claret stains on his tarnished laced coat—but then we are bid observe on his manly face the marks of good fellowship, of illness, of kindness, of care; and admonished that, wine-stained as we see him, and worn by care and dissipation, that man retains some of the most precious and splendid human qualities and endowments. Among them, an admirable natural love of truth, and keenest instinctive scorn of hypocrisy—a wonderfully wise and detective wit—a great-hearted, courageous soul, that respects female innocence and infantine tenderness—a large-handed liberality, a disdain of all disloyal arts, an unselfish diligence in the public service. And then, “what a dauntless and constant cheerfulness of intellect, that burned bright and steady through all the storms of his life, and never deserted its last wreck! It is wonderful to think of the pains and misery which the man suffered; the pressure of want, illness, remorse, which he endured; and that the writer was neither malignant nor melancholy, his view of truth never warped, and his generous human kindness never surrendered.” Goldsmith, again, is reviewed in the same spirit—“the most beloved of English writers”—“whose sweet and friendly nature bloomed kindly always in the midst of a life’s storm, and rain, and bitter weather”—“never so friendless but he could befriend some one, never so pinched and wretched, but he could give of his crust, and speak his word of compassion”—enlivening the children of a dreary London court with his flute, giving away his blankets in college to the poor widow, pawning his coat to save his landlord from jail, and spending his earnings as an usher in treats for the boys. “Think of him reckless, thriftless, vain, if you like—but merciful, gentle, generous, full of love and pity. . . . Think of the poor pensioners weeping at his grave; think of the noble spirits that admired and deplored him; think of the righteous pen that wrote his epitaph, and of the wonderful and unanimous response of affection with which the world has paid back the love he gave it.” Yet is

Mr. Thackeray cautious not to dismiss the Steeles, and Fieldings, and Goldsmiths, and kindred literary prodigals, without a renewal of his much-discussed protest against the license claimed for them as such. For reckless habits, and careless lives, the wit, he insists, must suffer, and justly, like the dullest prodigal that ever ran in debt, and moreover, must expect to be shunned in society, and learn that reformation must begin at home.

Prior, Gay, and Pope are classed together in one lecture—a highly piquant and entertaining one, too. The ease and modern air of Mat Prior's lyrics are happily asserted, and Mat himself pronounced a world-philosopher of no small genius, good-nature, and acumen. John Gay is a favorite, as in life, and enjoys a good place. Such a natural good creature, so kind, so gentle, so jocular, so delightfully brisk at times, so dismally woe-begone at others—lazy, slovenly, for ever eating and saving good things; a little, round, French *abbé* of a man, sleek, soft-handed and soft-hearted. Honest John's pastorals are said to be to poetry "what charming little Dresden china figures are to sculpture—graceful, minikin, fantastic, with a certain beauty always accompanying them. The pretty little personages of the pastoral, with gold clocks to their stockings, and fresh satin ribbons to their crooks, and waistcoats, and boddices, dance their loves to a minuet-tune played on a bird-organ, approach the charmer, or rush from the false one daintily on their red-heeled tiptoes, and die of despair or rapture, with the most pathetic little grins and ogles; or repose, simpering at each other, under an arbor of pea-green crockery; or piping to pretty flocks that have just been washed with the best Naples in a stream of Bergamot."

To Pope is freely conceded the greatest name on the lecturer's list—the highest among the poets, and among the English wits and humorists here assembled—the greatest literary artist that England has seen—the decrepit Papist, whom the great St. John held to be one of the best and greatest of men. Of course (and there is a warm compliment in this of course) Mr. Thackeray dwells admiringly on Pope's filial devotion, on that constant tenderness and fidelity of affection which pervaded and sanctified his life. The closing lines of the "Dunciad" are quoted as

reaching the very greatest height of the sublime in verse, and proving Pope to be "the equal of all poets of all times." But the satire of the "Dunciad" is charged, on the other hand, with generating and establishing among us "the Grub-street tradition;" and the "ruthless little tyrant," who revelled in base descriptions of poor men's want, is accused of contributing more than any man who ever lived to depreciate the literary calling. Grub-street, until Pope's feud with the Dunces, was a covert offense—he made it an overt one. "It was Pope that dragged into light all this poverty and meanness, and held up those wretched shifts and rags to public ridicule," so that thenceforth the reading world associated together author and wretch, author and rags, author and dirt, author and gin, tripe, cowheel, duns, squalling children, and garret concomitants.

Smollett is assigned a place between Hogarth and Fielding, and is honorably entreated as a manly, kindly, honest, and irascible spirit; worn and battered, but still brave and full of heart, after a long struggle against a hard fortune—of a character and fortune aptly symbolized by his crest, viz., a shattered oak tree, with green leaves yet springing from it. Without much invention in his novels, but having the keenest perceptive faculty, and describing what he saw with wonderful relish and delightful broad humor, and, indeed, giving to us in "Humphrey Clinker" the most laughable story that has ever been written since the goodly art of novel-writing began, and bequeathing to the world of readers, in the letters and loves of Tabitha Bramble and Win Jenkins, "a perpetual fount of sparkling laughter, as inexhaustible as Bladud's well."

But here we must close these desultory notes, and commend our readers to the volume itself, if they have not forestalled such (in either case needless) commendation. They may stumble here and there—one at the estimate of Pope's poetical *status*, another at the panegyric on Addison, and some at the scanty acknowledgments awarded to Hogarth and to Sterne. But none will put down the book without a sense of growing respect for the head and the heart of its author, and a glad pride in him as one of the Representative Men of England's current literature.

[From the Eclectic Review.]

## FLECHIER, THE FRENCH PULPIT ORATOR.\*

THE funeral eulogiums which have been handed down to us from the best times of antiquity bear a considerable resemblance to certain of the poems of Horace and Annæon, wherein we find Death casting his shadow athwart the riotous excesses of the banquet. The only perceptible difference between these two styles of literature is, that the one is more lofty and more grave, more closely allied to great and solemn thoughts, whilst the other seems only to delight, like a joyous guest, in counting the flowers which are so soon to wither. Both, however, are bounded by the same horizon, and the hero who, by force of arms or might of genius, has traced out for himself a brilliant pathway upon the earth, ends like the sybarite who has all his lifetime been swimming in a sea of material pleasures.

The hero and the beggar, the sage and the fool, the useful citizen, as well as the sensual voluptuary, on the completion of their earthly course, dash alike against an insurmountable boundary—the rigid marble of the tomb. And this circumstance explains to us the reason why the ancient legislators were as careful to reward all as to punish all. They strove to offer to the individual, during his sojourn in this world, those indemnities which the Christian is taught to look for in the next. Their Olympus was open only to the gods and demi-gods; and as to the Elysian Fields, that vague and fantastic cloud-land, it is with difficulty that we discern wandering through its shadowy meads the few heroes who have been unable to ascend higher. Hence it was, that the loss of a great citizen was so keenly felt, and his end deplored in such moving strains. At the present day, governments occupy themselves but little in perpetuating the memory of illustrious men; in France we find that to the Church is left the task of apportioning to the good as well as to the evil the shares they merit. As late as the Revolution of

'89, the French priest was the sole dispenser of praise and blame. As the self-dubbed interpreter of the Divine will, he weighed in a balance—supposed to be equitable—the vices and virtues of his "subject;" and, while branding human foibles, sought to excuse them in the name of an all-merciful and all-charitable doctrine. At times, however, there would get mixed up with that holy fire which burned upon the altar, a few grains of idolatrous incense, the smoke from which would not unfrequently prove sufficiently dense to obscure the brilliancy of evangelical truth.

Louis XIV., that monarch who so powerfully contributed to the unity and extension of French nationality, and whose panegyric might certainly be made without exposing the eulogist to a charge of flattery, has in many circumstances, and for many acts of his life, richly deserved the formidable reprisals of the Church. Yet, with the exception of a few rare and short passages, wherein the too vivid tints of flattery would seem to have escaped the pencils of Fléchier and Bossuet, their funeral orations, generally speaking, in nowise materially contradict the "stubborn facts" of truth-telling history. They abound, moreover, in solemn warnings; and we ever find a strain of the loftiest morality running through, and as it were interlacing the minutest details of the lives of those princesses, nobles, and great men of the day, whose earthly careers one might at first sight have imagined would afford merely vapid subjects of eulogiums, like themselves, "stale, flat and unprofitable." Thus the gap existing in modern legislations has been marvellously filled by the solemn rites of a religion which feared not to lend itself to the exigencies of poor humanity.

But the indulgence which this religion displayed for the infirmities of its disciples was always counterbalanced by the high moral lessons it alone had the right of giving. If, for example, it at one moment placed a resplendent crown upon the brow of the hero whose virtues were the theme of praise, it was only,

\* *Œuvres Complètes de Fléchier*. 10 tomes. 8vo. Paris. 2. *Les Oraisons Funèbres de Fléchier*. 1 tome. 12mo. Paris: Didot.

at the next, to tarnish its ephemeral lustre, and to deplore the rapid and irreparable flight of all terrestrial things. It built up with its own hands a pompous *catafalque*, on the adornment of which all the treasures of art had been profusely lavished, and after having for an instant exalted to the skies those paltry trappings of the earth which we are obliged to leave behind us on the brink of the grave, at a single breath it scattered all this golden dust to the four winds of heaven. It raised man upon a pedestal which immeasurably increased his stature; but this imaginary Colossus it would afterwards cast down from its elevation, and display to the assembled crowd of hero-worshippers in all the naked deformity of its mean and graceless proportions. Even while flattering earthly hopes and earthly desires, it found occasion to remind all men of their immortal state. It reduced itself, as it were, to the level of carnal understandings, but only for the purpose of better raising them aloft on divine wings, and bearing them into those regions of endless bliss where nothing passes away, and where all things participate in the eternity of the Creator.

These contrasts between the perishable things of earth and the unchangeable beatitudes of heaven are very beautifully exhibited in the funeral orations of Bossuet and Fléchier; nor does the panegyric materially differ from the sermon either in the general arrangement of the subject, the learned contexture of the discourse, or in the energetic conciseness of the style. Take for example the funeral oration on the Duchess of Orleans, by the Bishop of Meaux, and compare it with the admirable sermon by the same author, composed on the occasion of the "profession" of the Duchess de la Villière: we defy the most critical eye to discern the slightest difference in style between these two compositions. We might interleave many passages of the funeral oration with those of the sermon, without fearing to disturb the general harmony of the orator's tone. One might suppose that the conformity of the subject had melted into one effusion sentiments capable of so many different expressions; for we cannot doubt that the analogy between these two touching figures, but lately surrounded with all the splendors of a court, and now buried, one in the grave appointed for all living, the other in the living sepulchre of the convent, must have vividly struck the oriental imagination of Bossuet. And without laying ourselves

open to a charge of French sentimentality, we cannot but think that this great man must have been filled with sadness at the sight of these fading flowers so rudely scattered by the wintry blast, while tears of pity must have flowed from those eyes which had proudly contemplated the solar rays of Louis's throne, and had followed the great Condé amid the terrible *mêlées* of Rocroy and Nordlingen. The vigorous, yet eminently funeral pencil of the Michael Angelo of French pulpit oratory, has, in the composition of these discourses, found tints as delicate and tender in their hues as could have been employed to depict the two women whose end he deplores; and the Homeric and Dantesque singer of the Revolution of England and the wars of Louis of Bourbon, we find now, as it were, unconsciously sighing forth melodious elegies.

But Bossuet is the only one among the preachers of the seventeenth century who equally excelled in the sermon, properly so called, and the funeral oration; and he may also be said to have brought these two branches of Christian literature to their highest perfection. Neither Bourdaloue nor Massillon has ever composed any thing superior to his sermon upon the "Unity of the Church," or to that upon "Honor." The logic of the Bishop of Meaux possesses something vivid and original, which revivifies even the most threadbare topics. It never loses itself in those subtle mazes of abstract reasoning wherein the greater number of the preachers of the day were far too prone to wander. Straightforward and simple as the truth he enunciates, he rapidly crosses all useless intermediary spaces, and flies toward the end in view, disdaining to pause even for an instant in the perilous tread of a formal antithesis. It is very evident that the sermons of Bossuet cannot be proposed as models of rhetoric, for all the rules of art are so completely set aside in their composition, that no man, unless gifted with the highest genius, could possibly attempt their imitation. But let us leave the "Eagle of Meaux" to explore as a sublime solitary those far-off regions whose conquest he has assured to himself, not hoping, by the aid of an artificial rhetoric, to impart to inferior minds strength sufficient to overstep the boundaries of ordinary conceptions. A powerful dialectician, as well as an historian of the first order, such are the two qualities which have gained so brilliant a reputation for the eulogist of Condé, and by whose aid he has acquired undisputed sovereignty over



the two great domains of French pulpit oratory. If Bourdaloue and Massillon, who displayed so much talent in the pulpit, have remained below themselves in the funeral oration, the cause of this inferiority must, in our opinion, be traced to their comparatively limited acquaintance with the philosophy of history.

Many persons are apt to imagine that nothing is more easy than to compose a good narrative; yet it is a style of composition demanding perhaps a more careful treatment than any other. A peculiar aptitude for this branch of literature is requisite, to enable the writer to dispose the various circumstances of a narrative in perspicuous order, to omit all unimportant details, and to bring prominently forward those portions more especially deserving of attention. That writer who can handle with the happiest facility the most subtle and complicated abstractions, linking them systematically together with irreproachable method, is frequently embarrassed in the comparatively light and trifling incidents of the narrative, and succeeds in unravelling them only after a series of lame and awkward attempts. Do we not every day see advocates obtaining brilliant triumphs in causes wherein merely a clever or artful exposition of facts is essential to success, and who are utterly lost so soon as the case turns upon dry points of law? That species of sagacity which, like a sunbeam, can penetrate the complicated labyrinth of philosophical inquiry, shedding a flood of light over its most secret recesses, is oftentimes completely at fault on the broad plains of historical fact.

And when history, instead of being exhibited to us in all its truth, with its equal admixture of good and evil; instead of presenting its features at one time comic, at another sublime, sometimes impressed with heroic majesty, more frequently hideous and blood-stained; when history, we say, having purified its waters, and fertilized on its banks all the thousand treasures of a luxuriant vegetation, presents to our ear only murmurs worthy by their sweetness of competing with the blast of the epic trumpet, how much more difficult may we not suppose that artist's task must be who makes it the subject of his inspirations? Now, let the reader turn to the funeral oration of Condé by Bossuet, and that of Turenne by Fléchier, and he will at once be convinced that the exploits of these two great generals have in these discourses been neither minutely nor yet coldly related, as they have been in the greater portion of the memoirs of the time. Fléchier and Bos-

suet have here left to military men those strategetic details which would have been incomprehensible to the majority of their auditors; they have also very properly passed over in silence the host of insignificant anecdotes bearing on the lives of these individuals; anecdotes which, though they might excite the curiosity, could neither shed any light on the mysteries of the human heart, nor in any way harmonize with the heroic deeds of the illustrious men whose loss their mourning country deplored. Attaching themselves exclusively to the more salient points in their narrative, they engraved them on all hearts by their vivid and forcible treatment. Language became like fire in their hands, communicating to their slightest expressions a brilliancy almost supernatural. We have here poetry and history united in a fruitful alliance, the first adorning, with all the treasures of its rich and varied hues, the ruder and more solid materials of the second, an edifice being by these means erected of the fairest and most beautiful proportions. We do not exaggerate when we affirm that the orator who celebrates the triumphs of a hero ought, in addition to the solid qualities of the historian, to possess also the more brilliant faculties of the poet. We know that Fléchier, before devoting himself exclusively to preaching, had successfully cultivated Latin poetry; indeed, it was through his classical knowledge that he obtained his early successes in Paris, and it was this knowledge also which afterwards opened for him a path to honors and celebrity. His lines upon the "Carrousel" of 1669 were at first printed in folio along with those by Perrault upon the "Carrousel" of 1662. In this composition the classical scholars of the day admired the exquisite harmony of the rhythm, the picturesque choice of expression, and the facility with which the author had triumphed over the difficulties inherent in the very nature of his subject,—a subject which, more, perhaps, than any other, could hardly be treated in the language of the Romans, seeing that they had no festival analogous to a French *carrousel*. In this little composition might be remarked the germs of those rare merits which, later, acquired for Fléchier the honor of being placed for an instant on the same line with Bossuet. Besides some Latin verses, which are still read with pleasure by his countrymen, Fléchier had also attempted history with considerable success. His "Life of Theodosius the Great," written for the Dauphin, (son of Louis XIV.,) which appeared in 1679, though not by any means to be compared to

But without regarding the literature of the seventeenth century as the only literature of which France ought to be proud, it is very certain that it does not enjoy with the masses that high degree of popularity it in many respects so eminently deserves. The executive partisans of Voltaire and Rousseau—still very numerous, though their ranks are sensibly thinning—nourish against those writers who have not made of their pens instruments of demolition, certain prejudices which will be extinguished, perhaps, only with the breath of life which animates them. Those ardent and fiery spirits who take an interest only in passionate polemics, soon weary of books which reflect world-wide ideas with the serene grandeur of those rivers in whose placid waters the marvels of the firmament are reflected without distortion. For the rest, a work interests the bulk of readers only in so far as it expresses their interests and sympathies of the moment. Moral problems cease to captivate their attention, unless bearing in some measure on the squabbles of a day, that hold in suspense many minds which the simple truth alone would not satisfy. But, it may be asked, if the basis of those thoughts which we find scattered through the literature of the great century fails to satisfy the taste of a public absorbed in contemporary disputations, the form, at least, with which they are clothed must find favor in its sight? We answer, no: it appears too stiff and formal, or rather, it is in fact too simple and natural for these effervescing imaginations, which even the monstrous excesses of the modern school of French literature have not succeeded in turning back to more sound and healthy doctrines.

A calm and even flow of words, developing the idea with a certain degree of slowness and deliberation, and not unfrequently describing a winding course before attaining its end, cannot, it is evident, possess attractions for those readers who reach forward impatiently towards the goal, and who prefer clearing for themselves a perilous footway along the brinks of precipices to following a sure and painless, but more circuitous route. Hence, what recklessness of style, what strangeness of expression, what obsolete, or else newly-coined phrases, are required to attract and retain the attention, excite the sympathies, and please the vitiated tastes of these furious iconoclasts, who take pleasure only in the adoration of shapeless fragments, and turn away in contempt at the aspect of an harmonious statue! We consider that the

writings of Fléchier well deserve being read at the present day, and that an attentive study of their many beauties could not fail of exerting a salutary influence upon the minds and tastes of the rising generation of authors.

The funeral orations of Fléchier, and, above all, those of Turenne and the Duke of Montansier—on both of which we purpose offering some special remark before we conclude—present excellent examples of a diction at once pure, elegant and unaffected; and which, though abounding in new and picturesque turns of expression, never sins against good taste. True it is that the same oratorical tropes and figures occasionally return with a somewhat fatiguing monotony under the more ingenious than creative pen of the illustrious prelate; but we recommend the works of Fléchier, less as monuments, wherein are displayed the inexhaustible genius of invention, than as regular edifices, having the inconvenience, it is true, of being almost all constructed upon the same plan, and of never striking the imagination by novel and unforeseen combinations, but which, however, fully satisfy the critical eye of the most exacting spectator. Although it must be confessed that the harmony of this somewhat formal style be the result of labor rather than the outpouring of genius, it still enchants the ear, and not unfrequently insinuates itself into the most secret recesses of the heart.

Fléchier's style has been censured by many critics as abounding too much in antitheses and symmetrical contrasts, and this we admit is a defect observable in his writings; in fact, he almost invariably proceeds by means of antitheses; if he speak of the mortal lives of his heroes, it is to persuade us of their blessed immortality. He seeks to bring to our memory the graces which Providence has bestowed upon them, in order that we may adore the mercy which He has displayed towards them. He seeks to edify rather than to please. He announces that all earthly things must have an end, in order to lead us to the contemplation of God and heavenly things, which are eternal. He recalls to our minds the fatal curse of death, in order to inspire us with the desire of a holy life. This course, it must be owned, is the very opposite to that of Bossuet. These two prelates have been frequently compared together; we know not if they were rivals during their lives, but at the present day they most certainly are not. Fléchier possesses rather the art and mechanism of eloquence than its genius. He never abandons himself to its inspired influence; his discourses never lead

Bossuet's "Discourse on Universal History," is for all that an excellent work, evidencing in the quiet and correct style of its composition no mean talent, as well as considerable historical research, and evincing, moreover, in the writer a mind well trained in the art of classifying facts with judgment and method.

There is some similarity between the manner of Fléchier and that of the Abbé Fleury. If neither of these writers ever descends into the mysterious abysses whence social revolutions take their rise, nor yet ascends to those higher considerations which sum up in a few words the most complex political problems; if their recitals never strongly move us by sudden outbursts of impassioned eloquence, on the other hand they always interest by the instructive reflections so liberally strewn throughout the narrative, and by the substantial, elegant, and perspicuous style of the composition. Fléchier possessed in a remarkable degree the two qualities which appear to us indispensable to the orator who is called to sing the praises of the illustrious dead beneath the roof of a Christian temple. As a poet and historian, he could not fail of succeeding in the funeral oration equally with Bossuet, whose ardent imagination could color and animate the dry details of historical fact with wonderful felicity; but, on the other hand, it would be difficult to cite a single sermon of Fléchier's which can add any thing to his reputation. Although his sermons at the period of their delivery were greeted with much favor, and may even be considered as having formed the basis of his oratorical reputation, they evince but faint traces of that talent which was destined to raise him to so high a position among the divines of his country. Logic and passion are the two distinctive merits required in a sermon. Now, we may be permitted to say that Fléchier occupies himself more exclusively with the symmetrical arrangement of his sentences than with the regular and lucid distribution of his ideas. His excessive attention to form and detail prevents him bestowing on the more important groundwork the care it requires. Like a patient-artist, he enriches with the most elaborate workmanship the vilest as well as the most precious metals. A simple note from his pen was written in a style as pure and chaste as the funeral oration of Turenne. The reader must not seek the brilliant vegetation of the tropics in this beautifully laid-out *parterre*, whose simplest flowers are the objects of the gardener's daily care and love; were he to do so, his labor would be in vain; he will

meet with only well-known, and sometimes even very common-place shrubs, but which, however, possess all the charms of novelty through the learned and patient culture which has been bestowed on them. Fléchier has been frequently censured for the too minute and labored harmony of his periods, but it should be borne in mind that this correct and harmonious diction has rescued the name of Fléchier from that oblivion which has enveloped many of the most illustrious minds of the seventeenth century, and was, at the epoch when it excited such universal admiration, a true creation of genius.

The French language at that period did not possess the suitableness of expression, fitness, and musical rhythm, which, in the writings of the Bishop of Nîmes, never failed to satisfy the taste, as well as charm the ear. At the present day, similar qualities are insufficient to assure immortality for the works of modern French authors; the idiom of the language has become so flexible and refined through the successive efforts of the last two centuries, that even those persons who do not follow the career of letters possess elegance and harmony of style. But we must not imagine that the reputation of Fléchier was based on no solid foundation, because the secret of those harmonious periods, which produced so lively a sensation upon his contemporaries, has been discovered. Even were the phraseology of the present day more varied and ingenious than that of this admirable writer, he would no less possess the merit of having been one of the most powerful promoters of the improvements in style and language obtained after his time. We perform an act of courage in defending the reputation of those who have preceded us in the battle of life. The Frenchmen of the present day, we cannot help thinking, are far too much absorbed with the present, which they are in consequence easily led to regard as an epoch of unequalled splendor in the annals of their country. We are far from being the obstinate partisans of a past age, which is now but a phantom, and whose extinct glory men may seek in vain to restore. The throne of Louis Quatorze has for ever lost that brilliant retinue of intellect which formed for it an impregnable barrier. Where shall we now find those illustrious men who rendered the very name of France glorious? They have not only passed away for ever from the stage of life, but their ashes have been scattered abroad, nor can the four winds of heaven now tell where they have capriciously disposed them.

us to feel that self has been forgotten, that the *orator* is lost in the *subject*; his defect is that of always writing and never speaking; he methodically arranges and carefully polishes a sentence, proceeds afterwards to another, applies the compass to it, and so on to a third. We remark and feel all the repose of his imagination, whilst the discourses of Bossuet, and perhaps all great works of eloquence, are, or at least appear, like those bronze statues which the artist has cast at a single melting.

After these strictures on some of Fléchier's defects, let us render full justice to his many beauties. Fléchier possessed all those secondary qualities whose brilliant union would seem for an instant almost to hold the place of genius, but which vainly seek to fill the void caused by the absence of inspiration—that emanation of the creative power of God. His style, though never impetuous, is always chaste; in default of strength, he possesses correctness and grace. If he fails in those original expressions, of which one alone frequently represents a host of ideas, he has that ever-equal tone of color which gives value to little things without disfiguring great ones. As we have before remarked, he never strongly excites the imagination; but he fixes it. His ideas rarely ascend very high; but they are always just; and are frequently also brought forward with a degree of ingenuity which arouses the intellectual faculties, and exercises without fatiguing them. Fléchier appears to have possessed a deep and thorough knowledge of men; every where he judges them as a philosopher and portrays them as an orator. Finally, his style has the merit of a double harmony; of that which, by the happy arrangement of words, is destined to flatter and seduce the ear, and of that which seizes the analogy of numbers with the character of the ideas, and which, by the suavity or the force, the slowness or the rapidity of the sounds employed, paints to the ear at the same time as the image is delineated on the mind. In general, the eloquence of Fléchier appears to be formed of the harmony and art of Isocrates, the genius of Pliny, and the brilliant imagination of a poet, as well as of a certain imposing gravity and deliberation, in nowise out of place in the pulpit, and which was, besides, in accordance with the vocal powers of the orator.

Before offering a few observations on the more remarkable productions of our author, we will briefly glance at some of the incidents of his life,—a life, however, abounding

in no extraordinary events, offering as it does but a record of the faithful accomplishment of episcopal duties, and the assiduous and successful culture of letters. In precise ratio as the writers of the sixteenth century were dissolute in their habits of life, those of the seventeenth were recommended by their irreproachable morality and their dignity of character. Born at Perne, in the county of Avignon, on the 10th of June, 1632, Esprit Fléchier entered, in 1648, the Congregation of the Christian Doctrine, where, under the direction of his maternal uncle, Father Audiffret, Superior of the Order, he pursued his studies with the greatest distinction. Intrusted successively with the management of several classes, and especially with that of rhetoric, at Narbonne, he so highly distinguished himself among his brother professors, that on him was conferred the honor of pronouncing the funeral oration of Monseigneur de Rebi, Archbishop of the diocese.

In 1659 he quitted the garb of "Doctrienaire," and proceeded to Paris,—that rendezvous for all talents and all capacities. We have already spoken of his lines on the "Carrousel" of 1669. But fresh successes confirmed that which he owed to his knowledge of Latin poetry; and soon, appointed almoner in ordinary to the Dauphiness and to the Abbey of Saint Severin, he was promoted to the bishopric of Levaux in 1685, from whence, two years afterwards, he was translated to the see of Nîmes. Here it was that, in the year 1710, he completed, at the age of seventy-eight years, an existence entirely devoted to the conscientious fulfilment of his religious duties, and to the exercise of the Christian virtues. Full of years and honors, and certain of transmitting his name to the most distant posterity, the good old man passed away from the scene of his earthly pilgrimage, restoring to his Maker a soul whose faculty had, during a long and active career, been consecrated to His honor and glory, according to the tenets of the Church which he adorned.

There are none of Fléchier's writings in which very many beauties are not perceptible. The funeral orations on Madame de Montansier, on the Duchess of Aiguillon, and on the Dauphiness of Bavaria, not offering scope, from the uneventful character of the lives of these personages, for the display of "moving incidents," abound with moral ideas, which are presented with great beauty and delicacy.

The funeral oration for Maria Theresa is in the same style, and displays similar beauties. The eulogium of a queen, removed by cha-



acter as well as by circumstances from great interests and state affairs, was a difficult subject to render attractive, and we must admire the talent of that orator who, by a correct yet animated portraiture of the manners of the day, and a philosophy at once delicate and profound, is enabled to supply what his subject has denied him.

The funeral oration of M. de Lamoignon, first president of the parliament under Louis XIV., presents throughout the portrait of a magistrate and a sage. This picture, which, perhaps, fails somewhat in brilliancy of coloring, possesses above all the merit of truth. We know that De Lamoignon was as celebrated for his scholarship as he was for his Christian virtues. These were, indeed, the sole means by which he attained to place and power. Under Louis XIV. he sustained the honor of the French magistracy, as did Turenne and Condé that of her arms. He was closely allied also with the greatest men of the day,—a fact which clearly proves that he was not beneath them in point of intellect; for ignorance and mediocrity, always either insolent or timid, are ever ready to repel the talent which they dread, and which humiliates them. The friendship of Racine and of Bourdaloue, and the laudatory poetry of Boileau, will not contribute less to his reputation than will this funeral oration, and they will teach posterity that the orator has spoken like his century.

But we must pass rapidly over all these discourses to come to that which obtained, and deservedly, the highest reputation; we allude to the funeral oration of Marshal Turenne, that celebrated soldier who, in an age the most fruitful perhaps of any in great names, had no superior, and but one rival; who was as modest as he was great; as highly esteemed for his probity as he was for his military skill, and whose faults we may all the more readily pardon, seeing that he never made a vain parade of his many virtues; the only man, in short, whose death was regarded by the people as a public calamity, and whose ashes, since the time of Duguesclin, were judged worthy of being mingled with those of kings. Here Fléchier, as has often been remarked, seemed to rise above himself. It would appear as though the public grief had imparted a more than usual activity to his intellect; his style warms, his imagination rises, his images assume a more imposing form. Yet between this funeral oration and that of the Great Condé, by Bossuet, there is the same difference perceptible as between the characters of

the men themselves. The one bears the impress of pride, and seems to be the work of inspiration; the other, even in its elevation, appears the fruit of an art perfected by experience and study. Thus, singularly enough, these two great men found in their panegyrists a style of eloquence analogous to their individual characters and dispositions.

The funeral oration of Marshal Turenne is no less one of the gems of French pulpit oratory; the exordium, above all, will, for its majestic and solemn character, be ever cited as a masterpiece of harmonious eloquence. The two first parts present a noble image of the talents of the general and the virtues of the man; but as the orator draws towards the close, he seems to acquire fresh strength; he depicts with a rapid hand the final triumphs of the warrior; he shows us Germany convulsed, the enemy in confusion, the eagle already taking wing, and preparing for its flight into the mountains; the artillery thundering from either flank to cover the retreat; France and Europe awaiting in the expectation of a great event. Suddenly the orator pauses; he addresses himself to the "God of armies," who disposes alike of conquerors and victories; then he presents to our view the pale and bleeding form of the great captain, stretched upon his trophies, and points out in the distance the sorrowing images of Religion and Fatherland. "Turenne dies!" he exclaims; "all is hushed in silent sorrow; Victory droops her wearied head; Peace flees away; the courage of the troops, at one moment overcome with grief, is at the next reanimated by vengeance; the whole camp is motionless. The wounded think of the loss they have incurred, not of the wounds they have received, while dying fathers send their sons to weep over the remains of their dead general."

Yet, despite the general eloquence and beauty of this funeral oration, we must confess that we scarcely find in it the "counterfeit presentment" of the great man we seek; it may be that the tropes, and figures, and pompous trappings of rhetoric, instead of fully exhibiting, rather in some measure hide him from our view; for there are many discourses, as there are many ceremonies, wherein the object of laudation is actually eclipsed by the pomp with which he is surrounded; where the portrait is overpowered by the gorgeousness of the frame. We may, perhaps, be mistaken in our view, but, in our opinion, the few reflections bearing on the death of Turenne which we find scattered through some of the charming letters

of Madame de Sévigné, evidently noted down in her own delightful style, just as they rose in her mind, and without the slightest straining after effect, more completely present the soldier to our view, and more feelingly recall his loss, than the most studied efforts of rhetoric. There are certain sentences which in reality say more than twenty pages, and some simple facts which rise above all oratorical art; for instance, the saying of St. Hilaire to his son:—"It is not for me that you must weep, but for this great man;" and the anecdote of the farmer of Champagne, who came to demand the cancelling of his lease, because, now that Turenne was dead, he imagined that no one could any longer either sow or reap in security. Slight and apparently insignificant traits of character also frequently portray the man more completely than the most elaborate rhetorical displays. Take, for instance, Turenne's own dispatch after a victory, which, for laconic terseness, may vie with some of the epistolary effusions of Wellington himself:—"The enemy attacked us this morning; we beat them. God be praised. I had some trouble. Good-night,—I am going to bed." And again, his act of humanity towards a soldier whom he found at the foot of a tree expiring with fatigue and exhaustion, and to whom he gave up his horse while he himself followed on foot. It is almost to be regretted that the dignity of the funeral oration does not permit the employment of these traits of character, so touching in their simplicity, and which frequently place the hero in the position of the orator.

Fifteen years after the funeral oration of Turenne, Fléchier treated another subject, as beautiful, perhaps, as the former, though in an entirely different style; we allude to the eulogium of the famous Duke of Montansier, the preceptor of the great Dauphin. If an orator, like a painter, requires a characteristic physiognomy in his model, we may safely affirm that he never had a more marked and prominent one than this. Every reader acquainted with the memoirs of the time must have admired this rigid virtue in the midst of a corrupt court, this inflexible heart, incapable alike of disguise or weakness, this unswerving honesty, which spurned the gifts of fortune when the possession of these gifts required a sacrifice of principle, this steadfast attachment to truth, and all those iron rules of conduct which good men term simply virtue, but which are branded as misanthropy by the weak and degraded, in order that they may not have to blush for their own

shortcomings.\* Now, for the truthful delineation of such a character, a vigorous pen was required, and this pen Fléchier did not possess; his eloquence was rather of the imagination than of the heart; and besides this, there was another bar to the achievement of complete success:—though really a good man and a sincere Christian, Fléchier's natural disposition of character was so completely dissimilar to that of the Duke, that rightly to conceive and portray it was a task entirely above his powers.

There are passages, however, in this funeral oration not unworthy of its subject. Fléchier had been the friend of the Duke of Montansier: "Fear not," he says, "that friendship or gratitude will influence me; you know that hitherto flattery has never found a place in my discourses; could I then venture here, where frankness and candor themselves form the subject of our laudation, to dare to employ fiction and falsehood? No! This tomb would open; this lifeless form would rise from its grave and rebuke my lying lips. 'Why,' it would say, 'do you lie for me who never lied for mortal? Leave me to repose in the bosom of truth, and come not here to disturb my peace by that flattery which has ever been my detestation.'"

And elsewhere, after having spoken of the advice which had been offered to the Duke upon the method of conducting himself at court, the orator adds:—

"This advice appeared to him base. He had borne his incense painfully to the altars of fortune, and had returned overwhelmed with the burden of his own thoughts. This continued commerce of falsehoods, this universal hypocrisy, by means of which men strive either to hide real defects or to display false virtues; those mysterious airs, assumed for the purpose either of masking ambitious designs, or of supporting credit; all this spirit of imposture and dissimulation was abhorrent to his virtuous mind. Not being yet in a position to raise his voice aloud against these crying evils, he made known to his friends that he

\* His speech to the great Dauphin, after the completion of the latter's education, is eminently characteristic of the man:—"Monseigneur, if you are an honest man, you will love me; if you are not so, you will hate me, and I shall be comforted." His famous letter to this prince cannot be too frequently quoted:—"Monseigneur, I do not felicitate you upon the taking of Philipsburg; you had a good army, good cannon, and Vauban. Nor do I compliment you upon your bravery; it is a virtue hereditary in your family. But I rejoice because you have shown yourself liberal, generous, and humane, bringing forward the services of others, and forgetting your own; it is for the display of these good qualities that I offer you my heartfelt congratulations."

was going to the army to pay his court there—that it would cost him less to expose his life than to dissemble his feelings, and that he would never purchase either favors or fortune at the expense of his integrity and peace of mind.”

We could quote many other passages of great beauty from this celebrated oration; but the discourse is on the whole below its subject. We discover in its composition more cleverness than power. We might have expected, at least, to find in it some eloquent ideas upon the education of a dauphin; upon the necessity of carefully forming a mind upon which the happiness and glory of a nation might one day depend; upon the art of carefully nourishing the growth of good qualities, while eradicating the tares that are flourishing in their company; of inspiring sensibility without weakness, justice without harshness, elevation of mind without pride; upon the art of creating a moral code for the guidance of a youthful prince, and of teaching him how to blush; of engraving on his heart these three words—God, the Universe, and Posterity—in order that these words may serve him as a bridle in after life, when earthly power and dominion is in his hands; upon the art of spanning that gulf fixed by the world between him and other men; of pointing out to him, by the side of the inequality of power, the humiliating equality of sin, that universal leveller; of instructing him by his errors, his needs, his sorrows even; of making him feel, and know, and love his Saviour, that Creator who, by his Spirit, is seeking to lower him from his earthly pinnacle of grandeur, and to draw him more closely to his fellow-creatures and to Himself, whilst pride is striving with every nerve to puff him up with the pomps and vanities of the world; upon the art of rendering him compassionate and tender-hearted amid all that quenches pity; of accustoming him ever to ally together the idea of that luxury which flaunts openly in the face of day with the idea of that misery which keeps aloof and hides its rags in silence and solitude; finally, upon the still more difficult art of fortifying all these lessons against the habitual spec-

tacle of grandeur, against the homage of servitors and the flattery of courtiers. It is astonishing that such a man as Fléchier could have passed so lightly over a subject so pregnant as it is with moral lessons of the highest order; and when we consider that the man he had so depicted as giving these lessons was the Duke of Montansier, our astonishment increases; for what might not have been the moral precepts reaped from the instructions of a governor who valued and respected the truth above all the princes in the universe; who, in its holy cause, would have braved the hatred of the world, and who, in the performance of his duty, never let so much as a thought glance into his heart that the youth who was to-day his pupil might to-morrow be his master?

In the foregoing pages we have briefly enumerated what we consider as shortcomings in the writings of Fléchier, while bestowing at the same time a full meed of praise where praise was justly due; in summing up our estimate of his merits and defects as a pulpit orator, we may add that he may be justly considered as one of the purest and most correct writers of the French language of his time. If, however, in our appreciation of authors, we were only to require of them learned, scholarly, and harmonious phrases, in conformity with the genius of the language in which they write, then would Fléchier merit a position in the very front rank; but depth of thought, impetuous flow of passion, fervid eloquence—such are the qualities which above all and before all things contribute to raise their possessors to a conspicuous position in the republic of letters. Excellence of form is not, nor ever can be, any thing more than a guaranty of the solidity and goodness of the superstructure. We require that the waters of a river shall flow in a limpid stream, but it is urgent, either that these waters leave gold and diamonds in their onward progress, or else certain fertilizing principles which may enrich the neighboring lands; then are they blessed in our eyes, and we regard them as the sources of life.

From Chambers's Journal.

## WIFE OF THE GREAT CONDE.

THERE are few to whom the name and merits of the great Condé are unknown, and who have not heard of the great deeds performed by the victor of Rocroy at the early age of twenty-one; but there may be some who have heard little of Clémence de Maillé, his wife, save that she was the niece of Cardinal Richelieu: her virtues, her sufferings, her heroism, are unrecorded in the histories which give so pompous an account of her husband's deeds of arms.

There was a magnificent ball given in the palace of Cardinal Richelieu on the night of the 7th of February, 1641. The whole of a noble suite of rooms, extending round three sides of the courtyard, were brilliantly lighted up, and thrown open for the reception of the most noble and distinguished persons in Paris. There was every where the sweetest music swelling through the lofty rooms, and graceful bands of dancers keeping time to its strains: there were light girlish figures, and stately matronly ones; young men dressed in all the foppery of the period, whispering soft nothings to the young and beautiful; and grave politicians on the watch to observe whom the King spoke to, and Richelieu smiled on. There was Anne of Austria, and her enfeebled husband, Louis XIII., the beautiful Geneviève de Bourbon, afterwards Duchesse de Longueville, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, the swarthy Italian Mazarin, and many others distinguished in the annals of their period. But why happens it that so gay and brilliant a company is this night assembled in the halls of the Cardinal de Richelieu? Do you see that young girl, apparently not more than thirteen years of age, sitting near the Queen?—she is rather pale, though extremely fair, with large, thoughtful blue eyes, and rich brown hair. That is Clairé Clémence de Maillé, niece of Richelieu: and do you see standing near the farther entrance of the room that haughty-looking young man, with piercing eyes, aquiline nose, and severe mouth? He is Louis, Duc d'Enghien, afterwards Prince de Condé; and the magnificent fête is to cele-

brate the betrothal of the first Prince of the Blood with the niece of the parvenu minister. Ill-omened engagement! From time to time the Duke throws a satirical, disdainful glance at the poor little bride, and then turns away to talk with the distinguished-looking group near him. Clémence, who has sat tolerably composed and undisturbed all the evening, is now engaged in conversation with the Queen and a splendidly-attired cavalier, who is standing with his plumed hat in his hand before them. He is saying: "Now, Mademoiselle, that her Majesty has condescended to urge my request, may I hope no longer to sue in vain for the honor of being your partner in the next *courante*?"

The color came and went in the cheeks of the child—for such, in spite of her engagement, she must be termed—and she hurriedly said: "she hoped the Queen and Monsieur de St. Valaye would excuse her—she had danced so little."

"Then it is time you should begin, *chère petite*," replied the Queen: "you must no longer be considered as a child. I much wish to have the pleasure of seeing you dance this *courante* with Monsieur de St. Valaye before I retire."

The tear which was just sparkling in Clémence's eye must, I fear, have proclaimed her a child still, when a voice behind settled the matter for her, and made her swallow her tears with the best grace she might, by saying: "My niece will have much pleasure in dancing with you, Monsieur;" and then turning to the Queen, Richelieu excused her bashfulness on account of her secluded education.

Clémence did not dream of disobeying her uncle; she rose from her seat, and M. de St. Valaye, touching the tips of the little fingers with his, led her to her place in the dance. Diamonds glittered, and rich silks rustled as she moved along, and began to dance, timidly indeed, but not ungracefully; and the Queen was in the act of expressing her admiration, in answer to some remark of Richelieu's, when, alas for poor Clémence!



in the very act of performing a deep reverence, she stumbled and fell; the cause of her disaster displayed itself at the same time in the shape of so enormously high-heeled a pair of shoes, that it was a marvel the poor child could even walk in them: they had been given her to increase her height. No motives of kindness or good-breeding could restrain the laughter of the spectators; as M. de St. Valaye raised her, the tears which had been for some time lurking near, burst forth, for she had hurt herself much, falling on the hard *parquet* floor; but her ear caught the sound of one mocking laugh high above the rest, and looking towards the place where the Duc d'Enghien stood, she saw the sharp glance of contempt and dislike he threw at her. The poor girl shuddered, and put her hands on her eyes. Then, recovering herself with a strong effort, she turned to her partner, gently apologized for her awkwardness, and insisted on finishing the dance, which she did with much grace and self-possession.

But the praises which Anne of Austria bestowed on her when she returned to her seat were unheard. That mocking laugh and that deadly look were present to her imagination, haunting her, like a frightful vision of impending evil, for many a long day.

It was two years after the marriage of the youthful Clémence and her reluctant bridegroom, that a large family-party was assembled in the Hôtel de Condé, to greet the return of the victorious Duc d'Enghien from the successful campaign of Rocroy. Clémence was there, but sitting unnoticed in one of the deep window recesses, for her powerful uncle was dead, and the proud family of Condé had no longer an inducement to treat with any distinction his orphan niece.

She was taller than when we saw her last, even when she had the aid of her high-heeled shoes, though still rather under the middle height; and her sweet intellectual countenance was animated by a more tender expression than ever, as she gazed on her child, an infant of three months old, who was lying on her lap. Her fair young cheek was tinged with a flush of excitement: she was waiting the moment when she should place her child in the arms of his father, and be able to read in his eyes the hope that for its sake he would give her the love she had so long sought in vain.

She had borne with patience his cold indifference before he left her; she was still so much a child as hardly to know or value

her rights of affection; but the birth of the little Henri had opened to her thoughts and feelings she had not before experienced. She had learned, with a heart throbbing with pride, of her husband's victories and his glory; and she now hoped to gain the affection of the hero, and to be able to offer in words the sympathy her heart felt so deeply. She longed to be to him all that he was to her, forgetting, in her inexperience, poor child, that the love which is the sole object of a woman's life makes but a very small part of the hopes and cares that throng the busy brain of a man.

A distant huzza was heard in the streets, then the sound of wheels and horses' feet; and accompanied by his father and brother, and greeted by the enthusiastic shouts of the populace, the young Duc d'Enghien rode proudly into the courtyard, and in a few moments entered the saloon.

One by one, he greeted his assembled relations; and last of all, Clémence, having placed her child in his nurse's arms, came forward alone with her dark-blue eyes gleaming through tears of joy, and endeavored to take his hand and put it to her lips. He drew it almost roughly away; and turning to his infant son, caressed him, and spoke of him with evident pleasure to his mother and sister. Still, not a word to his poor wife the whole of that long evening, not even a kindly glance.

"It was my fault," thought Clémence; "it was so silly in me to cry; he must have thought me a baby still. I will try and speak to him."

So she waited till the guests were gone, and then coming up to him, as he stood leaning against the lofty chimney-piece, she said: "Louis, I am the only one who has not congratulated you in words on your triumphant return; but, believe me, no one has felt it more than I. Every time I heard you were going to attack the enemy, how my heart trembled with anxiety—how earnestly I entreated God to preserve you unharmed; and then, when I was told of your triumphs, I was so happy, I felt so proud in being the wife of"—

"It must be a novel sensation, I should imagine," interrupted the Duc d'Enghien, "for a *bourgeoise* to have any thing to be proud of; but it may diminish in some degree your triumph, Madame, to know, that had it in the least depended on me, you would never have had the smallest share in the dignities of the house of Condé—honors which have remained until now unsullied by a degrading alliance."

"It was not my fault," replied Clémence mournfully; "my inclinations were no more consulted than yours, although I must own to feeling pride in my connection with a family you have rendered doubly illustrious. Ah, Monsieur, forgive my involuntary crime; for the sake of my little Henri, cast me not altogether from your heart. You will love him at least?" she added hurriedly.

"I have no intention, Madame, of neglecting my son on account of his mother's defects. Have you any further commands for me? if not, I am wearied, and will retire;" and with a profound bow, the Duke left the apartment.

An interval of seven years elapsed before the scenes took place we are now about to sketch. The wars of the Fronde have commenced; the Duc d'Enghien, now become Prince de Condé by his father's death, at first the idol of the court, and general of the royal armies, has gradually lost favor; been accused of combining with the Frondeurs, and through the artifices of Mazarin been sent to the castle of Vincennes, together with his brother the Prince de Conti, and his brother-in-law, the Duc de Longueville.

The Princess-dowager, Madame de Longueville, and Clémence, were holding a melancholy council at the Château de Chantilly, not only respecting the best means of restoring the princes to liberty, but of providing for their own safety—for a regiment of guards had been sent towards Chantilly from Soissons, and a *lettre-de-cachet* was daily expected. Lenêt, the faithful adviser of the unfortunate princesses, proposed taking the young duke beyond the Loire, and endeavoring to raise there a party in his father's favor. Some urged submission, some resistance—none asked the opinion of Clémence, who was still treated by all as a child, when her sweet clear voice was suddenly heard in a pause of the debate. "I am not," she said, "either of an age or of an experience that should entitle me to give my advice: I have no other wish than to pay all deference to that of my mother-in-law; but I entreat her most humbly that whatever may happen, I may not be separated from my son—my only remaining hope. I will follow him every where with joy, whatever dangers I may have to encounter; and I am ready to expose myself to any thing for the service of the prince, my husband."

Tears filled the eyes of the proud daughter of Montmorency at the noble words of the despised Clémence. "Since we both," said she, "have but one object, we will both

share the same fate, and unite in bringing up your son in the fear of God and the service of his king."

But it was not so to be: the aged mother of Condé died of grief and anxiety long before her son was released from the dreary prison so fatal to his race; and Clémence and her son were compelled to fly from Chantilly in disguise almost immediately after, leaving her English maid-of-honor, Miss Gerbier, and the gardener's son, to personate her and the young duke. She retired to Montiond, in Berri, where, with the utmost skill and secrecy, she succeeded in levying a considerable force, and in exciting the neighboring gentry to her cause. When at length obliged to leave Montiond, she went to Bordeaux, reaching it after incredible danger and fatigue—all which were supported with the most unflinching heroism. The populace there received her with enthusiasm, shouting as she and her son passed down the street: "Vive le roi, et les princes, et à bas Mazarin!" The parliament of Bordeaux were not equally enthusiastic; but they passed a decree, permitting her residence in the town.

To defray the expenses of the war, Clémence pawned her jewels; but as this was still insufficient, Spain was applied to for help; and Don Joseph Ouzorio was sent with three frigates, some bullion, and more promises.

The arrival of the Spaniards irritated extremely the magistrates of Bordeaux, who passed a decree expressive of their disapprobation. The populace, excited secretly by the Duc de Bouillon, a misjudging adherent of the princess, rose against the parliament, and nearly massacred the members. The Ducs de Bouillon and de Rochefoucauld refused to aid in restoring order; but Clémence never shrank from a duty which lay before her, and, attended only by a single equerry, she went to the palais, where all was confusion, every one, including the president, speaking at once.

She had a great talent for public speaking, and there was none there but felt the charm of her manner, when, falling on one knee, she implored them not to abandon her cause. "I demand justice from the King, in your persons, against the violence of Cardinal Mazarin, and place myself and my son in your hands; he is the only one of his house now at liberty: his father is in irons. Have compassion on the most unfortunate and the most unjustly persecuted family in France."

Still, they would come to no decision. Then the princess offered to go out, and en-

deavor to persuade the mob to disperse, that they might deliberate freely. But the moment she reached the door, some of the foremost rioters hurled her back, exclaiming they would not allow her to pass till she had gained all she wanted from the parliament.

"They have given me all I asked," she exclaimed; still, they would not listen to her, but shouted at the top of their lungs: "Vive le roi, et les princes, et à bas Mazarin!" She returned into the assembly, hopeless of making herself understood by her self-willed friends. On the way, however, she was met by one of the officials, exclaiming: "Ah, Madame, we have just heard that one of the *jurats* has assembled a corps of well-disposed towns-people, who will soon cut down this rabble. If you will come this way, you will see them scattering like the leaves from the vines in autumn, when the mistral blows."

But Clémence had no wish to see blood flow of men whose ardor in her behalf had been their greatest crime. She presented herself again at the door. "I implore you, my friends," she cried; "disperse as quickly and quietly as possible. You will be fired on—you will be slaughtered! For the love of Heaven, go!"

"Not till you have obtained satisfaction from these traitors, Madame," said a burly vintner, shaking a huge club he held in his hand. "We will defend you against them and the scoundrel Mazarin, to the last drop of our blood;" and the everlasting cry, "Vive le roi, et les princes, et à bas Mazarin!" went round; for there is nothing a mob, and a French one particularly, are so constant to as a form of words.

"Make way—make way for me!" cried Clémence: "do not let your blood be on my head."

She saw the troops of the *jurat* advancing, and exclaiming: "Let those who love me, follow!" plunged into the crowd, followed by a few gentlemen. She struggled on, regardless of the drawn swords that were every where flashing round her; two men were killed close beside her, the body of one falling across her path. Still, she pressed onwards, till she arrived at the spot where the troops of the *jurat* and the mob, who had formed themselves into some degree of order, were confronting each other. Their muskets were levelled, and the order to fire was within a moment of being given as she rushed into the space between the combatants.

"Hold—hold!" she shrieked; "do not fire. Lay down your arms, I entreat—I command

you. I am the Princesse de Condé," she continued, observing hesitation in the faces of some; "and oh, can it be for my sake that the inhabitants of so noble and generous a city are thus arrayed in deadly feud against each other? There are enough of common enemies without the walls; the troops of Mazarin will soon be upon us; direct your energies into a noble defense of your city and your rights, instead of wasting them in these miserable dissensions. Brave Bordelais!"—addressing the mob—"I thank you from my heart for your zeal in my son's and husband's behalf; but, believe me, you can best serve us now by returning to your homes; the parliament has granted me all I could ask." Then turning to the commander, she entreated him to withdraw his men, pointing to the slowly retiring mob in proof of force being no longer necessary.

Thus through the courage and presence of mind of a woman, till now unused to take a prominent part of any kind, was this dangerous insurrection quelled with scarcely any bloodshed; and she continued to be the soul of all the movements that were made in her husband's favor in the south of France. At length Condé was set at liberty, principally through the heroic exertions of his despised and neglected wife.

Surely so proved, so devoted a love, deserved to meet with some return: for the moment, even the hard heart of Condé was moved, and for a few months Clémence was treated with gentleness and respect. The sequel will appear in the following scene:—

"Any more business to be settled to-day, Le Tellier?" said Louis XIV., at the close of a long session of the council. "I think we have had a long morning's work of it."

"Only one affair more, Sire," replied the minister; "this letter, addressed to me by Monsieur le Prince de Condé, declaring his determination never to set foot in Paris so long as his wife remains there; he desires, I believe, a *lettre-de-cachet* to detain her prisoner for life."

"Pardieu!" exclaimed the Grand Monarque; "after all she has done and suffered for him, that is too bad; and surely he makes her suffer enough without this. Why, I am told that when he had joined the Spaniards against us, after she crossed the sea to go to him and her son in Flanders, at the imminent peril of her life, all the physicians telling her it would kill her, he actually refused to see her; and she remained the whole winter by herself in a miserable bourgeois house at Valenciennes."

"Yes," said Le Tellier; "and for the sake of joining him; she refused the most magnificent offers made to her by Mazarin, to induce her to remain in France."

"And sold her jewels and estates, to give him money to support the war," added Fouquex.

"Well," replied the King, "I am of opinion that we should refuse this request of our worthy cousin. I see no ground for imprisoning the poor princess; and what will her son, D'Enghien, say to it?"

"Your Majesty need fear no opposition on the part of the Duc d'Enghien," said Le Tellier, with a sarcastic smile. "The memory of his mother's love and services is swallowed up in his admiration of the estates of the *Maréchal de Brézé* [Clemence's father]: he is most active in urging the prince's request."

"Ah, is it indeed so?" said Louis, much shocked, for his conduct to his own mother had been exemplary. "Then may Heaven help the poor woman, if her own son turns against her!"

"Her life is almost that of a prisoner already," pursued Le Tellier. "If your Majesty grants this, you will greatly oblige the Prince de Condé, whom it is important to please; and the mere change of place can make but little difference to Madame la Princesse."

A few sophistries of this sort sufficed for Louis, who was seldom very eager where his own interests were not concerned; and the *lettre-de-cachet* was signed and sealed, containing, in the usual form, the greeting of the monarch to his well-beloved subject, *Claire Clémence de Maillé*, and stating that, in his condescending care for her health, he considered a residence at his castle of *Châteauroux* would be more salutary than her present abode; commanding her to remain there until such time as his royal pleasure should be further made known to her on the subject.

The castle of *Châteauroux* stands perched on the summit of a gray, precipitous rock, with the town to which it gives its name clustered behind it on the more sloping side. From the summit of the gloomy donjon, the eye wanders over as lovely a scene as any that is to be found in France. The *Indre* winds like a band of silver studded with emeralds—for beautiful islands, covered with trees, rise here from its bosom—through the plain; and mingling in the sunny distance, lie vineyards, orchards, lowly farm-buildings, and stately châteaux, till the view is bounded

by those blue hills, whence *Clémence* had once called together so many brave hearts in defense of her husband. And here, on a lovely spring evening in the year 1671, the first evening of her captivity, *Clémence de Maillé* leaned over the battlements, with eyes fixed on the scene below, but with thoughts wandering far away.

The day before, a helpless, oppressed prisoner, she had crossed that *Loire* which, twice before, she had passed at the head of an army, in the defense of her son and husband. She had seen that son and husband treat her with hatred and scorn, anxious only to make her sign the deed which transferred her property to them, and had fainted in her son's arms on bidding him farewell. Then the days at *Bordeaux* rose to her view, when her glance animated thousands, and her word was law, and she herself was filled with the blissful, buoyant hope of gaining the love and esteem of the husband for whom she would willingly have died. Now, all was gone—husband, child, friends, wealth, fame, station, liberty! How can she bear it?

"But oh, I am very, very wrong," she thought, raising her eyes to the clear blue heaven. "If God gave me strength then, when I was a mere child in experience and understanding, to plead my husband's cause before thousands, and encourage armed men to battle in his behalf, He will not fail me now, when my only task is to bear patiently what He sees fit to lay upon me. But oh, D'Enghien, my son! my son! nature should have pleaded for me in your heart. O God! give me grace, give me fortitude, to bear the heavy grief of feeling that my own son is my bitterest enemy." And strength was given to the desolate one—strength to bear *twenty-three years* of confinement; for her death, which took place in 1694, was her only deliverance.

She survived her husband eight years; but his decease was scrupulously concealed from her, lest she should endeavor to recover her liberty. They might have spared themselves the trouble. What was there in the world to tempt *Clémence* to return to it? Her friends were dead, her unnatural son estranged—why should she come back, like a spirit from the tomb, among the gay and thoughtless living? She died in the gray old walls of *Châteauroux*, worn out with infirmities and sorrows, thankful and happy that the long trial was over, and that the bright day of reward, so long looked for, had come at last.



From Eliza Cook's Journal.

### DR. ABERNETHY.\*

EVERY body has heard anecdotes of "the late celebrated Dr. Abernethy," and formed certain notions of a rough, blunt-spoken man, who referred all evils to the stomach; who had written a "book," to which he continually referred his patients for instruction and obedience; who occasionally gave sixpences to his lady visitors to buy skipping-ropes; and who invented the odious "Abernethy biscuits." Dr. George Macilwain, an old pupil of Abernethy's, has just issued two volumes of *Memoirs*, which will be eagerly perused by a large number of persons, all more or less opinionative with respect to the memory of the Doctor.

The volumes are disappointing. Few additions in the way of anecdotes will gratify the curious hunter-up of such veritables. We read patiently through many pages of the author's miscellaneous reflections, and become inquiringly hopeful for something more about our subject. Dr. Macilwain, however, gives us sandwich-like chapters, in which tongue is abundant, but the sacred bread of "life" very sparsely supplied. Half the 700 pages would have given ample space for the *Memoirs*, if the gossiping philosophy-made-easy had been omitted. Why will authors make long books out of little matter? These pages recall to one's mind the rural experiences of great hedges with little linen. A kind of lecture-room expository moralizing introduces us to all the facts of Abernethy's life, so that throughout we are kept in a gentle state of wonder, prepared to be thankful for the important events in the "next chapter."

The facts of Abernethy's life offer nothing remarkable. He was of mixed Scotch and Irish descent, born in London, on the 3d April, 1764, in the parish of St. Stephens, Coleman street. His early childhood was passed at home, but when about ten years old, he was sent to Wolverhampton Grammar School. As he stood in the sun outside

the school, carelessly but not slovenly dressed, with his hands in his pockets, fingering such boyish possessions as a little money, a pencil, a broken knife, and a sketch of "old Robertson's wig," there was an individual character about the lad indicative of no ordinary mind. He was a very sharp and a very passionate boy, too. It was the practice in those times to "knock down" the boys when they were discovered offending by such tricks as "cribbing" Latin or Greek translations. "To a boy who was naturally shy, and certainly passionate, such mechanical illustrations of his duty were likely to augment shyness into distrust, and to exacerbate an irritable temper into an excitable disposition. Abernethy, in chatting over matters, was accustomed jocularly to observe that, for his part, he thought his mind had, on some subjects, what he called a *punctum saturationis*; so that 'if you put any thing more into his head, you pushed something out.' If so, we may readily conceive that this plan of forcing in the Greek might have forced out an equivalent quantity of patience or self-possession. It is difficult to imagine any thing less appropriate to a disposition like Abernethy's than the discipline in question. It was, in fact, calculated to create those very infirmities of character which it is the object of education to correct or remove." He contrived to learn a fair share of Latin and some Greek—rose to be the head of the school, a quick, clever boy, and more than an average scholar. He left Wolverhampton for London in 1778, desirous of studying for the bar in that world of life. "Had my father let me be a lawyer," he would say, "I should have known every Act of Parliament by heart." This, though an exaggerated speech, had truth in it, for one of his most striking characteristics was a memory equally retentive and ready. "A gentleman, dining with him on a birthday of Mrs. Abernethy's, had composed a long copy of verses in honor of the occasion, which he repeated to the family circle after dinner. 'Ah!' said Abernethy, smiling, 'that is a good joke

\* *Memoirs of John Abernethy, F. R. S., with a View of his Lectures, Writings and Character.* By George Macilwain, F. R. C. S. In 2 vols. London: Hurst & Co. 1853.

now, your pretending to have written those verses.' His friend simply rejoined that such as they were, they were certainly his own. After a little good-natured bantering, his friend began to evince something like annoyance at Abernethy's apparent incredulity; so, thinking it was time to finish the joke, 'Why,' said Abernethy, 'I know those verses very well, and could say them by heart.' His friend declared it to be impossible; when Abernethy immediately repeated them throughout correctly, and with the greatest apparent ease."

It does not appear why the boy did not follow his own inclination, and study for the bar; perhaps it was the accident that Sir Charles Blicke, a surgeon in large practice, a near neighbor of his father's, had noticed the "sharp boy," and young Abernethy, knowing that Sir Charles rode about in a carriage, saw a good many people, and took a good many fees, determined to be apprenticed to the surgeon. So in 1779, when fifteen years old, he was bound for five years to Sir Charles. The money-making part of the profession which he here witnessed had but few charms for him, but from the first year of his apprenticeship he was diligent in noticing and experimenting, and early perceived the importance of chemistry in investigating the functions of different organs, and in aiding generally physiological researches. Attending the lectures of Mr. Pott at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and of Sir William Blizard at the London Hospital, awakened in him a real love for his profession. When lecturing at the College of Surgeons in 1814, Abernethy spoke of his old master Sir William Blizard in a characteristic way. "He was my earliest instructor in anatomy and surgery, and I am greatly indebted to him for much valuable information. My warmest thanks are also due to him for the interest he excited in my mind towards these studies, and for his excellent advice." Again, he remarked how Sir William excited enthusiasm by the *beau ideal* which he drew of the medical character, how it should never be tarnished by disingenuous conduct, or by even the semblance of dishonor.

That special qualifications were already discernible in Abernethy may be inferred from the post he obtained in the London Hospital, as anatomical demonstrator, while only the apprentice of a surgeon of St. Bartholomew's. It was not long before Mr. Pott resigned, and Sir Charles Blicke, who was assistant surgeon, succeeded him, thus "opening to Abernethy an arena in which he might

further mature that capacity for *teaching* his profession which had been, as we learn from his own testimony, an early object of his ambition." Abernethy was elected assistant surgeon of St. Bartholomew's in July, 1787. But this position was a miserably cramped one for a man of his ability. Except in the absence of his senior, he had officially nothing to do. Deriving no emolument from the hospital, he started lectures on his own account in Bartholomew Close, for at that time there was no proper school at the hospital. This was a most laborious part of Abernethy's life, and his exertions were so great and continued, that doubtless he laid the foundation of those ailments which in comparatively early life began to embitter its enjoyment. "His common practice was to rise at four in the morning. He would sometimes go away into the country that he might read more free from interruption."

The lectures were so successful that a theatre was built in the hospital, and Abernethy founded the "school" by giving courses on anatomy, physiology and surgery in October, 1791. "In 1793, Abernethy, by his writings and his lectures, seems to have created a general impression that he was a man of no ordinary talent. His papers on *Animal Matter*, and still more his *Essay on the Functions of the Skin and Lungs*, had shown that he was no longer to be regarded merely in the light of a rising surgeon, but as one laying claim to the additional distinction of a philosophical physiologist. He now moved from St. Mary Axe and took a house in St. Mildred's Court, in the Poultry." By 1795 especial value was attached to his opinion, and consultations would terminate for a time by some one observing, "Well, we will see what Mr. Abernethy says on the subject." In 1796 he became a Fellow of the Royal Society, and in 1797 published the third part of the *Physiological Essays*. In 1799, his reputation having gone on rapidly increasing, he moved to Bedford Row, and never again changed his professional residence.

On the 9th January, 1800, Abernethy married, at Edmonton, Miss Anne Threlfall, the daughter of a retired gentleman. He had met her at Putney, while professionally visiting. Naturally shy and sensitive, and wholly absorbed in teaching, studying and practising, he wrote the lady a note, giving her a fortnight to consider his proposal. It was successful, and he obtained a wife of considerable personal beauty and social and moral attractions.

All Abernethy had hitherto published

evidenced that he was an independent thinker, who overlaid established conventionalisms with opinions of his own. He was eliminating principles of much wider application than to the particular cases which had suggested them. In 1804 he published his matured views in a book on the *Constitutional Origin of Local Diseases*, known afterwards as the celebrated "my book." In 1813 he accepted the surgeoncy of Christ's Hospital. In 1814 he was appointed Professor of Anatomy and Surgery to the College of Surgeons. In 1816 he had raised the school of St. Bartholomew's to unrivalled eminence in its peculiar character.

Lecturing at the College of Surgeons, Abernethy got entangled in a controversy with Lawrence, of St. Bartholomew's, upon views of life. Lawrence took to himself personally a general phrase of Abernethy's, and soon there ensued a battle of words. Physiology was merged into theology. Lawrence was violent and scoffing; Abernethy temperate and dignified. Dr. Macilwain sensibly says on this subject: "Lectures on comparative anatomy do not render it necessary to impugn the historical correctness, or the inspired character, of the *Old Testament*." Years later these differences were softened down, and Abernethy gave a casting-vote, electing Lawrence into the council of the College.

After twenty-eight years of assistant surgeoncy, Abernethy, in 1815, was appointed surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. There is much said here about the "hospital system," into which we will not enter, as being apart from the purposes of our sketch. Although but fifty, Abernethy was complaining of feeling aged; he had led a fagging life, and had never been remarkably strong. About this time he took a house at Enfield, and used to ride home from Bedford Row and its botherations on his favorite mare Jenny. The quiet was very grateful to him; from early life he had suffered from an irritable heart, and at various periods of life had been subjected to inflammatory sore-throat. As he grew older, rheumatism added its torture to his other troubles. In 1817 he resigned his professorship at the College; in 1827 the surgeoncy to St. Bartholomew's, after forty years' attachment; in 1829 his appointments at the College. He was now lame, and walked with two sticks; continued waning, gradually got weaker, and died on the 20th April, 1831. His death was completely tranquil. "There was no body in the room with him but his servant, to whom he

said: 'Is there any body in the room?' His servant replied: 'No, Sir.' Abernethy then laid his head back, and in a few seconds expired." His body was not examined, but valvular disease of the heart was suspected. A private funeral in Enfield Church followed.

Dr. Macilwain declares in his preface, that "to do Abernethy full justice, would require a republication of his works, with an elaborate commentary." The state of medical science in his time was very much more incomplete than at present. The hereditary system of symptomatic treatment found an able opponent in Abernethy; and since his time we have had many persevering and talented men still further breaking up the old ground. What Abernethy did throughout his life was to insist upon *combined* functions being studied. Cautious and logical in his reasonings, free from any bias, he gave no undue preference to what are usually understood by the digestive organs. He taught that we must "extend our idea of a relation which exists between *two* organs, to those which exist between *all* organs; to regard as their *combined* functions the sustentation of the life and health of the individual. \* \* \*

The absurd idea that he looked chiefly to the stomach, that he thought of nothing but blue pills or alterative doses of mercury, need scarcely detain us. His works show, and his lectures still more so, that there was no organ in the body which had not been the object of his special attention; in almost all cases in advance of his time, and not exceeded in practical value by any thing now done, his medical treatment was always very simple, and if its more salient object was to correct disorders of the liver, it was because he knew that the important relations of that organ not only rendered it very frequently the cause of many disorders, but that there could be nothing materially wrong in the animal economy, by which it must not be more or less affected. He showed that, however dissimilar, nervous disturbance was the essential element of disease; and that the removal of that disturbance was the essential element of cure." Causes, not symptoms, must have been his watchword. Trephining, aneurism, tumors, are among the surgery which he greatly reformed. Though sensible that the public appreciation was quicker gained by the fame of one amputation than by twenty saved limbs, he fagged in teaching and practising his wiser and more humane science, and *would* pay respect to the demands for consideration from all the members and organs of our bodies—prefer-

ring to restore a limb rather than "cut it off," lest, in cutting it off, mortal offense should be taken by some obscure though influential constituent of our little republic.

In "the book" Abernethy set forth the great fact of the reciprocal influence existing between the nervous system and the digestive organs, and the power they mutually exert in the causation and cure of diseases. He took every pains to show that the whole body sympathizes with all its parts. "That disturbance of a *part* is competent to disturb the whole system; and conversely, that disturbance of the *whole system* is competent to disturb any *part*." The nervous origin of disease, and the necessary tranquillizing treatment, were the main propositions of Abernethy's enforcement. In these days of physiological classes and people's anatomies, every schoolboy knows something true and definite about lungs and stomach, and the catechisms in every sensible school prepare him to understand the fuller information imparted by such men as Abernethy and Andrew Combe. When Abernethy published his book, few but professional men saw it, though its progress was slow and quiet. He got the reputation of being clever, but theoretical, slightly mad, and quite enthusiastic. But he and his book made way. The public "got hold of him," and his practice became greater than he could attend to. Time was invaluable; so, when patients were tedious, they were referred to "my book, and especially page 72." He got quizzed for this, of course, but it saved time, and gained health, too, if the book was obeyed.

The public stick to the Abernethy anecdotes about the stomach, and no doubt feel, as Englishmen, a gruff pleasure in hearing tales of that beloved organ. They feed it kindly and stupidly; they encourage it to misbehave, and then walk it off to the doctor, prepared to hear advice, which they mean to disobey, and to wonder (as a patient of Abernethy's did) that if they do eat or drink too much, "what the devil is it to him?"

"Abernethy would sometimes offend, not so much by the manner as by the matter, by saying what were very salutary, but very unpleasant truths, and of which the patient perhaps only felt the sting." Many anecdotes bear his spirit, whose authenticity cannot be proved. To his hospital patients he was ever kind and courteous: "Private patients, if they do not like me, can go elsewhere; but the poor devils in the hospital I am bound to take care of."

There is complete silence upon the point

of Abernethy's domestic life. His marriage is announced, an anecdote appended, and nothing further is stated. At the end of the book there is this sole paragraph:—"As a companion, Abernethy was most agreeable and social, in the true sense of the word, that is, not gregarious. Naturally shy, numbers neither suited his taste nor his ideas; but the society of his family, or a few social friends with whom he could feel unreserved, was his greatest pleasure. On such occasions, when in health, he would be the life and joy of his circle. There never was, perhaps, any one more ministered to by an enduring affection whilst living, nor in regard to whose memory the regrets of affection have been more combined with the hallowing influences of respect and veneration. At home he would sometimes be as hilarious as a boy; at other times he would lie down on the rug after dinner, and either chat or sleep away the short time that his avocations allowed him to give to that indulgence. Occasionally he would go to the theatre, which he sometimes enjoyed very much.

"One circumstance on the occasion of his marriage is very characteristic of him, namely, his not allowing it to interrupt, even for a day, a duty with which he rarely suffered any thing to interfere—namely, the lecture at the hospital. \* \* \* Many years after this, I met him coming into hospital one day, a little before two, (the hour of the lecture,) and seeing him rather smartly dressed, with a white waistcoat, I said:

"'You are very gay to-day, Sir!'

"'Ay!' said he; 'one of the girls was married this morning.'

"'Indeed, Sir,' said I. 'You should have given yourself a holiday on such an occasion, and not come down to lecture.'

"'Nay,' returned he. 'Egad! I came down to lecture the day I was married myself!'

"On another occasion, I recollect his being sent for to a case just before lecture. The case was close in the neighborhood, and it being a question of time, he hesitated a little; but being pressed to go, he started off. He had, however, hardly passed the gates of the hospital before the clock struck two, when, all at once, he said, 'No, I'll be — if I do!' and returned to the lecture-room."

Of his abilities as a lecturer we have frequent mention. By the way, on this question of lecturing our biographer comes in with quite a natural history of lecturers, and goodness knows why that was put in, or what is the use of it, in Memoirs of John Aber-



nethy. Upon many other subjects we are supplied with the same sort of preparatory essay. This would be passable in a lecture-room, where people pay their shillings and their patience to learn that possibly they may possess in their water-butts at home a hydra-headed animalcule like the restless object before them; but when such exuberant sentences preface the fact of a marriage, we begin to think of Gold Stick walking before Trumpery. To a natural capacity for communicating his ideas to others, Abernethy had added the practical experience of many years of study and observation. Perfectly at ease, yet without presumption; strikingly dramatic, but free from grimace or gesticulation, he was cosy with his audience, as if they were all about to investigate something together, and not as if they were going to be "lectured at" at all. Quiet liveliness lighted up his face, and as his conversational lecture proceeded, you saw gleams of mirth, archness, and benevolence; always the same quaint, unaffected humor, making things go very amusingly. "He seemed always to be telling not so much what he knew, as that which he did not know."

In consultation, Abernethy felt his superiority, but never forgot the world of knowledge beyond him, or set himself up as a standard. He had a practical penetration into facts at once, and went straight to the point with which alone he had to grapple. Of his humorous, dramatic expression, no analysis can be given. "Brilliant as his endowments were, they were graced by moral qualities of the first order."

We append two illustrative anecdotes.

"On one occasion, Sir James Earle, his senior, was reported to have given Abernethy to understand, that on the occurrence of a certain event, on which he would obtain an accession of property, he, Sir James, would certainly resign the surgeoncy of the hospital. About the time that the event occurred, Sir James, happening one day to call on Abernethy, was reminded of what he had been understood to have promised; Sir James, however, having, we suppose, a different impression of the facts, denied ever having given any such pledge. The affirmative and negative were more than once exchanged, and not in the most courteous manner. When Sir James was going to take his leave, Abernethy opened the door for him, and as he had always something quaint or humorous to close a conversation with, he said, at parting: 'Well, Sir James, it comes to this: you say

that you did not promise to resign the surgeoncy at the hospital; I, on the contrary, affirm that you did; now all I have to add is, — the liar!'"

"A gentleman had met with a severe accident, a compound dislocation of the ankle, an accident that Abernethy was the chief means of redeeming from habitual amputation. The accident happened near Winter-slow Hut, on the road between Andover and Salisbury; and Mr. Davis, of Andover, was called in. Mr. Davis placed the parts right, and then said to the patient: 'Now when you get well, and have, as you most likely will, a stiff joint, your friends will tell you: "Ah! you had a country doctor;" so, Sir, I would advise you to send for a London surgeon to confirm or correct what I have done.' The patient consented, and sent to London for Abernethy, who reached the spot by the mail about two in the morning. He looked carefully at the limb, and saw that it was in a good position, and was told what had been done. He then said: 'I am come a long way, Sir, to do nothing. I might, indeed, pretend to do something; but as any avoidable motion of the limb must necessarily be mischievous, I should only do harm. You are in very good hands, and I dare say will do very well. You may, indeed, come home with a stiff joint, but that is better than a wooden leg.' He took a check for his fee, sixty guineas, and made his way back to London."

Abernethy was habitually careless of money, and though he left his family comfortably provided for, few men, we think, would have failed to make much more money where opportunity was so available.

Mystery is becoming less potent. While all other sciences are popularized and progressing, medicine and surgery are becoming less recondite. Our own bodies ought to be known to us and receive our care. More men like John Abernethy are wanted, and then we should have more advances towards a science of life. The great strides into almost a new path which Dr. Abernethy made, testify to the superiority and vigor of his intellect. One man can see in the dark about as well as another. Dr. Abernethy, however, sought to remove the conjecture and uncertainty from the practice of medicine and surgery. Knowledge has gradually risen up to approve and recognize his efforts. Quackery must decrease as the Unity of Life is better understood by the profession and by the public.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

## CAMILLE DESMOULINS, THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF THE LAMP-POST.

THE stigma branded on the revolutionary brow of Camille Desmoulins has been commonly held to be—not effaced indeed—far enough from that—but softened and subdued in color and depth, by the stand he finally took against the excesses of his *ultra* coöperatives. Such survivors of the Reign of Terror as were in prison during the December of 1793 and the January of 1794, have borne emphatic witness to the impression produced on them by the early numbers of his *Vieux Cordelier*, the paper in which he strove to inculcate the policy of mercy. The impression was compared by them to the first ray of the sun gleaming athwart their dungeon-bars. "The man," remarks a living French essayist, "who procured for his fellow-creatures, bound in misery and iron, so inspiring a light of hope, and who paid the penalty of that good work with his blood, deserves some measure of forgiveness. It must be added, that he prodigiously needs it."

A life of this "Attorney-General of the Lamp-post"—for such was Camille's nickname—has recently been published in France by M. Edouard Fleury. Among others, MM. Cu villier Fleury and St. Beuve have also discussed him lately in their characteristic "studies." His eight volumes of republican polemics were appealed to by himself as containing a complete justification of the integrity of his motives and the consistency of his conduct, and as forming, to use his own words, "a pillow whereon his conscience could repose in peace, while awaiting the award of his judges and of posterity." These writings are the chief subject investigated in the recent biographies—writings of which Lord Brougham has said, that, excepting the pamphlets of Sieyès, they are the only relics of that countless progeny with which the revolutionary press swarmed, that have retained any celebrity. This exemption from the common lot, Camille owes, in his Lordship's opinion, "not merely to the remarkable crisis in which his letters [in the

*Vieux Cordelier*] appeared, the beginning of general disgust and alarm at the sanguinary reign of the Triumvirate [Robespierre, Couthon, and St. Just]; for these pieces are exceedingly well written, with great vigor of thought, much happy classical allusion, and in a style far more pure than the ordinary herd of those employed who pandered for the multitude." This comparative kind of eulogy, when the objects of comparison are considered, is, after all, of equivocal value; and we fear the late ventilation of Camille's life and literature has not served to exalt the public estimate of either, or to confirm, by a recommendation to mercy, the favorable tone of Lord Brougham's summing up.

Camille Desmoulins was borne at Guise, in Picardy, in the year 1760. Of the bailiwick of that town, his father was lieutenant-general. Camille was educated at the college of Louis-le-Grand, and distinguished himself there, especially in classics. Robespierre was a fellow-student; and it was noted, that throughout his college course, the young "sea-green incorruptible" was never once seen to smile, but passed through his terms "gloomy, solitary, austere, intent upon his work, careless of relaxation, averse to amusement, without a confidant, or friend, or even companion." Camille, on the other hand, was a gay, capricious, volatile being—creature of impulse and "mixed moods"—yet a steady student of those antique Romans whom he was one day to quote so largely in pamphlet and pasquinade.

College-days over, he entered the profession of the law. Unfortunately for his ambition in that capacity, he could get no practice; so his ambition looked out for another channel. This it soon found—and a turbid, blood-red, overflowing channel it proved—in the excitement of the year 1789. The Revolution had begun, and Camille's notoriety kept pace with it—grew with its growth, and strengthened with its strength. He commenced, as the Revolution also commenced—

mildly. His *début* was even in the subdued radiance of the milky-way of verse—in mawkish odes, such as that wherein he sublimely compared Necker, just then the all-popular lawgiver of France, to Moses descending from Sinai with the sacred tables in his hands. It was Camille who, on the 12th of July, 1789, two days before the taking of the Bastille, leaped on a table, a sword in one hand, a pistol in the other, and proclaimed the news of Necker's dismissal; then tore a leaf from a tree, as a cockade, and saw with delight his example followed by the multitude he harangued, until the trees around were stripped. The die was now cast, and he must stand the hazard of it.

*France Enfranchised* was his first pamphlet, breathing threatenings and slaughter against every shade of conservatism in the land. St. Beuve denounces it as both insane and atrocious. There is no foreshadowing in it of the opposition to wholesale extermination which he was at length to evince, when too late. Next came his *Discourse to the Parisians on the Lamp-post*,\* in which he sports with his subject in flippant, heartless insolence—a brochure “execrable in spirit and tendency,” but full of sallies infinitely delightful to those he addressed. In it he jumbles together, in his wonted fashion, things old and new—the Roman classics and the *sans-culotte* press; Louis XVI. and Theodosius the Great; M. Bailly and the “Mayor of Thebes,” Epaminondas. His performance has been compared to the impudent gestures of a Parisian *gamin*, boldly strutting in front of the regimental band, mimicking fife and drum, and hitting off the drum-major to the life. Such a *gamin*—merry, mischievous, malicious, was Camille. Mirabeau saw at a glance the importance of securing such a popular agitator, took him to Versailles, and employed him for a fortnight as his secretary. Danton, too, paid him marked attention, won him, and kept and used him to the last. He echoed in print what Danton shouted from the tribune. As for himself, Camille was no orator; he labored under an impediment of speech, and could take hardly any part in the public debates.

An examination of these and his other

writings—such as the *Revolutions of France and Brabant*, (1789—91,) *Brissot Unmasked*, *History of the Brissotins*, &c.—will hardly confirm Lord Brougham's opinion, that there is nothing vile or low in Camille's taste, “nothing like that most base style of extravagant figure and obscene allusion which disgusts us in the abominable writings of the Heberts and Marats;” and that neither are our feelings shocked by any thing of the same ferocity, which reigned through their constant appeals to the brutal passions of the mob. What difference there is, is of degree, not of kind; Camille is more *spirituel* and piquant, more sportive and refined; but he is revoltingly cruel, notwithstanding, and offensively coarse. His *Revolutions of France* provoked a warning from André Chenier in August, 1790—an emphatic and severe protest against confounding the distinctions between patriotism and anarchy. But Camille believed himself equal to the occasion—believed himself to be part and parcel of the solid, unmovable breakwater, which could and would take up its parable against the waves, and say: “Thus far ye may come, and no farther; here, proud waves, shall ye be stayed!” This confidence in his party and in himself was soon to be shaken and plucked up by the roots. It first suffered a heavy blow and great discouragement by the execution of the Girondins.

Against them his own voice had been savagely and systematically uplifted. But when the guillotine thinned their ranks with such ominous swiftness, he became alarmed. Surely that dear Robespierre was getting a little beyond the length of his tether. Vergniaud gone; and the Rolands, and all that zealous party, whose turn would come next? Camille had been what Lamartine calls the “Aristophanes of an irritated people,” whom he had taught, day by day, and line upon line, to revile good order, moderation, and constitutional measures. “The day came when he required for himself and young wife, whom he adored; that pity which it had been his cue to extirpate from the popular heart. He found, in his turn, only the brutal derision of the multitude, and he himself then became sad and sorry for the first and last time.” It was now time for this Aristophanes to give up farce-writing. Tragedy was the order of the day, and in tragedy was his histrionic career to close.

The gay temperament of the man—so opposed to that of Robespierre or St. Just—conciliates in his favor many who will give no quarter to the memory of his fellow-rev-

\* This is not a good translation of *lanterne*—the lamp which swung in the middle of the street, suspended by a rope, extending from one side to the other. The rope was long enough to admit of the lamp being lowered when required; and the supplemental supply was a convenient resource for the Parisian revolutionary mob when they desired the excitement of an execution. Hence the ominous cry of the period—“à la lanterne!”

olutionists. "Poor Camille" is a not unfamiliar exclamation; but who says "Poor Danton," or "Poor Robespierre," or "Poor Marat?" Carlyle sketches him as "he with the long curling locks, with the face of dingy blackguardism, wondrously irradiated with genius;" and after characterizing him as "a fellow of infinite shrewdness, wit, nay, humor; one of the sprightliest, clearest souls in all those millions," thus apostrophizes him: "Thou, poor Camille! say what they will of thee, it were but falsehood to pretend one did not almost love thee, thou headlong lightly sparkling man!" Mignet's account of "this brilliant and fiery young man" is, that although approving the movements of the Revolution in all its exaggerations up to this time, his heart was "tender and gentle;" that he had praised the revolutionary *régime* because he believed it indispensable for the establishment of a republic, and coöperated in the ruin of the Gironde, because he feared the dissensions of the republic; that for the republic he had sacrificed his scruples and wishes, even justice and humanity—giving all to his party, in the belief that his party was the republic, sole and indivisible. But the wholesale destruction of the Gironde deputies opened his eyes. He devoted his pen henceforth to more righteous ends—beginning in December, 1793, the publication of the famous *Vieux Cordelier*. That he was not violent in his reactionary measures may, however, be significantly illustrated in the fact, that in the early numbers he is civil enough to Marat to hail him as "divine!" Indeed, Robespierre was concerned in these earlier numbers, which were sent to him for revision and correction. Camille is uneasily solicitous to assure every one that he still exults in the *bonnet rouge*, and in his solicitude proclaims himself still a sound revolutionist—nay, more, a brigand—and glories in the name.

But gradually he takes a more honorable and decisive stand. To him belongs the credit of being the first, as St. Beuve remarks, in the group of oppressors and terrorists, to separate himself from the unclean herd, and to say, in so doing: "No, Liberty is not a ballet-girl, or a bonnet rouge, or foul linen, or rags and tatters. Liberty is goodness, is reason. Would you have me acknowledge Liberty, and cast myself at her feet, and pour out my blood to the last drop for her sake? Well, then, open your prisons, and set free those 200,000 prisoners whom you call *suspects*." Again, he thus appeals to the Convention against Hebert's vile faction: "What! while the 1,200,000 soldiers of the

French people daily face the redoubts bristling with the most murderous batteries, and fly from victory to victory, shall we, France's deputies and representatives—we, who cannot, like soldiers, fall in the shades of night, killed in the dark, and with no witness of our bravery—we, whose death in the cause of liberty cannot but be glorious, impressive, and exhibited before the whole nation, before Europe, before posterity—shall we be more timid than our troops? Shall we fear to expose ourselves, to look Bouchotte [a Hebertist] in the face? Shall we be afraid of braving the fury of *Père Duchesne*, [Hebert's literary organ,] when by so doing we may win the victory which France looks for from us—victory over ultra-revolutionists, as well as counter-revolutionists—victory over all the intriguers, all the knaves, all the ambitious, all the enemies of the country?" "Let fools and fops," he says elsewhere, "call me a 'moderate' if they will. I do not blush at not being more furious than Marcus Brutus; and observe what Brutus wrote: 'You would do better, my dear Cicero, to strain every nerve to wind up the civil wars, than to exercise your wrath and pursue your resentments against the vanquished.'"

Something must be done with this *Vieux Cordelier*, whose arrows were as hot burning coals to the objects of its assault. Hebert denounced Camille as the hiring of priests and aristocrats, and demanded his expulsion from the Jacobin Club. Barrère, Secretary of the Committee of Public Safety, thundered against him before Committee and Convention. Danton found it convenient for a while to disown him. Robespierre, that dear Robespierre, sternly said at the tribune: "His writings are dangerous. They cherish the hope of our enemies. They court public malignity. He is a child led away by bad companions. We must be severe against his writings." And the speaker ended with a motion to burn the collected numbers of the *Vieux Cordelier*. Here Camille suggested that to burn was not to answer—and reminded his old school-fellow that he had shared in the management of the doomed paper. This was adding fuel to the fire, as poor Camille found speedily enough.

Three years before, when Camille had wedded his beautiful and youthful Lucile, the marriage contract had been signed by no fewer than sixty of his political friends and allies—deputies, journalists, pamphleteers, &c. Now, at the very commencement of the *Vieux Cordelier*, there remained of these threescore publicists, two only—Danton and



Robespierre—all the rest were either in prison, or guillotined, or in exile. It is thought that Camille might have escaped the proscriptions which involved Danton and his party, so far as Robespierre was concerned—Lord Brougham holding it certain that Camille's doctrine in favor of more moderate courses was not so much dreaded by that terrible chief as by others, especially St. Just. "But a sarcastic expression in which he indulged at the expense of that vain and remorseless fanatic, sealed his doom. St. Just was always puffed up with his sense of self-importance, and showed this so plainly in his demeanor, that Camille said he 'carried his headlike the holy sacrament.' 'And I,' said St. Just, on the sneer being reported to him—'and I will make him carry his head like St. Denis'—alluding to the legend of that saint having walked from Paris to his grave carrying his head under his arm." Accordingly, by St. Just's impeachment, Camille was included with Danton and the rest in the order of arrest.

On the last night of March, 1794, he was awakened by the clatter of the butt-end of a musket against his bed-room door. A guard of soldiers had come for him. "This, then," he bitterly cried, "is the reward of the first voice of the Revolution!" For the last time he pressed his young wife to his heart, caressed his infant child, and followed his grim captors to the Luxembourg. Lucile wrote a passionate letter of supplication to Robespierre, but it was never delivered. The letters of Camille to her form a touching episode in Lamartine's prose epic of the Girondins.

At his trial, Camille rose to read the defense he had prepared, but was forbidden by the president, Hermann, who refused him liberty of speech. Camille angrily reseated himself, and tearing up his manuscript, tossed the fragments away. Then, like the impulsive trifter he was, he changed his demeanor from indignation to buffoonery, and stooping to collect again the scattered bits of paper, he rolled them into "globular pellets," and began throwing them at the head of his merciless kinsman, Fouquier-Tinville, the public accuser, and who owed to Camille his appointment to that office in 1793-94. Danton joined his fellow-prisoner in this petty paper-war. Of course they were found guilty, and condemned to death. The people were disposed to side with them against their judges, and raised a movement in their favor, which, for want of organization, came to naught; but it is alleged that if Lucile

had not been arrested during the night—if she had given, by her presence, one voice and one passion more to the tumult, the accused would have been saved and the Committee vanquished. When the court rose, Camille clung to his seat, and could only be removed by actual force.

The agitation of his last hours in prison was extreme. He tried to read those two dolorous English books, Young's *Night Thoughts* and Hervey's *Meditations*; but continually the volume fell from his feverish grasp—and continually, at intervals of a few minutes, he would invoke with choking voice the names of his wife and child: "O my Lucile! O my Horace! what will become of you?" When the executioner laid hands on him, to bind him previous to leaving the prison, he struggled as if for his life, and as though by such struggle life was yet a possibility. Oaths and curses showered from his lips—his fury was without bounds—it was found necessary to prostrate his writhing body, while the act of binding him and cropping his flowing locks was performed. On his way to the scaffold he kept up one wild vociferation, addressed to the multitude:—"Generous people! unhappy people! you are duped, you are undone, your best friends are sacrificed! Recognize me! Save me! I am Camille Desmoulins! It was I who called you to arms on the fourteenth of July; I it was who gave you the national cockade." His appeal was urged with convulsive gestures, with the vehemence of absolute frenzy; in his agonizing fury he so "loosened his cords, and tore and tumbled his coat and shirt, that his thin and bony chest was almost bare." Lord Brougham says, that he met death with "perfect boldness," though his "indignation at the gross perfidy and crying injustice to which he was sacrificed" enraged him so as to make his demeanor "less calm than his great courage would have prescribed." At any rate, this dismal exhibition told against him. The mob only responded with hootings. Danton reproached him for his seeming imitation of Madame du Barry, and growled impatiently in his ear: "Be quiet, and never mind this filthy rabble!"

Under the shadow of the guillotine itself, he recovered in some measure his calmness. The popular herald of the Revolution, awaiting the guillotine-stroke of the Revolution—→ it is a strange sight, and an instructive.

But, in these cases,  
We still have judgment here; that we but teach  
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return

To plague the inventor : this even-handed justice  
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice  
o our own lips.

On the scaffold, Camille pressed in his hand a lock of his wife's hair, which he had worn next his breast, and which Danton, at his entreaty, had taken thence when the bonds had restrained his own movements. It was his last consolation, this glossy curl of the bride at whose wedding that dear Robespierre had probably danced, and perhaps almost smiled. And now Camille drew near to the fatal machine, whose insatiable greed for gore he had long known so well. The blade was streaming with the blood of his associates. He eyed it with composure ; then turning towards the crowd, cried to ears that hearing heard not, and to hearts that would not understand : "Look on, and mark the end of the first apostle of liberty !" As though he had said with the babblers in the *Vision of Sin*—in bitter irony—

Greet her with applause breath—  
*Freedom*—gaily doth she tread ;  
In her right a civic wreath,  
In her left a human head.

Let her go ! her thirst she slakes  
Where the bloody conduit runs :  
Then her sweetest meal she makes  
On the first-born of her sons.

Small acquaintance with inductive philosophy, philosophy teaching by example, sufficed to warrant Camille's prediction : "The monsters who murder me will not survive me long." He then turned to the executioner, and said : "Send this lock of hair to my mother-in-law." They were his last words. Another minute, and his head was in the basket, and Danton took his place. It was the 5th of April, 1794.

Eight days after, Lucile Desmoulins was conducted to the scaffold. She there said to a fellow-victim : "The cowards are about to kill me ; but they know not that a woman's blood excites indignation in the souls of a people. Was it not the blood of a woman which for ever expelled from Rome the Tarquins and the Decemvirs ? Let them kill me, and let tyranny fall with me." She might have looked back, as well as forwards, and have remembered the recent time when the execution of a woman, by name Marie Antoinette, and of another, the revolutionary Roland, had elicited from her no pity, no shame, no remorse, but a blind delirium of exultation. But it is thus the whirligig of time brings round its revenges. And when the time was fully come, and that was speedily, the judges of Camille and his companions were themselves judged in their turn, and with such measure as they had measured withal, was their doom meted out.

From the Athenæum.

## ARAGO AND AUGUSTE ST. HILAIRE.

LAST week we announced, in few words, that Dominique-François-Jean Arago is numbered with the illustrious dead. For nearly half a century he has maintained an extraordinary position in the world of science. Owing to his rare qualifications, the universality of his genius, and his remarkable industry, he placed himself in the relation of centre to a system,—and became the guiding and directing power to an extensive class of European philosophers.

It becomes our duty, when such a man has passed away from the scene of his long labors, to give a record of the work which he accomplished. It is of our office to give

"honor due" to all such manifestations of intelligence ; and while endeavoring to show the extent to which the mental prowess of M. Arago was effective in gaining for mankind new truths from Nature, we have also to examine the degree in which such a mind as his was influential, by suggestion and by example, in elevating the spirit of his age.

M. Arago was born in the village of Estagel, near Perpignan, in the Pyrenees, on the 26th of February, 1786,—and he died at the Observatory in Paris, on Sunday, the 2d of October :—consequently, he was in the sixty-eighth year of his age. Gifted by nature with powers of a higher order than

those which are ordinarily bestowed on man, he possessed, or acquired, habits of industry which enabled him to develop them in all their fulness. Like the majority of really great men, he was the architect of his own fortune. He owed little to fortuitous circumstances;—and, indeed, achieved much when serious obstacles stood in his path. Suffering no difficulty to bear him back, he rose always superior to misfortune, and with great honesty of purpose and indomitable independence he labored towards the end which he had in view. From his boyhood this appears to have been his character. When a youth in the College of Perpignan, his ambition was excited by the appearance of, and the respect paid to, an engineer *en chef*. He learned that this honor might be obtained by means of the Polytechnic School,—and that a searching examination in mathematics must be gone through to insure his admission to that institution. François Arago, then, seriously commenced mathematical studies, and in 1804 he entered the school in question with the highest honors.

In 1806, when only twenty years of age, so much had he distinguished himself, that he was appointed a Secretary of the Board of Longitude; and almost immediately afterwards, his acquirements having attracted the attention of Monge, he was recommended as the fitting assistant to Biot for undertaking the measurement of an arc of the meridian in Spain. This scientific labor was considerably advanced in 1807, when Biot returned to Paris, leaving Arago in charge of the important work. The war commencing at this time between France and Spain put an end to this scientific mission; and the young mathematician had to make his escape from an enraged and ignorant peasantry in disguise. He escaped death only to become a prisoner; and when eventually liberated by the Spaniards, he fell into the hands of an Algerine corsair, and was released from captivity by the Dey only in 1809. At the age of twenty-three, Arago returned to Paris; and as a reward for his zeal, he was elected a Member of the Institute of France—in the Astronomical Section—on the death of the great astronomer Lalande. Within a very short period, he was also appointed Professor of Analysis, Geodesy and Social Arithmetic to the Polytechnic School;—thus at so early an age achieving a scientific position of the highest order, and fairly entering on that remarkable career which, after many a subsequent trial, has just terminated.

During this period, we find that M. Arago

contributed sixty distinct Memoirs on various branches of science. With a view of showing the variety of branches which claimed his attention—and to all of which he gave the most searching investigation—we add the titles of a few of these contributions which appear of the most importance, selected from the *Annuaire du Bureau des Longitudes*, the *Comptes Rendus Hebdomadaires des Séances de l'Académie des Sciences*, and the *Annales de Physique et de Chimie*.

Arago's first work was read before the Institute on the 24th of March, 1806. It was an investigation in which he was assisted by Biot, "On the Affinities of Bodies for Light, and particularly on the Refracting Powers of different Gases." With M. Petit, Arago investigated "The Refractive Powers of certain Liquids, and of the Vapors formed from them." With Fresnel, he examined "The Action which the Rays of Polarized Light exercise upon each other;"—and on those subjects much valuable matter will be found in his Memoirs. Omitting from our list those astronomical notices which regularly appeared in the *Annuaire*,—and which, though forming a part of his official duty, manifest, nevertheless, the zeal of the Secretary and subsequent Director of the *Bureau des Longitudes*,—we would refer to M. Arago's memoirs "On the Comets of Short Periods,"—"On the Pendulums of MM. Breguet,"—"On Chronometers,"—"On the Double Stars,"—and on the vexed question, "Does the Moon exercise any appreciable Influence on our Atmosphere?" Passing from astronomical subjects, we find several memoirs:—"On Nocturnal Radiation,"—"The Theory of the Formation of Dew:"—and on allied subjects,—as "The Utility of the Mats with which Gardeners cover their Plants by Night,"—"On the Artificial formation of Ice,"—and "On the Fogs which form after the setting of the Sun, when the Evening is calm and serene, on the Borders of Lakes and Rivers." Indeed, the whole of the phenomena to which Dr. Wells had directed attention in his excellent work "On Dew" was thoroughly investigated by M. Arago.

When we add the memoirs on "The Ancient Relation of the different Chains of Mountains in Europe," "The Absolute Height of the most Remarkable Ridges of the Cordilleras of the Andes," "Historical Notices of the Steam Engine," "On Explosions of Steam Boilers," "Historical Notices of the Voltaic Pile,"—those which are connected with the Polarization of Light, the phenom-

ena of Magnetic Rotation, and on the Egyptian Hieroglyphics, we think we indicate labors of a most varied and important character.

The French nation may be justly proud of such a man as Arago; but in their eagerness to do honor to his name they have claimed for their philosopher discoveries to which his title may be disputed. Amongst these, we may name the electro-magnet, which common consent has allowed to be the invention of poor Sturgeon;—and again, although Arago extended the inquiry into the remarkable phenomena of magnetic rotation, the preliminary researches of Sir W. Snow Harris should not be forgotten. The weakness here indicated is one common to our French neighbors, and from which the distinguished man of whom we write was himself far from free. On several occasions, M. Arago endeavored to claim for his countrymen discoveries which had long previously been made in England and elsewhere. On one of these, when discussing the merits of the discovery of a Frenchman, he was reminded that an Englishman had already, through M. Biot, made his invention known in France by a communication to the Academy of Sciences;—he declined, however, to withdraw the claim, on the expressed ground that it was for the honor of France that he should maintain it. The same feeling was shown in M. Arago's "Historical Eloge of James Watt,"—in which he claimed for Papin a position certainly due to Savery, Newcomen and Watt. With his usual force of language, he prefaced his *Eloge* by the following words:—

"I approach this inquiry with the firm determination of being impartial—with the most earnest solicitude to bestow on every improver the credit which is his due—and with the fullest conviction that I am a stranger to every consideration unworthy of the commission that you have conferred on me, or beneath the dignity of science, originating in national prejudices. I declare, on the other hand, that I esteem very lightly the innumerable decisions which have already emanated from such prejudiced sources; and that I care, if possible, still less for the bitter criticisms which undoubtedly await me, for the past is but the mirror of the future."

After this, we find a constant effort to increase the value of each invention of Papin, and to lower the several improvements of Savery, Newcomen and Watt. We have no desire to depreciate the labors of Papin. His inventions were important steps in the progress of the steam-engine; but it must not be forgotten that Papin abandoned his

own engine as useless. Papin saw the power of steam, but he could not apply it: Watt diligently sought out the laws regulating the formation and condensation of steam, and left the steam-engine perfect. M. Arago could not deny the high claims of Watt: yet his national prejudices led him to place Papin and Watt on the same pedestal. Having said what was fitting at the time, and in the fitting tone, it is not over the grave of Arago that we will renew our quarrel with him for the part which he took in the discussion respecting the rival claims of Adams and Leverrier. We allude to these subjects only because, as honest chroniclers and critics, we are bound to exhibit the unphilosophic side in the character of a great philosopher, to whatever nation he may belong.

In surveying the results of such a life as that of M. Arago, we cannot overlook his earnest desire to give to the public all the advantages of the discoveries of science with the least possible delay, and with the utmost freedom from mere technicalities. In 1816, he established, in connection with M. Gay-Lussac, the *Annales de Physique et de Chimie*:—and, on his pressing representation, on the 13th of July, 1835, the Academy commenced, in charge of its Perpetual Secretaries, *Les Comptes Rendus Hebdomadaires*.

In 1830, Arago was made Director of the Observatory,—and he succeeded Fourier as a Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Sciences. His remarkable activity of mind and unwearied industry led him without difficulty through an amount of labor which would have overwhelmed an ordinary man. There was a remarkable clearness in his perception of those matters to which his attention was directed. He readily stripped them of any adventitious clouding or mystery by which they might be surrounded, and fearlessly and energetically expressed his convictions. As a writer, we may remark the strong evidences of the latter in his firmness of style,—and the clearness of his perceptive faculties is shown in its lucid elegance. It is not easy to render the delicate beauties of one language into another; but the sentiment expressed in the following passage from M. Arago's "Eloge on Watt" will find its response in every earnest mind:—

"We have long been in the habit of talking of the age of Augustus and of the age of Louis the Fourteenth. Eminent individuals amongst us have likewise held that we might with propriety speak of the age of Voltaire, of Rousseau and of



Montesquieu. I do not hesitate to declare my conviction, that, when the immense services already rendered by the steam-engine shall be added to all the marvels which it holds out to promise, a grateful population will familiarly talk of the age of Papin and of Watt.

We have, of course, little to say on the political life of M. Arago. He was a consistent philosophical republican; and we find in his "Lettre à MM. les Electeurs de l'Arrondissement de Perpignan" in 1831, his "Lettre sur les Forts détachés," and his "Lettre sur l'Embastillement de Paris," in 1833, evidences of a bold and liberal mind, ever alive to the social interests of his fellow-men. As a deputy, M. Arago delivered a great number of speeches to the Chamber. Speaking of these, M. Normenin says—"There is something perfectly lucid in his demonstrations. His manner is so expressive that light seems to issue from his eyes, from his lips, from his very fingers. He interweaves in his discourses the most caustic appeals to ministers—appeals which defy all answer—the most piquant anecdotes, which seem to belong naturally to the subject, and which adorn without overloading it.

A mind so active as that of M. Arago could not be idle during the political convulsions of France. In 1840 he was elected a member of the Council-General of the Seine. He was named a member of the Provisional Government, and Minister of War and Marine *ad interim*. He labored with all honesty to subdue the tempest. He displayed his courage in the sad days of July, in the streets of Paris—endeavoring, but in vain, to stay the hand of the slayer;—but the result put an end to the political career of the philosopher. Another strong evidence of moral and political courage was given by M. Arago in his refusal when summoned as a public officer to take the oaths to the Government of Louis Napoleon. Rather than sacrifice his principles, he resolved to quit the Observatory, and, in his old age, cast himself upon the world. This resistance was made the more remarkable by its result. Before his attitude the spirit of menace retreated. Government made an exception in his favor: and at his death he still held the public offices which he filled so well, and which he so highly illustrated.

The troubles of his latter days—or rather those of his country—deeply afflicted M. Arago, and did their work in undermining his robust frame. General debility gave rise to slow disorganization of his system,—his vital powers became gradually exhausted,—

and under the influence of a general dropsy, his life was extinguished.

We have spoken freely of the high claims of M. Arago as a man of science: yet we must add that, when the world shall ask hereafter what great discovery Arago made, it will be difficult to give an answer to the question. His was one of those minds which could not bind itself to that minute analysis which led a Newton to the discovery of the laws of gravitation, or that investigation which conducted a Davy to the invention of the Safety Lamp. He stood the busiest man in a busy age—the great expositor of Nature's truths as they were developed by the labors of experimentalists. The idea given, Arago saw at once its entire bearing, and advanced himself by rapid strides to the elucidation of the fact. His suggestions were the guiding stars of science in France,—his experiments were the foundations on which new sciences were to be built. Arago never allowed his thoughts to be involved in a theory; he accepted a theory as a means of advancing, but was ever ready to abandon it when it was found that facts favored a contrary view. In the History of Philosophy his name will have enduring fame, not from the discoveries which he made, but from the aid which he gave to science in all its departments by his prompt and unfailing penetration. A member of nearly all the scientific Societies of Europe, he was the point uniting them in a common bond. In every part of the civilized world his name was regarded with reverence,—and all scientific communities felt that they had lost a friend when they heard of the death of the Astronomer of France.

We announced last week the loss which the circle of French botanists had experienced in the death of M. Auguste St. Hilaire. He was a member of the Botanical Section of the Academy of Sciences. His first botanical publications were on the local vegetation of France. In 1812 he published a notice of seventy species of phænogamous plants discovered in the department of the Loiret. In the same year he published observations on the new Flora of Paris. In 1816 his memoir appeared on those plants which have a free central placenta. At this time he went to South America for the purpose of investigating the vegetation of this vast continent. He remained there till 1822; and during the time of his residence in America and since, he published a number of valuable memoirs and papers on the plants of South America. The most important of these were:—1. A

History of the most remarkable Plants of Brazil and Paraguay. It contained figures of the plants, and was published in Paris in 1824. 2. The Plants used economically by the Brazilians; also published in 1824, with plates. 3. From 1825 to 1832 appeared in parts, illustrated with folio plates, his "Flora Brazilie Meridionalis." In this and in the foregoing works M. Saint-Hilaire was assisted by MM. A. de Jussieu and J. Cambepedes. They comprise by far the most complete account extant of the exuberant vegetation of

the Brazils. M. Saint-Hilaire has also published accounts of his various travels in South America. In 1830 appeared his travels in the provinces of Rio de Janeiro and Minas Geraes. In 1833 he published an account of his travels in the diamond districts and on the shores of Brazil. On his return from the Brazils, his herbarium contained seven thousand species of plants which he had collected during his travels in South America. M. Saint-Hilaire died in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

## LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

The principal issues of the London press during the past month are embraced in the following list:

Among books of travel, which constitute the much larger share of the new works, are the following:—

Alfred Bunn in America. Old England and New England. By Alfred Bunn, the dramatist.

English Notes; or Impressions of Europe. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. These two works have been published too recently for any critical notices.

A Walk across the French Frontier. By Lieut. March, R.M.

Traits of American-Indian Life and Character. By a Fur Trader.

Rough Notes of a Trip to Reunion, the Mauritius, and Ceylon. By Frederick J. Mouat, M.D.

A Cruise in the *Ægean*. By Walter Watson.

Wanderings through the Cities of Italy in 1850 and 1851. By A. L. Von Rochau.

Sea Nile, the Desert, and Nigritia; Travels in Company with Captain Peel, R.N. 1851-2. Described by Joseph H. Churi.

Narrative of a Religious Journey in the East in 1850 and 1851. By the Abbé de St. Michon.

This work the *Athenæum* regards but little better than the printed pocket-book of a railway traveller from London to St. Jean d'Acre. It does not sustain the interest which its title will awaken in many. The writer seems to be an amiable enthusiast, without perception of character, and with that *niaiserie* which results from indulging in the sentimental egotism peculiar to certain French travellers who take Chateaubriand for their model in style. The favorite idea of the Abbé de St. Michon is, the reconciliation of the Protestant and Roman Catholic Churches; and it appears that he addressed a long memorial to the present Pope on the subject. He gives us in several pages the contents of this memorial:—which we need not further notice than by saying that it is composed in a kindly spirit, but apparently without any deep knowledge of the innumerable political and theological obstacles in the way of its realization.

A Lady's Visit to the Gold Diggings of Australia in 1852-3. By Mrs. Charles Clacy.

Of all the books that have been written on the Gold Diggings of Australia, the *Literary Gazette* says, this single light volume by a lady, "belonging to the pocket-edition of the feminine sex," is the most pithy and entertaining. The authoress went out as Miss E—, a sprightly Amazon, in a wide-awake, "—lolling on a dray, however, instead of riding on horseback,—and after a successful routine of adventures, along with a brother and party of friends, at Bendigo, the Black Forest, Eagle Hawk Gully, Iron Bark Gully, Forest Creek, and Ballarat, came home (after a change, purely personal, which made the brother's protection no longer needed) Mrs. Charles Clacy, full of pleasing and congenial feelings.

Adventures in Australia in 1852 and 1853. By the Rev. H. B. Jones.

The *Critic* says, the Rev. Mr. Berkeley Jones aims rather at usefulness than at brilliancy. He looks at facts as they are, and reports them with a sort of photographic truth. His outlines are good,—his details accurate, we have no doubt; but the scene, as he presents it, is wanting in light and play, color and motion. The artist, the man of fancy, will learn nothing from Mr. Jones's adventures. Indeed, it is an abuse of terms to call such commonplace experiences of men and things, "adventures." The emigrant, however, will find in this record of personal observation hints for his guidance of no small value.

London Homes, a new work by Miss Catherine Sinclair, gets the following "first-rate" notice from the *Athenæum*:

"The publisher's advertisement, intended to recommend this book, states that the reception given in America to 'Beatrice,' Miss C. Sinclair's last novel, 'has, in fact, exceeded that of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in England. Above one hundred thousand copies were sold in a few weeks. A pamphlet was published by twenty-eight clergymen of New York, advising that each of their congregation should possess a copy.' Recollecting the opinion expressed of 'Beatrice' on its publication, [*Athen.* No. 1301,]

we can only regret that New York possesses so large a congregation of foolish clergymen. Next comes Miss Sinclair's own preface, preparing us (as indeed the title of her new book had in parts done) for a new exposition of the case of *Palace versus Garret, St. James versus St. Giles*,—and assuring us that a 'fervent desire for usefulness is her sole motive for writing.' Thirdly, we have the book itself, which proves to be an *olla*, made up of many things old and new. Among others, there are 'a legend belonging to a remote district of country belonging to Lord Cassilis, betwixt Ayrshire and Galloway,'—an absurd scene in dialogue, with a sort of 'run-ti-iddity' chorus, by way of quiz on the Humane Society,—and such of Miss Sinclair's 'Common-Sense Tracts' against papistry as had already appeared:—the success of said common-sense apparently not having warranted the fulfilment of the original scheme, which contemplated the publication of twelve tracts. What all this may have to do with 'the condition of the London poor,' or with 'the excellent Secretary to the Mendicity Society'—in other words, with the business and motives announced in Miss Sinclair's preface—we leave to the twenty-eight reverend gentlemen in New York to discover."

**The Rise and Progress of the English Constitution.** By Prof. Creasy, Barrister-at-Law, Author of "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World."

**Memoirs of the Life of the Princess Palatine, (Princess of Bohemia.)** Together with her Correspondence with the Great Men of her Day. By the Baroness Blaze De Bury, Author of "Germania, its Courts and Camps."

**Civil Liberty and Self-Government.** By Francis Lieber, LL.D., author of "Political Ethics," "Reminiscences of Niebuhr," &c.

The *British Quarterly Review* thus commends Miss Bremer's *Homes of the New World*, which, as contrasting with the generally unfavorable notices of the press, deserves to be quoted: "Miss Bremer is a genial soul, rich in good-sense and good-nature. Wherever agreeable companionships are to be found, she is sure to find them. She is not blind to the foibles or faults of the human beings who come in her way, but she has the happy secret of guarding against one-sidedness, of placing the good over against the evil, the wise over against the foolish, and thus finds the world to be much more full of people to be interested about and to like, than persons of a less humanized intelligence can give our planet the credit of containing. They give us a better idea of the 'Homes of the New World' than could have been conveyed by any novel or treatise wrought up from them. We accompany Miss Bremer through North and South, through free States and slave States; we hear her talk with and about politicians of all grades, and we are with her in her intercourse with the almost endless variety of religionists to be found in those regions, from Mr. Waldo Emerson to the Shakers and the Mormons. In politics, Miss Bremer's sympathies are strongly on the side of freedom and humanity. In religion she is tolerant of wide differences, if only allied with honest conviction and real feeling. We know of no book that does really give you so much of the 'homes'—that is, of the home manners, talkings, and feelings of the people in the New World."

The *Athenæum* thus describes our Mr. Hoffman's new work:—

"Chronicles selected from the Originals of Cartaphilus, the Wandering Jew: embracing a period of nearly Nineteen Centuries. Now first revealed to, and edited by, David Hoffman, Hon. J.U.D. of Göttingen.

"Mr. Hoffman is clearly one of those transcendental philosophers now beginning to abound both in England and in the United States, who, full of great notions about the past, present, and the future, and especially adverse to the progress of the so-called materialism between which and transcendentalism the age is divided, are not satisfied with literary attempts on the ordinary duodecimo or octavo scale,—but desire to put forth 'revelations of truths,' in which the '*totum scibile*,' or whole round of knowledge, is metaphysically reorganized and adapted to the speculation of the time. The appearance of such works, under such names as 'Alpha,' the 'Poughkeepsie Seer,' and the like, is among the most curious of the intellectual signs of the times—partly hopeful, partly sad enough. Mr. Hoffman is far more rational and orderly in his views than most of these philosophers of the '*totum scibile*.' He seems to be a very orthodox Christian gentleman, with a system of theological-metaphysical tenets which he has worked out for himself in connection with the doctrines of the Trinity, Free Will, Original Sin, and the like;—entertaining, moreover, a dread of the progress of Romanism at the present time, and a faith in the speedy advent of a millennarian epoch, when one pure form of universal belief will irradiate the world. With all this there is very considerable intellectual power, some originality, no small amount of learning, and much candor and fine feeling."

The *Athenæum* also thus disposes of another American work, 'Mark Sutherland' by Mrs Southworth:

"Mark Sutherland is one of those common-place American tales which are not worth reprinting. It in no page or paragraph tempts us to mitigate or modify the character of its authoress offered not long ago in the *Athenæum*."

Mr. Saunders' genial little work, "Salad for the Solitary," elicits the following notice from the *Literary Gazette*:

"An American book, 'Salad for the Solitary,' by an Epicure, contains under this figurative title a medley of light literary reading, under such headings as 'Facts and Fancies about Flowers,' 'The Shrines of Genius,' 'Dying Words of Distinguished Men,' 'Pleasures of the Pen,' 'Citations from the Cemeteries,' 'Sleep and its Mysteries.' The subjects are varied and interesting, but the author's style is not good, and the frequent efforts at smartness and pun-making are offensive to good taste. He has, however, collected and arranged a large amount of curious literary matter, while some parts of the book, as the chapter on 'The Talkative and Taciturn,' display acute observation of character as well as learned research."

The *Literary Gazette* thus compliments Mr. Tuckerman's work, "Mental Portraits; or, Studies of Character:"

"This volume contains a series of literary portraits of what Mr. Tuckerman's countryman, Emerson, would call representative men. Southey, the

man of letters; Savage, the literary adventurer; D'Azeoglio, the literary statesman; Lord Jeffrey, the Reviewer; Sir David Wilkie, the painter of character; Audubon, the ornithologist; Washington Irving, the humorist; Jacques Lafitte, the financier; and eight or ten other equally marked characters, are delineated. In these biographical essays Mr. Tuckerman displays much acuteness of observation and soundness of judgment. In so great a range of subjects there is room for diversity of opinion, and there is inequality of merit in the several sketches, but on the whole the book may be commended for the faithfulness and spirit of the mental portraits."

The *British Quarterly Review* thus notices Fanny Fern:

"The book consists of a series of short articles, having little or no connection with each other, but all are more or less interesting, and out of the grave and the gay some useful lesson generally issues. The pieces have appeared for the most part in American periodicals, and there is enough in the substance and literary workmanship of them to betray their transatlantic origin. We say to our young readers, get Fanny's Portfolio; it will be pleasant and useful reading as snatched in a railway, or upon a rainy day."

#### ITEMS.

Mr. Hugh Miller, the geologist, is giving, in the "*Edinburgh Witness*" newspaper, of which he is editor, the story of his early life, under the title of "My Schools and Schoolmasters; or, the Story of my Education." The series of papers is not yet half completed; but the work is already announced for publication in a separate volume by one of the chief houses in Boston.

The "*Edinburgh Review*," the oldest of the existing quarterlies, has in its last number, the 200th, commenced its second half-century. Jeffrey gave up the editorship after the first hundred numbers were published. His successors have been Professor Napier, Professor Empson, and Lord Montagu temporarily, till the appointment of the present editor.

Mr. Petermann is preparing for publication, by authority of her Majesty's Government, a set of maps and views, with descriptive letter-press, illustrating the progress of the expedition to Central Africa, from 1849 to 1853.

A manuscript work "On the Natural History of Balmoral and its Neighborhood," from the pen of the late Dr. Macgillivray, Professor of Natural History in Marischall College of Aberdeen, has been purchased from the executors by Prince Albert.

The Earl of Ellesmere has become possessed of a complete copy of an important English work relating to the discovery of America. It is entitled, "*Divers Voyages touching the Discovery of America, and the Islands adjacent unto the same, &c.*" and was printed by Thomas Dawson for Thomas Woodcocke, in 1582, 4to. It was compiled and prepared by the celebrated Richard Hakluyt, who dedicated it to Sir Philip Sidney.

A French paper states that Lord Brougham has placed the following inscription over the entrance-door of his château at Cannes:

"Inveni portum; spes et fortuna, valet;  
Sed me lusiatis; iudite nunc alios."

The noble and learned Lord's neighbors construe

this as an announcement of his intention to retire from public life, and to pass the remainder of his days amongst them in the genial climate of the Var.

The French Government has just granted £6000 sterling towards the expenses of purchasing and demolishing houses at Vienne, department of the Isère, for the purpose of exposing to public view an ancient temple of Augustus and Livia. Yet though thus liberal—and this is no isolated case—it allows a large sum annually for the restoration of historical monuments.

A Russian *savant*, M. Jacobi, has invented an apparatus for employing electricity in attacking whales. By means of it, several successive shocks can be given to the huge leviathan, and it is assumed that it will thereby be rendered powerless.

Madame Ida Pfeiffer, the great traveller, has, say the German papers, written to friends in Berlin and Vienna to say that she intends to abandon the prosecution of her voyages in the Indian Archipelago, and to return to Europe forthwith.

M. Lamartine is again unwell, owing to the severity of his literary labors. M. Michelet, the celebrated professor and historian, who had returned to Paris after a year's residence in Brittany, is recommended to pass the winter at Nice, on account of the state of his health.

The *Presse* publishes a letter illustrating the last *tour de force* of Alexandre Dumas. It is addressed to M. Housaye, director of the Théâtre Français. "Mon cher Directeur: I have just travelled from Brussels, having heard that the *Jeunesse de Louis XIV.* has been interdicted by the censorship. This is Tuesday: be good enough to be ready for the reading of a new play on Monday next. I'll read five acts. What it will be like, I do not know, for I have just heard of the interdict; however, we'll call it the *Jeunesse de Louis XV.* I will manage to bring in the scenery, which I understand you have prepared. I need not say that this play will not contain a word of the other, which will be ready for use, should the censorship be one day more placable.—Yours entirely, A. Dumas."

The scheme for erecting a statue to Prince Albert, in Hyde Park, on the site of the building of the Great Exhibition, is progressing rapidly towards completion. The subscribers are of all ranks, and the subscriptions of various figures. Dukes, bankers, men of letters and men of business, painters and poets, brewers and botanists, marquises and machinists, crowd the list already.

M. Scribe, the dramatic writer, has purchased the estate of Courbetire, in the neighborhood of Chateau-Thierry, for 260,000fr. Dr. William Freund, the lexicographer, has returned to England from a scientific tour through the Grisons and Tyrol, the ancient Rætia, where he sojourned during the summer by order of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin. The results of his researches, ethnographic and linguistic, he will embody in a volume which he is now preparing for the press.

The first Congress of Statists, which met in Brussels, has been brought to a close. The meetings have been well attended by English, French, Germans, and others, and considerable interest has been excited by their proceedings among the inhabitants of that gay and picturesque capital.



